



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600060717R







FREVILLE CHASE.

BY

E. H. DERING,

AUTHOR OF "SHERBORNE; OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS,"

"MEMOIRS OF GEORGIANA LADY CHATTERTON,"

ETC. ETC.

Θεὸς οὐδαμῇ οὐδαμῶς ἄδικος, ἀλλ' ὡς οἷόν τε δικαιοτάτος, καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῷ ὁμοιότερον οὐδὲν ἢ ὅς ἂν ἡμῶν αὖ γένηται ὅτι δικαιοτάτος. Περὶ τούτου καὶ ἡ ὡς ἀληθῶς δεινότης ἀνδρὸς καὶ οὐδενία τε καὶ ἀναιδρία.

—PLATO, *Theætetus*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

NEW YORK: POLLARD & MOSS.

1880.

[All rights reserved.]

251. f. 962.

LONDON :
BURNS AND OATES.

In Memoriam.



I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO MY WIFE,

GEORGIANA LADY CHATTERTON,

BECAUSE I HAVE TRIED TO EXPRESS IN IT SOME

HIGHER MOTIVES OF ACTION

THAT I LEARNED FROM HER AND FIRST SAW REALISED

IN HER LIFE.



FREVILLE CHASE.

CHAPTER I.

THREE years have passed since a question of identity was raised and solved in the drawing-room at Bramscote, to the satisfaction of all concerned, not excepting him who lost a property by it ; so that, even as Sir Roger Arden then and there stated, it all ended just like a play. Sir Roger always adhered to that opinion, and if anyone remarked, in relation thereto, that a play, if true to life, must be true to what has actually happened in life, he invariably retired from an active share in the conversation, saying by way of final protest, " Oh ! I don't understand about your abstract ideas and that sort of thing, but I know it was just like a play."

If the reader should happen to have read the book in which the events here referred to are chronicled, he will be aware that the praiseworthy and rare virtue of minding one's own business had led Sir Roger Arden more than once into

some danger of leaving his own business to mind him; so that, without the indomitable will and complete contrivances of Mrs. Atherstone, the drive to Hazeley, which decided whether his future son-in-law should know his own name or not, would never have come off. No man would take more trouble about other people's business when charity pointed out the way; but the way must be very plain indeed to make him see its bearings when anything like a mystery lay beyond. The only abstract proposition he has ever been known to put forth is that "mysteries are no good except in articles of faith and that sort of thing."

Time keeps its even pace, but the supply of incident within it fluctuates much, as most of us can tell; and we are generally happiest when there is little supply and no demand. The principle would be a startling one in political economy, but it is true in the science of domestic life; and Sherborne happens to be saying so in the drawing-room at Hazeley just as De Beaufoy and Lady Fyfield are announced.

"Better to have no supply at all," said De Beaufoy parenthetically. "But where is Mrs. Atherstone?"

"Out somewhere," answered Sherborne: "she is as active as ever."

"Has the neighbourhood been as free from the jostling interruption of events as I have—and you too, since I was here last?"

"Linas Jones has been made Archdeacon, and has got the measles in the house, and"—

"And Lord Ledchester had an archery meet-

ing last Thursday at Monksgallows," said Mrs. Sherborne, *née* Mary Arden.

"And we were caught in a thunderstorm coming home. And Lord Oxborough has given up the hounds."

"And taken to prize cattle," added Sherborne.

"And has remembered his near relationship to you since you inherited Hazeley," suggested De Beaufoy.

"Oh! well—I don't like that sort of thing: you see he hadn't much chance of knowing where he was before," said Sir Roger, who had ridden over from Bramscote.

"The old leaven in the convert," answered De Beaufoy. "You see I am not so well in hand as you are, and after all—why it *is* true. What other news?"

"Since you were here last—a year ago? Well, nothing under ten miles. Young Freville is at Freville Chase. You know his father died some years ago."

"Yes, I knew him well. This man is the son of the first wife. His father married again—I forget her name, but she was Italian, and he died when young Freville was a small child. The second wife died a few days after, leaving a baby, who died later on. Sir Richard Dytechley was guardian to the eldest"——

"Who consequently spent his holidays at Netherwood when he was a boy," said Sherborne, "and has of course been there a great deal since, and goes there as often as he can now, I believe; but he virtually took possession of Freville Chase about a year and a half ago, though, according to

his father's will, he is not of age till five and twenty, which he will be in a few days. Lady Dytchley is very well satisfied to be rid of him from Netherwood, I think."

"Now, now, there it is again," said Sir Roger. "Why should she want to get rid of him?"

"Why the fact is," began Sherborne, "that when a person is playing two games, and desires to win one more than the other, the other is not likely to have a fair chance."

"When a person is playing two games! what games? what's the meaning of all that?—I don't want to hear about principles and abstract ideas and that sort of thing."

"But it was the concrete Lady Dytchley that I was speaking of," answered Sherborne.

"No, no; I won't hear it," interrupted Sir Roger, rising abruptly and moving towards the door. "It's all the same thing. I must be going. I shall see you all, then, on Wednesday at dinner: you will meet the Dytchleys and young Freville."

"As you were saying," suggested De Beaufoy, with a side glance at the closing door.

"My judgment may be wrong," said Sherborne, "but it can't be rash, inasmuch as I have formed it on sufficient grounds. I knew Lady Dytchley pretty well when I was a boy, and didn't believe in her then. Well—a small boy's judgment goes for nothing of itself—but I don't believe in her now."

"Which is a great deal for you to say of a woman," said his wife.

"Yes, I *do* believe in women—and I have

every reason to do so, but I don't believe in Lady Dytechley. Young Freville has passed a great deal of his time at Netherwood, and there has grown up a sort of—what shall I call it?—a tacit engagement between him and the eldest daughter, which went on all the more smoothly because Freville's father and Sir Richard, who were old friends, had arranged it so, conditionally on the subsequent consent of the two people most concerned. The two principals have agreed very much with that view of the case, especially as they grew older. Freville's father died—it must be twenty years ago. Miss Dytechley is now one and twenty, and they say she is to be married as soon as he is of age. But Miss Dytechley is very beautiful, has been very much admired; other probabilities seem to have got in the way: Lady Dytechley has begun to pull herself together and put on a sort of conditional manner, vaguely suggestive—you know what I mean? a way of going on that puts you in the wrong whatever you may happen to do, or seem to do, or be imagined to do, just as the temper of the moment, or some accidental occurrence, or the variable accidents of a particular policy may dictate. The long and the short of it is, that poor Freville is just nowhere. He is, I fancy, treated as if he were only half engaged, yet he is very much engaged as regards himself and the young lady too, I believe. Now, taking the lowest view of the case, this is neither one thing nor the other, and had better be the other than be as it is; and if, as I think, there is a really deep feeling in them both, it may possibly turn out a more serious affair to every

•

one concerned than Lady Dytchley bargains for. They have grown up together, and as their inclination was at one with the circumstances that favoured it, their lives have grown together"——

"Like two twigs in a hedge," suggested De Beaufoy, "and human hearts are not adapted for trimming."

"By the by," said Sherborne, "there are some curious old lines rudely carved in an upper room of the old tower at Freville Chase—a kind of half prophecy that came to pass in a sort of a way two or three generations back."

"I remember seeing it when I was a little girl," said Mrs. Sherborne. "It was carved over the door of the Muniment Room. I copied them at the time, and here they are."

She brought out an album, and showed the copy of the inscription, which ran thus :

*"Whenn a soule ys wonne by ye harte ytt hath ybrokenn,
and ye knelle ys herde of a dyinge race,
ye lose shall winne by ye strayngere hys tokenne,
and ye dedde give lyfe unto Frevyle Chase."*

"Taking it for what those things are worth," said Sherborne, "it certainly is remarkable. I remember hearing about it in a long winter's evening, when I was a very small boy in the nursery ; and I heard it confirmed by this man's father long afterwards, after I had joined my regiment. The nursery account, as it came through Protestant nurses, who had a very confused notion of Popery, was a mixture of ghosts and impossible conspiracies and priests hiding behind tapestry ; but the real story, as I heard it from the owner of the

place, was this :—Freville's great-grandfather had gone wrong (whether in faith or practice I forget), and remained so, more or less, even after he had fallen desperately in love with a young lady, connected with one of the old Legitimist families, and brought up in a convent in France. He married her, but she died in little more than a year, and on her death-bed implored him to think of his soul. In a word, grief and conscience brought death and life to him. This happened in France during the very hottest time of the French Revolution, and Freville, mixed up as he was with the Legitimists, ran the greatest risk, and had to hide and fly from place to place with his infant child. Broken-hearted by the death of his young wife, and broken down in health, he sank a few weeks afterwards under an attack of typhus, or something of the kind, and died a good Christian. So much for the first line. His heart was in a sense broken, though grief did not kill him directly. Then the family was supposed to be extinct, as he was the last of that line, for nothing had been known in England of the infant's birth—that will do for the 'knell of a dying race.' Now for the third line. A number of Revolutionists broke into the house the very day of the funeral, and carried off all the money they could get, with the exception of a few coins called 'tokens' which a faithful Irish nurse had concealed, and with which she managed to find her way (partly by begging also) to England, and was able, by the papers and other evidences she brought with her, to prove the child's identity. Thus the lost was found. And the young

mother, who died in giving birth to the child, may do for the last line, as she brought the true light of the faith to her husband, and also life to Freville Chase, in the person of her little son. Anyhow the thing is curious."

"I have known several very curious things of that sort," said De Beaufoy, "that one could not ascribe to accident without discarding evidence altogether."

"The knell," said Mrs. Sherborne, "may have two poetical meanings, referring to the death of the young wife and that of Mr. Freville, and also to the expected extinction of the race. They say that a church-bell is heard tolling over the tower before the death of the owner of the place, his wife, or child."

"There is no mistake about that," said De Beaufoy; "for, as I said before, I was dining at Freville Chase when the late man was taken ill, and I heard the bell myself distinctly, first in the distance over the Chase, and then just over the tower. Those things, whatever they may be, are not so very uncommon—but here comes Mrs. Atherstone. I can't say how glad I am to see you again, my very valued friend, and still more to find you looking so well."

"And, were it not for the plagiarism, I should answer you in your own words, for I do value your friendship very much," answered Mrs. Atherstone.

"I should claim a good deal as restitution for your having once disliked me so much," said De Beaufoy; "only I deserved your dislike."

"And I yours; we are on even terms about

that. We were both of us looking away from what it most concerned us to do; and when people do so they are not likely to make themselves pleasant in opposition."

"Just like your practical way of putting things. But what have you been expending your exhaustless energies on lately?"

"Teaching an old woman the Catechism—an old woman as old as myself, who has lately come to the conclusion that there must be something in Popery, and wants to know what it means before she applies to the priest. That is quite enough for me now."

"Well," thought De Beaufoy, "after the dramatic scene, in which you made a property and a name change hands, and worried poor Sir Roger nearly out of his senses, you are fairly entitled to rest on your oars. Yet I would back you now to ferret out any mystery, if it came in your way, and you felt called upon to interfere in it."

"How about that mysterious woman you put into your house at the Four Ways?" said Sherborne. "I believe you have got a mystery there, if you would only tell us."

"And another old bureau with secret drawers that will help to unravel it," added De Beaufoy. "Now, do tell us what it is. I was an actor in that mystery, and I think it only fair that I should be one of the audience in this."

"I will tell you all I know about it, and all I am likely to know," answered Mrs. Atherstone. "Two months ago I went to stay there a few days, as I do from time to time, for the sake of

old Susan, who has a nearly equal attachment to me and to that queer old house. I found a poor woman sitting on the door-step, exhausted by want, fatigue and cold—it was a bitterly cold day in March. Her appearance and manner struck me, for she was evidently not a tramp. I stood and watched her critically—a minute or two, I should think, for old Susan began to be indignant at the obstructive trespass, and got so far as ‘Lor, ma’am, let me’—but I told her to be quiet, and continued my critical examination of the poor woman, who neither begged, nor looked up, nor moved.

“To make a long story short, I took her in, meaning to help her on her way as soon as she should be sufficiently restored; but as she had nowhere to go, and was evidently unused to roughing it, I kept her on, hoping to find her some employment. I have not yet succeeded in doing so, and as I have not the heart to turn her out, there she is still. That is all I know. She is very reserved, and I don’t like to cross-question a person in distress who is under my roof and protection. She gives her name as Jane Davis.”

“Can she be a convert turned out of doors by a father whose indignation has been guided by economy?” suggested De Beaufoy.

“No; she is not a Catholic. It is most probable that she is simply a person who has seen better days, and has no means of helping herself. There are but too many such in these days, when the country is filled with people educated out of proportion to their capabilities and chances, and when swindling, under the name of investments,

has become a science. However, there she is at present, and I have no idea who she is, or what she is, except that she is a respectable person."

And let this suffice for a specimen of the conversation in the library at Hazeley three years within a week or two after De Beaufoy had lost an estate and gained what was worth much more to him. How it was that he married Lady Fyfield at last and was happy, after failing to do so long before; how he became De Beaufoy, and another man became Sherborne, with lawful possession of Hazeley; and how Mrs. Atherstone, who had been living for many years almost unknown in a lonely house where four roads met, turned out to be the lawful owner's great aunt; and how she made his identity evident, we need not inquire here, for all this has been already written. It is enough for the purpose to have stated the facts. Having done so, we will leave the library at Hazeley.

CHAPTER II.

" Già eran quasi ch' atterzate l'ore
Del tempo che ogni stella è più lucente"—



WHICH is Dante's way of saying that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. There were no stars visible, for it was thundering heavily, but there was a light in Everard Freville's bedroom at Freville Chase. The inmates of Hazeley were asleep, or at least in bed, and thinking no more of him at that time than he could cease to think of himself. We cannot help thinking of ourselves when we are in pain or sorrow, for both force upon our notice the fact that it is we ourselves who are suffering perceptibly. But physical pain is in its nature subjective, sorrow is sometimes inseparable from the thought of a living object. Everard Freville could not cease to think of himself, because he could not do so without ceasing to think of Ida Dytchley. Why he walked up and down the room, while the lightning mocked the puny flame of his one candle that burned straight and pale on the dressing-table, and the pink light of dawn was deepening beneath a black curtain of thunder-cloud, is not so clear; yet evident enough if we

remember that when anxiety passes certain indefinable limits in kind or degree, the body, unless exhausted, refuses repose. Why the anxiety that kept him in a state of wakefulness after the storm had awakened him passed those limits, and why it did so then, rather than before, is a question easy to answer, a problem impossible to solve. It is easy enough to talk about the subtle intuitions of the heart; but how do they become more subtle at one time than another? Either the occasion increases the faculty, or the faculty magnifies the occasion, or they act and react on each other. But what sets either in motion? which of the two begins to affect the other? However that may be, it is certain that he was anxious, had reason to be so, knew the cause of his own anxiety, yet could scarcely have explained it.

"This is folly!" he thought after a while, or rather asserted in his mind. "What has happened? In what respect has my position changed? There *was* one difficulty in conscience, but that has practically ceased to be. Oh! if her father were a different kind of man—had been different! But the difficulty is over. She is seeing the truth in spite of everything—has almost seen it. Why have I been tormenting myself lately? What is the matter with me? It must be the electricity—the air is very close."

He threw open the window, but produced no effect except to make the glass rattle at each clap of thunder.

"It must be the electricity," he again asserted in his mind, "and the air is closer outside than in."

He continued to walk up and down, thinking in broken sentences till the sun had risen, and the one candle burned out, and the thunder ceased to roll; but the thought which recurred most frequently was, "Oh! if her father were a different kind of man—had been different!"

To avoid obscurity, it may be better to finish the sentence. If he had been a different man, his daughter would have been a Catholic, and her engagement to Everard Freville would have been straightforward, instead of being tolerated under protest: but he was not different, and we had better see what he was, that we may understand Everard's position. He was what may be called a genealogical Catholic—a man who hung on to the exterior of the faith, like a leaf that has frozen where it fell, and sticks without taking root. He never lost his faith; but it lay dormant except when a dangerous illness or other strong stimulant to the conscience aroused it into action. He would have been very much afraid to die out of the Church, but was kept out of it for ten years by circumstances entirely dependent on his own free will. Weakness of character, an obstinate infirmity of purpose, will account for this. There was no positive act of the will, for his will never acted otherwise than negatively, no intentional carelessness, for his intentions were vague and toneless as a loosened harp-string. His inclinations were negatively good, but unstable in themselves and dangerously pliable. When he married, at the age of twenty-one, his mind was oscillating between honest Catholicity and minimism like a weathercock when the wind is chopping. Un-

fortunately he made the very worst kind of mixed marriage that it was possible for such a man to make. His wife was a member of the Church of England as by law established, rather than a Protestant by conviction. She believed very much in the social and political advantages of not being a Catholic, and cared very little about doctrine except when it started the quiet of the Establishment. She hated extreme Ritualists and ultra-broad Churchmen equally, and tolerated her husband's Catholicity, provided it was bad, because there was a certain mysterious dignity in his inheritance of the same, and because he was quite incapable of acquiring personal distinction in any other way. If she believed vaguely in something more than the unknown and unknowable, her religion was certainly "for the most part of the silent sort;" for she said very little about it at any time, and never except in opposition. Her will was obstinate rather than strong: it was not led by the will of others, but it acted servilely under pressure from within, and whenever it came in contact with a really strong one, collapsed for the time being, or remained in sullen abeyance like Achilles sulking off to his black ships. Nevertheless, by reason of a large and lofty figure, with features and expression to match, a full voice significantly repressed, a commanding manner and habitual self-assertion, she often exercised a real power that she did not actually possess, but only borrowed from the imagination of others, as an English general once frightened away an invading army by means of women in red cloaks. Beneath her ponderous personality Sir Richard's

little weak will disappeared altogether, and with it the practice of his religion. His two children, after having been baptized Catholics, gravitated into the Established Church through neglect on his part and perseverance on hers; and as this would have put him in a dilemma at Easter or thereabouts, he ceased going to his duties till an attack of bronchitis opened his eyes by nearly closing his life. As both his daughters had reached the age at which the law of England supposes every one to be capable of choosing his or her religion with subjective infallibility, he satisfied his conscience by accepting the actual state of affairs as a *fait accompli*, contented himself with being just inside the Church, and left his daughters to remain where they were or find their way as they best could. With regard to his eldest daughter Ida, Everard did his utmost to show her the way, and her instincts went with him; but Lady Dytechley put false weights into the scale in the shape of no-Popery legends of mysterious origin, dark stories from her own certain knowledge of facts that she had no means of knowing, misrepresentations of doctrines that she had the means of knowing, and a judicious mixture of texts. As Ida believed in her mother who told her these things, and believed in Everard who told her the contrary whenever he had a chance of doing so, the poor girl's bewilderment was extreme, her interior conflicts pitiable and distressing. Inclination went one way, filial reverence the other. Everard's example pointed in one direction, her father's pointed nowhere. Everard's opportunities were

few and interrupted, her mother could make use of hers as she liked.

Everard Freville, who knew all this but too well, and had some real though indefinable cause for being unusually disturbed by it, continued, after the thunder had awakened him, walking up and down his room till the sun was high above the horizon, and only an occasional flicker of sheet-lightning from a distant bank of watery grey cloud told that a storm had lately been raging above Freville Chase.

Whilst he was preparing to go to mass, three servants who were about to do likewise were standing in the courtyard, opposite the outer door of the chapel, discussing the late storm. They were of a class now all but extinct—as old-fashioned as they could be, old-fashioned far beyond the years of the oldest. They had grown up at Freville Chase, and remembered Everard's grandfather, in whose time nothing had changed from what it was in the days of Bishop Challoner. All three were good solid Catholics who knew the Jesus Psalter by heart, did their duty for the love of God, and would have thought anyone mad for suggesting the possibility of their being in any other service than that of a Freville of Freville Chase. The spelling and grammar of two out of the three would have scandalised a modern pupil-teacher, and they had never heard of latitude and longitude; but they understood thoroughly everything that belonged to their way of life, and could form a very sound common-sense judgment on any subject within the scope of their intelligence.

"It *were* a bad storm," quoth Sandford the

coachman. "Just such a night it were as the night the old squire died—that is Mr. Everard's father, for he weren't old at all, twenty-one years ago come Christmas."

"And like the night, too, when that foreigner come as murdered the baby," said Anne, the upper housemaid. "I never could abear the sight of him"——

"Pack o' nonsense," interposed Mrs. Roland the housekeeper. "Nobody was murdered. You were only a bit of a girl then, and didn't know anything about it."

"Well," answered Anne; "all as is, I know Master were took bad with inflammation quite sudden and died next day (which there were two doctors with him) and his young wife (she were a foreign Marchioness) took on dreadful, and the baby come too soon, and"——

"Yes, yes, we know all that," said Mrs. Roland. "It was Christmas time and we were having a dance and a big supper, and his second wife (a Marchioness she was) coming home for the first time. I had gone upstairs to see Master Everard put to bed, for he had been up late for him, when I saw her coming along the corridor distracted, poor young lady, and she told me that the Squire was very ill"——

"Which I rode off for the doctor immediate," remarked Sandford.

"Yes," said Anne, "I remember you did: and the Freville bell which betokens death was heard a-ringing first down in the Chase, and then in the air right over the tower, all that night."

"And Mylady, as we used to call her," said

Mrs. Roland, ignoring the interruption, "though they said it wasn't right, but I don't understand foreign ways"——

"Nor I neither," said Anne, "and I don't hold with them, partiklar when a foreign Marquis takes and murders a innocent baby."

"I tell you he didn't murder anybody. The shock brought on Mylady's confinement too soon; and that and the grief together made it go all wrong, and she died two days after the Squire."

"And," suggested Sandford, "she were very partial to her brother—that's the Marquis you was speaking of: she couldn't never see as he were of the wrong sort which he were in my opinion; and as somebody must be guardian to the child as were born—for who was to see after him with the Squire dead, she said on her death-bed as *he* was to be—and begged the priest to send for him"——

"And a nice sort of a uncle," said Anne; "just like the man in the story-book, who buried them princes under the staircase in the Tower of London."

"I didn't like him myself, not at all," said Mrs. Roland; "but he didn't murder the child. When he arrived and went to see Mylady's grave he grieved awfully, and I don't think it was humbug; and then he went away, and came back three years after, and carried off the child with him: and nobody could say a word, for Mylady had given him the right to do it."

"Well," said Anne, "all I know is that I've heard queer noises as ain't right in that room in

the tower that's been shut up as long as I can remember, and "——

"It's only full of old papers," said Mrs. Roland, "and Mr. Everard has the key, of course."

"I never see him go there," said Anne, "never."

"Well, he does go there, anyhow," said Mrs. Roland.

"There's noises as don't belong to this world," said Anne.

Mrs. Roland paused for a moment or two, and then said with much dignity, but not without some secret misgivings touching the applicability of her reply: "You know the Catechism says the First Commandment forbids inquiries after hidden things. Come, the bell is ringing for mass."

"There's a deal more nor that, *I* know," said Anne, walking slowly towards the chapel door. "But perhaps you don't like a-talking of it."

"I've no objection,—not at all," answered Mrs. Roland, looking back over her left shoulder with much dignity. "There's no secret about it. I've no objection—to tell you all I know at a proper time—not at all."

CHAPTER III.

THE storm had passed away, and so had the patches of blue sky tinged with red and gold that seemed to force their way through curling masses of black and greyish-white cloud while the sun was rising above the purple horizon. That fair promise, like the provisions of a modern treaty, had left no trace except in the memories of those whose expectations it had disappointed or fulfilled. The sky was grey and low; the earth smelt fresh, and a vapoury moisture, felt but not seen, streamed up from it.

Soon after ten o'clock Everard came out through a small door on the west side of the courtyard, where his horse was waiting for him, and mounted as quickly as possible, intending to ride to Netherwood.

Meanwhile we may as well have a view of Freville Chase. The house was of grey-stone, much mellowed by time in the older parts, where it gave hints of a very soft blue and pink which the eye perceived but could not distinguish. It had been built at different times, and some of it was of a late period; yet the different parts harmonised so well that the effect not only of the whole but even of the worst part as it stood there

in relation to the rest, satisfied artistic feeling and made criticism seem out of place. Originally a single tower to which Everard's more remote ancestors came occasionally for hunting in the Chase, it had been greatly added to and enlarged during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. During the reign of William and Mary, or the other pattern of filial piety Queen Anne, the head of the family, Lord de Freville, apostatised for the purpose of taking his place in the House of Lords, and his next brother left England, declaring emphatically his opinion that it was enough to have lost the rights of an Englishman for having kept the faith, without having his name disgraced. The elder brother took his place, flourished according to his measure of things, and finding the memories of Freville Chase unpleasant, built a big house at Beynham, his larger and distant property : the younger, finding himself after awhile in some place where merchants most do congregate, took to trading, made money, and returning to England late in life, bought Freville Chase from his elder brother's son, who, as he never went there, was willing to pay off a mortgage by the sale of it. It was not worth much at that time, but when the greater part had been cultivated, and only a small part left as a park, it was worth about £3000 a year. It was by that time a large house, for inasmuch as its remoteness had been found advantageous during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and the British Solomon, it was enlarged considerably and lived at by succeeding Lords de Freville until the period of their apostasy at the time before mentioned,

when they deserted Freville Chase, and went to Beynham.

What the ulterior plans of its recusant possessor in Elizabeth's reign may have been when he began building, it is impossible to say; but he left the tower, and built an Elizabethan house to the south of it. Fifty years later it formed a square, or rather oblong court, by the addition of two long and lower sides, with a gatehouse and two stone balustrades at the end. The old tower now reared its venerable head exactly half-way between the two ends of the right side, of whose length it made about two-thirds, projecting ten or twelve feet into the court, and considerably more on the outside. In the centre of the left side, and therefore opposite the tower, was a side entrance leading into a large vaulted room, perhaps intended for a banqueting hall, or possibly for a chapel, if the owner happened at the time to feel singularly hopeful of better days; and in fact as soon as there was any possibility of hearing mass otherwise than by stealth, it did become a chapel. Finally, Everard's father, having some ready money at his disposal after a long minority, converted it into a Gothic church, bringing it forward several feet, and making it a little higher. Beyond the Elizabethan part of the building was a terrace fronting the south. The stables were behind the left side of the square on the west, and shut out from the terrace by a high wall covered with ivy. The kitchen gardens were a little way beyond the terrace, to the west, sheltered from the north by a deep clump of old walnut-trees. Beyond the terrace on the south an old-fashioned garden or

pleasure-ground sloped gradually down to a piece of ornamental water. Beyond again and around lay the wild park. It was of a moderate size, but seemed indefinitely large by reason of its uncertain boundaries hidden in ferny hollows, its undulating stretches of wild grass-land, and the fact that what little arable there was beyond it could not be seen from the house. Viewed from the terrace, the whole estate, which measured nearly four thousand acres of poor land, appeared to be a wild park of great and uncertain extent. To all appearance it was still in fact as in name, Freville Chase.

It is evident that the house was out of proportion to the rent-roll. Two long minorities, with an interval of only twenty-three years between them, had taken off one heavy mortgage and paid for building the church ; but the disproportion was not perceptibly diminished.

Everard had not ridden ten yards down the courtyard when Mrs. Roland appeared at a door on the lower side of the house, and made it evident not only that she had something to say, but that she meant to say it.

"If it were anybody else," thought he, as he pulled up. She had not only been fifty years in the family, but had had the sole charge of him between the ages of three and eight, fulfilling that duty with the most remarkable care, judgment, good-temper, and firmness. Hurry or no hurry, he must listen to her. Her manner, as she approached him, was a perfect model of the almost feudal reverence of a past generation, and of the dignified ease that comes from having an assured

position in one's own sphere, and valuing it at its just worth.

"I am in a great hurry," said Everard. "Thunderbolt is very fresh."

"*You* can ride him, Master Everard," she replied, looking him over with quiet satisfaction.

"But what is it?" said Everard.

"That Marquis is somewhere about in the neighbourhood," said Mrs. Roland. "I heard so this morning. Bolton, the carrier, saw him yesterday at Ledchester. I don't believe that he murdered the baby—of course not, for I know better; and besides, he is not altogether bad—I could see that when he was here. But still he *is* bad, and he has that in him that he oughtn't to be bad: and he has grown so somehow—I don't know how exactly, but I suppose it's the Sects I've heard talk of. Anyhow, he's no good about here, and he can't have come for any good."

"But what can I do?" said Everard.

"I don't know," said she, "for I don't know what he's come for: but we must look out, and it was my duty to tell you of it, Master Everard."

"Thank you, my dear kind old friend," said Everard. "I will do what you tell me, as you used to make me do."

But by this time his horse would bear the delay no longer, and after a vigorous spring bolted across the courtyard into the park.

Everard was so glad to be fairly off that he let him go, only just holding him together enough to keep him straight. He crossed the park at its narrowest part, steering between clumps of fern towards a small gate that led into a wood on the

way he was going ; but finding the ground soft after the last night's heavy rain, he turned down a winding hollow, and taking a low hedge that had no particular business to be where it was, went on by a shorter cut. After crossing a long stretch of grass as wild as the park, he came to a deep stony lane between two rows of overhanging trees. Then, being obliged to go at a foot's pace, he began to reflect : and this is how he thought :

" That hedge is of no use, and a wall costs money—so do park palings, which, besides, have never been there, and would be out of character here. The hedge must be made better—would that I could see my own way as clearly !—and a ditch dug. What about this mysterious foreigner—my step-uncle, I suppose I must call him ? So I am to be bothered about *him*, as if I had nothing else to think of ! But what harm can the fellow do, except to himself ? Dear old Mrs. Roland is always right where she has any means of judging ; but she has none at all about him. What she said simply amounts to this : ' Such fellows as he would not come to these parts without having some mischief on hand : but he *has* come ; *ergo*, he means mischief.' *Nego majorem*. They might easily have other reasons for coming : and moreover" (here he turned aside and went over a ditch into a piece of poor-pasture land, with a bridle path at the end), " there is no mischief for him to do, if he would. The baby died of scarlet-fever, or something—we know that for certain ; and he has a right to all the money he got by its death ; if he *is* one of the Sect, there is nothing in that

line to be done here. It was taken for granted by the rural gossips that he murdered the baby, because, being a foreigner, of course he did; and having done that, of course he is going to do some villany about here now. But as we know that he neither murdered the baby, nor compassed his death in any way, I can't see why I am to suppose that he is engaged in some strange and impossible machinations against my well-being. And what could he do? He can't touch my property, and as to my life, unless he fires at me, for some unaccountable reason, from behind a hedge (and the hedges are not thick enough in this country), I think I can take care of myself. Rubbish! an empty, idle boast. *Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem*—but the long and short of it is, that the man, be he what he may, doesn't concern me, nor I him."

Here he began to leave off thinking, and presently fell into a kind of intellectual doze, attracted by one of those mysterious influences that sometimes force our thoughts out of their course. Perhaps the windmill he passed and the miller he spoke to offered the occasion, but probably the cause is to be found in that latent instinct of self-preservation which prompts the bravest hearts to seek, or at least to welcome, intervals of comparative repose, when anxiety has become almost unbearable.

As Everard's had about Ida Dytechley, if that may be called unbearable which has to be borne.

She had been in his mind while other images floated over the surface, and she was there now, distinct where all beside was dreamy.

He had not gone far beyond the windmill when, turning into the road along which he would have to ride about four miles farther to reach Netherwood, he descried a male figure on horseback, whose identity brought him at once to a sense of present interests. It was a middle-sized man, who looked bigger at a distance, as did his mind (of course it was Sir Richard Dytchley), with well-formed features, a good deal spoiled by the weak expression of his mouth, a genial manner, too much on the surface to be cared for, and a neat but rather stiff seat on horseback.

"Ah! I am glad to see you are coming," said he. "That's right; I shall be riding back presently—by luncheon time anyhow! Reading away, as usual, eh?"

"Not as much as I might, I am afraid," answered Everard. "I have time enough at present, but having a thing and making use of it are facts of a very different kind."

"You think too much about things, my dear boy. One can't always carry out principles just as one wants. One thing or another is sure to cross you. All life is more or less a compromise."

"Yours is, at any rate," thought Everard.

"In the—the—the—most important things," said Sir Richard; "even in—even in what is—in what has a—in what concerns—in fact, concerns—our welfare, or, I may say, happiness;—yes, indeed, people often make great mistakes about these things. Well! what was it I was going to ask you?—Oh yes, I remember! When is the Archæological Meeting? I thought of going to it."

"Next Thursday, I believe, at Monksgallows, a very suitable name if they happen to look at some old Elizabethan or Jacobean chimney-pieces, and go a little way into the history of the period."

"Ah! well—it was a struggle, and a—great mistakes all round—more or less—more or less. They didn't mean it exactly as—as we should."

"I think they meant something when they hanged priests for saying mass, and"——

"Well, it was—it certainly was; but I met a very intelligent foreigner yesterday in the hotel at Ledchester, who said he should go there—a scientific man, I take it, making the most of his stay in England. I don't know at all who he was."

"*Now* I shall find out whether this is the man," thought Everard. "There can't be two stray foreigners going about this country without a local habitation and a name."

"Good-bye," said Sir Richard, putting his horse into a trot.

Everard rode back in pursuit; "for," said he to himself, "he had to come to Freville Chase when my father died, being a trustee as well as guardian, and therefore he must know the Marquis Moncalvo by sight."

Sir Richard, who was satisfied with the wisdom of his own remarks, and had his own reasons for wishing to leave well alone, increased his pace to a hard gallop as he turned off the road up a sandy lane. Everard was taken by surprise at this proceeding and pulled in.

"Good-bye, I shall be back presently," said Sir Richard, waving his hand.

"But I want to know this once for all and have done with it," said Everard to himself, racing up the sandy lane till he was alongside of him.

"Why!—what's the matter?" asked Sir Richard, pulling up, and trying to look amused.

"Only I wanted to ask about this foreigner. He isn't, by chance, the Marquis Moncalvo?"

"Good gracious! no. Certainly not. I remember him perfectly well; though I haven't seen him these seventeen years, I should know him again anywhere. I am sure I had reason enough to do so, bothered as I was by all the old women swearing 'as they know'd he'd murdered the baby, and hoped I'd take the law of him.' Some of them stick to it now, I believe, though I showed one or two of them a certificate of the baby's death, signed by a very well-known English physician of the highest character, who was travelling along the Riviera at the time. What a nuisance people are when they bother one about things that are all right if they would only let them alone!"

Thought Everard, "That, like the other wise saws and modern instances, refers to me in particular and to others as an introduction. I wish that he wouldn't continually try to make me forget who he is by forcing my attention on what he is."

"Well, then—good-bye for the present. You may rely upon it that he is not in this part of the world."

"I felt quite sure he was not before you said so," answered Everard. "But when you mentioned the foreigner at Ledchester, I asked you the question that I might be able to stop a lot of idle

gossip. Bolton the old carrier saw a foreigner (your man) at Ledchester yesterday when you did ; of course it must be Moncalvo, or why was he a foreigner?—and then of course it was, and he 'knewed it were.' *Hinc spargere voces*, which I wanted to make an end of. The report was absurd on the face of it. The Marquis would have come to Freville Chase if he were in this country, for he remembers me perfectly well—I was seven or eight years old when he came last."

"Just so," said Sir Richard ; "for there never was anything against him beyond being rather extravagant (I have been told) in early youth. And then to go and say he murdered the child ! Upon my word, you know !"

"We have positive proof that he didn't," answered Everard, "and I know nothing whatever against him in any way, and never heard anything, except that he had no business to be a foreigner, and still less to take charge of the child he was guardian to."

Here they separated. Sir Richard pursued his way at a moderate pace, uttering within himself moderate opinions : Everard looked at his watch and rode on slowly towards Netherwood, saying within himself,

"If I am not too soon, Lady Dytchley will be out, or writing letters upstairs which will do as well. Do as well ! which means that to be rid of her is a *bonum* however it may come about—which means that without her knowledge or consent, and in a sense diametrically opposed to her wishes, I must and will speak to Ida. A very pretty position for a decent Catholic to be placed

in. My father and Sir Richard were great friends (how my father could have cared about such a man I can't imagine), and they both wished that this match should be. When I was five years old my father died, and as Sir Richard was my guardian, there I was—left to grow up feeling myself engaged to her, with every opportunity of forming that terribly strong attachment which has taken possession of my life. I had no scruples about it when I grew older, for, besides her strong inclination, she had been brought up a Catholic till she was seven years old, and slipped out of the faith without any act of her own, but simply because her mother meant it to be and her father let it be. And so it went on till Lady Dytchley saw that I was helping my own betrothed wife to get rid of the misty ideas and religious inclusiveness which her father's *laissez-aller* way of going on had forced upon her as the only possible means of feeling any respect for him at all: then I became aware of a change—an unwonted stiffness in Lady Dytchley, in Ida a strange constraint, a mysterious reserve, a pitiful expression of anxiety without the power of utterance; then he sent me to travel abroad, and I found that somehow or other I never could have an opportunity of speaking to her alone afterwards."

These reflections occupied much more time when they passed through his mind than they do in description, for he thought slowly, as became the immense importance of the subject, and sometimes rode on faster in a state of mental silence. When he reached the brow of the hill leading

down to Netherwood he drew a deep breath and pulled in his horse to a slow walk.

"But I must and will see her alone," he thought. "Ida was baptized and brought up a Catholic, her father is a Catholic—such as he is—and wishes her to be a Catholic, so long as her Catholicity costs him nothing. And am I to leave my betrothed wife in this state, deceived, bullied, betrayed, and say that because parents have a right over their children, Lady Dytechley has a right not only to do what she expressly agreed not to do when she married, but even to use moral coercion when that daughter is of an age to decide for herself? Am I to remain silent while she, profiting by Sir Richard's tacit consent, is pressing their united influence, to stop the growth of nearly matured convictions and undermine the foundations of the faith in her whose soul is the objective part of my own? No! a thousand times no! whatever it may cost—no! I have a right, and I claim it; a duty, and I will do it."

The last few words had been thought aloud, and he was made aware of it when he entered the village at the bottom of the hill by seeing a pedlar turn at the sound of the repeated words, "whatever it may cost." They had a strange sound when he did hear them.

"He means to do something he don't like the looks of, and he'll do it too," thought the pedlar, who was a man of concrete intuition, and had found the study of character useful in his trade.

"I am making an ass of myself," thought Everard, referring to the same occurrence.

The country below that hill is rich, well

wooded, and smilingly picturesque, with banks and copses, hedgerow timber and winding lanes, cottage gardens pictorially placed and rural views melting into misty lines of many-shaded blue that gives scope to the imagination, repose to the heart.

Provided always that it be under no contradictory influence. "Like cures like," we are told in homœopathy, and a landscape that is found reposeful to the heart in health has the opposite effect on the same heart when it is suffering. Everard turned away his eyes from the view, while a cold current seemed to pass through him, as it were a long shiver.

Netherwood lies about half a mile farther in the valley, a moderately large house in a small park richly timbered. It was rebuilt towards the end of the last century, and is therefore characterised by squareness, abundance of steps, long sash-windows and a broad expanse of red brick mellowed into reddish brown. The gardens are of the same relative style, and are screened from the north by an overhanging wood with winding walks in it and wild flowers and an old summer-house. Altogether it is a genuine old English home, very homelike and very English. The brick rebuilding is of course bad, very bad compared with what preceded it; but one may perhaps be allowed to think that the succeeding stuccoed pastille-boxes of later date were a good deal worse, and even to question the superiority of certain modern attempts at imitating the styles of the remote past without the genius to create or the humility to follow.

The old place (for old it is, though the present house was rebuilt in the days when Sir Robert Walpole was Prime Minister and Lord Chatham a cornet in the Blues) has a character of its own, being genuine of its kind, and impresses one with the idea of antiquity, in spite of the sash-windows. In such English homes the beauty of domestic life used to be reflected in its surroundings, and the instinct that phrenologists call inhabitiveness was strengthened by habit. That state of life has been improved away by modern English progress, till the normal country-house has degenerated into being a place of passing residence, a station to hunt or shoot from, a free hotel where excitement-seekers come uncared for and depart unregretted. It still hangs about here and there, a ghost of the days that are gone. But the old English home, with its heart-filling associations, its local sympathies, and the simplicity that could keep alive a vague tradition of faith where the One true Faith had been lost, is a thing of the past.

It was about half-past eleven when Everard rode into the stableyard.

"Where shall I find her?" he thought. "I will try the wood-walk: she often reads there in hot weather. How often have we played in the old summer-house when all was bright and hopeful before us! and now I have to creep up there by stealth, because Sir Richard is a sneak. Shall I find her there? Supposing she should be in the house? But then there would be Elfrida in the way probably. I had better try the house; it will seem more accidental, in case I should meet

Lady Dytchley ; and I have to deal with an adversary well versed in making the worse appear the better part. I had better try indoors. Perhaps I shall find her in the old schoolroom finishing the Perugino that Sherborne lent her to copy."

He did so, and found her in the old schoolroom, not copying the picture, but reading with forced attention. Their meeting would have been a fine study for an artist : the composition was so grandly simple, the beauty of each so comparatively perfect in its kind. And then they were so completely made for each other. Everard stood for an instant erect and motionless, as fine a specimen of an Englishman as you could see. He was of middle height, well-proportioned, and muscular ; his features were classically beautiful, and in the expression of his countenance an indomitable will and an almost feminine gentleness were blended into one, except when some special cause brought either into prominence. But we cannot pause yet to describe them more completely.

Ida was unnaturally pale, and when he entered the room she raised her eyes wearily from the book, as one whose attention had been riveted rather than fixed, entangled rather than attracted, yielded rather than given. At the sight of Everard a transparent rose-tint mingled with the unnatural paleness and struggled with it faintly. She threw the book away almost pettishly, and a soft light came into her eyes as she rose and pronounced his name.

"My own dearest Ida," said Everard in a voice that was firm indeed, but as unnatural as her excessive paleness, "you are simply the whole world.

to me; but what book is that? Forgive me, my own Ida, I *ought* to know, and *you* know why."

She placed the book in his hand without speaking a word, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Everard held the book, but looked only at her.

"I am so very miserable," she said.

"I know it," he replied. "I felt it, I was unaccountably impressed with the certainty of it; and that is why I came to-day."

"What can you do?" she answered, sobbing so violently that her words were almost inarticulate.

"Have I no power to comfort you?" he said, controlling his utterance by an extreme effort of will.

"Oh! what—what can you do?" she repeated. "What can you do for me? What can I do for myself? What can anyone do for me?"

"I can do everything for you," he said, "if you will do but one thing for yourself, and that is to put forth your will."

"That dreadful book," she answered, still sobbing, but with less violence. "It says such things."

"I know what is in the book," said Everard, looking at the title-page. "I will send for a copy if you wish it, and show you the falsehood of the assertions that have been refuted over and over again, and are repeated over and over again all the same."

"Oh! do—do write it for me, that I may see it—have it by me, if"——

"I will ; but the question for you to decide lies deeper, and is as simple as"—

"Oh ! but how can that be ? It seems so dreadfully difficult, so complicated, so"—

"I can easily simplify it for you, if you will give me your whole attention for a few moments."

"But I do always—you know I do?" she answered, in a softly reproachful tone.

"I know it—indeed I do ; but that was not what I meant. I ask you to fix your attention on"—

"I *have* tried—oh ! so much. You told me to do so the last time you were here, and I did my very best ; but I can't keep it fixed on the things you told me so beautifully. All sorts of unanswerable difficulties break in upon it, and—and I am so helpless ! There is no one who will help me to see except you, and you come so seldom now."

"My own dearest Ida, you know how miserable I am away from you. Prudence alone has kept me away lately. Had I come oftener, the opportunity of speaking would have been prevented as it has been before ; and this opportunity is, perhaps, the turning-point of our lives, the"—

"What—what do you mean ? O Everard !—what is it ?" said Ida, turning deadly pale.

"I mean that Almighty God has given you grace to see the truth, that, notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties of your position, you *do* see it, and that if you—I will not say reject it, for the consequences of that would drive me mad to think of—but if you delay to act upon it, the consequences will, in some way or other, be fatal to the happiness of us both."

"I have not rejected it—indeed, I have not! Everard, *do* believe me; I shall go out of my senses if you don't! If *you* desert me, and say that I shall be fatal to your happiness, and make you—you—make you unhappy;—Everard, this is—is too much for me,—I—I can't bear it!"

For a few seconds Everard was silenced by this very feminine treatment of the subject, and his heart beat till it could be heard; but he recovered himself by a strong effort, and said—

"Ida, you know how I love you; but the moments are precious. You want to be sure that your convictions *are* convictions, and that the grace of God, which you feel within, telling you what to do, *is* the grace of God. I will show you how you can be sure of both. But I must first show you what the question really is; for the objections that have been put before you, and which I will answer one by one, if you like, hustle it out of sight by their multitude and confusion, and have much to do with turning people's minds away from it; which is, in fact, why they are multiplied so and expressed in such loose terms that it is very difficult to lay hold of them. The real question is this:—Did our Lord found the Catholic Church? We know that He founded a Church, and will be with it always, for He said so Himself; and if the Catholic Church is *that* Church it must be the only true Church, and the objections to this or that doctrine or practice, however strong they may be made to appear, must be wrong. Have I cleared away the rubbish and made the case plain?"

"Yes, I see; but you said you were going to show me how I am to know something."

"Something! Ida, I implore you to attend. You little know what you are bringing on us both"——

"Dearest Everard, forgive me, I didn't mean it. My poor head has been so bewildered by all I have gone through lately——all the"——

"I am here to save you from any more of it; and I can save you, if you will attend for two minutes more. You see what the question is?"

"I do—I do really; what can I say more?"

"Well, I proved to you three weeks ago that nothing but the Catholic Church can possibly be the Church our Lord founded. Shall I repeat what I then said?"

"No—don't. I remember it all; and you are right, I know you are."

"Then you know that you are convinced?"

"Yes, now you have put it so, I do."

"And when cunning arguments were used in those books, that shook your will and seemed even to paralyse your conviction, there was a monitor within telling you what to do, urging you to do it. That monitor was the grace of God. But you want to feel sure of not deceiving yourself: you want to be sure that your convictions are true convictions, and that the grace of God is the grace of God. Conviction means that one's former belief, or one's opinion, or one's doubts, have been conquered by the force of argument or the weight of authority. The time is so short, and we are so liable to interruption from one moment to another, that I can't go

again into the proofs which I have given you already, and say why they are conclusive to you. Neither can I recapitulate why the force of authority has also convinced you—the authority of the Church which you assure me you believe to have been founded by our Lord. I can only say that as you are convinced regarding the general question (which includes the particular ones), convinced in spite of all this array of hostile and confusing literature, I don't see how you could doubt the reality of the fact—namely, that your doubts have been answered and removed by the force of argument and the weight of authority. We come now to the other motive of belief—the grace of God, which is infinitely higher and infinitely more conclusive. When the grace of God comes into the soul, showing us the truth, we are convinced, conquered, but much more effectually, if we attend to it, than we were previously by any reasoning however strong; for arguments appeal to the intellect, but the grace of God commands the soul to obey. You want to be sure, then, that what you feel within, impelling you to be what you were baptized, is the grace of God, and not your own fancy. Now did you, or did you not, find that, when you sought the truth most, and prayed most for light, and were most ready to obey the will of God, irrespective of anything else, you felt most convinced in your mind and in your soul?”

“I did, I felt it—I know it, and I will obey it—indeed I will; but at present—my mother”——

“Ida, the duty of reverent obedience to parents is a sacred obligation. You know what I think

about it, and you know that what I think is simply what the Catholic Church teaches. But you know also, that when obedience to a parent entails disobedience to God, we must obey God rather than man. God commands you to accept the grace He offers you, and you must obey *Him* even at the cost of disobeying both parents, or you would stand condemned by His own words: 'He who loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' But you are not placed in that position. There is no opposing duty whatever in your case. Even if you were a child your mother would have no sort of right to your obedience in this; for she is only *one* parent, and the other does not require it, and she expressly promised not to do so, and you were brought up a Catholic till you were seven years old, and then—but I will not pain you by saying more about that. And now I must leave you, for I see Lady Dytechley coming towards the house."

"Oh! don't leave me—but you are right as you always are. It is better so."

"The time is drawing near when we shall be always together. Promise me before I go that you will now make the one necessary effort which Almighty God demands from you."

"I will—indeed I will: but what am I to do?"

"Tell your father and mother the truth, and send for Father Johnson. I say this on your account, not on my own. If it were better for you to wait till after we are married, I should advise you to wait; but I am sure that it would be worse for your own peace in the meantime, and make you feel dissatisfied with yourself after-

wards. By taking the step now you will free yourself from those books and other controversial worries, that unsettle you though you don't believe them. The delay seems natural enough now, as if it must be ; but if you were to let it go on any longer, it would so oppress you to the last, I mean till we are married, that you would be scrupulous afterwards, fancying that you had not done your best about it. Believe me, scruples of that sort are terribly torturing and difficult to remove. I want to save you from them, and that is the principal reason why I urge you to take the step now. The other reason is, that you know not what troubles may arise from your seeming to hesitate, what complications may come out of it. Don't make me explain till the danger is past and we can treat it as a thing that never happened ; but do, I entreat you, take my word for the truth of what I say, for your own peace and for the happiness of us both. Were it not for the reasons I have mentioned, I should say, ' Leave it till we are one and uninterrupted : we have only three weeks to wait.' But I know that circumstances alter the case and make immediate action a necessity for your own happiness."

He spoke rapidly, knowing the importance of the occasion, and the shortness of the available time ; but his heart and will had one completely loved object, and his words were pictured in his eyes, told in his voice, expressed in his every feature.

" I promise to do as you tell me," she replied. " You have persuaded me in the kindest and most convincing manner. But how could it be otherwise when I see you, hear your voice ? you

have done it all like yourself—and what can be better than that? Oh! what a load you have taken off my heart! But there is my mother coming across the shrubbery. I suppose you must go.”

There was no time for answering, scarcely for one last look. By great quickness he was just able to reach the shrubbery before Lady Dytchley had opened the door that led into it.

She was a tall large woman. The prevailing impression when you first saw her was that of size, and the impression never diminished, though the eye perceived that she was in reality neither so tall nor so large as she seemed; but you would presently be aware of a power which, if you were not afraid of it, would turn out to consist in the obtrusion of a slowly irascible temperament, a heavy self-confidence, and the constant habit of imposing her personality on others. She ought to have been beautiful, and you could hardly make out why she was only what is called a fine woman. There were hints of beauty at times, and glimpses of a softer expression that almost accused you of rash judgment; but before you could make up your mind, both had vanished, leaving you to speculate on the history of her heart, or shrug your shoulders and say “*Che volete?*” The story of her life would not repay the trouble of inquiry; but it is evident that to be the wife of a man whose character and ways of acting are manifestly contemptible, and who has not feeling enough in him to attract affection by sympathy, could not be a position favourable to the development of her better nature.

“So you are here at last,” she said; when

Everard confronted her, not without misgivings, a few paces from the door.

"I have been very much engaged lately," said Everard, standing in a manner that was not stiff but suggested the idea of fixity, and letting his eyes rest, as by accident, in a line with hers. He understood her character thoroughly, and knew that he must assert himself in her presence. Lady Dytchley avoided his eyes, and began to twist the tassel of her parasol.

"I have had to see the new tenants at Claypit Side and Fernhill Farm."

"Well?" answered Lady Dytchley, twisting the tassel with slightly increased vehemence. Evidently she was working herself up by degrees, but her eyes vented their anger on the parasol, and gathered strength by not encountering his.

"And I have had to be away too," said Everard. "I went" —

"I don't care about that," interrupted Lady Dytchley. "It's no business of mine where you go—when did I ever ask you about that?"

"By your saying that I had come at last, I thought you were surprised at my long absence, as you might naturally have been," said Everard.

She made no answer, but twisted the tassel till it broke, and pressing the parasol so hard that the whalebone marked her glove, said suddenly,

"I will not have you talking to Ida about religion."

"I don't think you give me much chance of doing so," answered Everard, smiling by sheer force of will so naturally that the effort was not perceptible.

"That's all nonsense—you know that very well, I wouldn't trust you, I can tell you. You are as bigoted as you can be. Haven't I seen you—didn't I see you the last time you were here trying to influence her by pretending all sorts of things?"

"What did I pretend?"

"There now, that will do. I tell you once for all that I will not allow it, and it will be the worse for you if you don't mind what I say. There, that will do—I have some letters to write."

"What had I better do—go home or stay?" thought Everard, as her train swept stiffly past him. "If possible I must not let her suspect that I have talked to Ida this morning, or she will take advantage of it to put doubts into her head, on the grounds of over-persuasion, influence of human motives, and the wonderful controversial training which every ignorant layman is assumed to have had from the Jesuits. Now if I go home, she will suspect me when I am absent; if I stay, she will suspect me when I am present. Which is the safest for Ida?"

All this passed through his mind before the stiff train had wriggled its way two yards along the grass. The conclusion was so instantaneous that it could only show itself in its result. He took two long steps very slowly, that brought him in front of the rustling skirt, and said—

"I came to-day because I had been prevented lately; but I had better not stop, I think, on account of having to see one of the two new tenants, which I ought to do this afternoon. I will come again soon."

"Very well, very well—good-bye," answered Lady Dytchley in a tone of conditional pacification. She was satisfied on the whole with her success, in spite of her inability to face his eyes, and she had reasons of her own for letting the subject fall into abeyance. Everard read her thoughts easily enough, for they were perceptible in every fold of her dress; and he too was satisfied, feeling that his interview with Ida had been successful.

As he was leaving the house Sir Richard was coming in.

"Shall I speak to him about it?" thought Everard, "implore him, as he values his own soul, to stand by his child and save her from the persecution which he has himself brought upon her? She is worse than unaided—his passiveness is the one real power against her, for it enables Lady Dytchley to force her into this dilemma, that she must either look away from the oneness of truth, or be obliged to despise her father. Yes; the line he has taken is the one real difficulty that has puzzled her conscience and paralysed her will, and may yet be a cause of practical hesitation—and, in matters of conscience, even unintentional hesitation more or less unsettles the soul. Shall I speak?"

"You are not going yet?" said Sir Richard. "Don't be in such a hurry. Have you seen Ida?"

"I want to speak to you on a subject that most seriously concerns her," said Everard, with a calm readiness that made the reply seem an answer to the question, and showed no trace of the effort it cost him.

Sir Richard's reply was quite as ready, but by no means as calm. "No, not now, not now," said he, shuffling in his clothes as if several virulent gnats were biting him at various points. "I really can't—upon my word, I can't. I have a letter to write before luncheon—I have indeed."

"I should not detain you five minutes," remarked Everard, forcing himself to look unconcerned.

But Sir Richard was too cautious to be reassured so easily. He walked into the house in unseemly haste, his legs appearing to move on springs, and, speaking from behind the door, said:

"No, no—I haven't a moment, I assure you. Things *must* be done, you know. There is a man waiting to hear about something"——

"There are a good many doing that, I believe," said Everard in a low voice as he moved slowly towards the stables.

"Well, yes—there are," answered Sir Richard, who had nearly lost his wits at the prospect of being required to act like a man. "Well, then—perhaps after luncheon,—we will see."

"I can't stay—I told Lady Dytechley so just now. I have to be at Claypit Side early this afternoon."

"Ah! well—next time then. I am sorry you are obliged to go. Good-bye; good-bye."

"What is to be done with such a man as that?" thought Everard as he rode away. "It is a cross and a temptation—a continual temptation against reverence and humility; but I must do my best. I ought to be satisfied with the result of my visit, and I am; for I have Ida's promise,

which is everything. It is useless to disturb myself about him. I hope he is not as accountable as he seems—nor about Lady Dytechley, who, at any rate, uses her influence in favour of the religion she professes. If she really has an objective belief in it (which, however, is hard to suppose in a woman who agreed to bring up her children in another) she is not blamable for the fact of using her influence that way, when Sir Richard gives her every encouragement short of apostatising; but the means that she uses are cruel and dishonest. I hope she is not distinctly aware of either. Were it not for the suffering which Ida will have to endure for a while, I should go home perfectly satisfied. If Ida is firm—and she will be—the trial will be short. I must rest on the remembrance of her promise.”

He did rest on it, so that the way home seemed short because there were no time-marks within. Not till he was half-way through the Chase did a disturbing question enter his mind, suggested perhaps by the accidental opportunity of having it answered. The opportunity came in the form of a grey head and a Roman collar appearing above the fern, where the grass ride on which he was turned rather suddenly.

“Father Merivale,” he said, “*do* come back to luncheon with me. I want advice—in fact, direction, about” —

“I can’t go back,” answered Father Merivale, “because I have a sick call at one of the cottages beyond Chase Mill.”

“Who is it?” said Everard. “Can I do anything?”

"She is a stranger, and from what I heard she will not live long. I will let you know if you can do anything for her."

"Good-bye, then" ——

"Stay a moment. I am not pressed for a few minutes, and if you have anything important" ——

"Well, yes—I have. You know of my engagement?"

"Yes, and I hope that there is no impediment."

"You know that Lady Dytchley makes it almost impossible for her to be a Catholic before we are married. What am I to do?"

"You are sure, are you not, that she *will* be?"

"I am—there is no doubt about it."

"Then, my dear Everard," said Father Merivale, "you need not disturb yourself about it. You are not called upon to sacrifice your own happiness and leave her in the danger of not coming into the Church at all. It is very hard for a man of your principles to be placed in such a position; but you must bear that, if it is necessary, and I know you will, like a man. God bless you! I must be off."

Father Merivale went his way towards the cottage beyond Chase Mill. Everard cantered home, thinking of Ida.

CHAPTER IV.

AT or about eleven o'clock of the next day, whilst Everard was explaining to Mrs. Roland why the foreigner seen by Bolton the carrier could not possibly be the Marquis Moncalvo, Sherborne rode into Lyneham, put up his horse at the White Hart, and having a few minutes to wait before the sitting of the Bench of Magistrates, went into an empty sitting-room.

"Then you will ride on to Dredgemere, while I am on the Bench?" said he to De Beaufoy, who had come with him. "There will be time if you cut across by Thornham brook—the water is low enough just now. You will find Bertram Fyfield very much improved since his marriage."

"Yes, his mother thinks so too—there never was any real harm in him," said De Beaufoy. "He was only a bit of a fool; and as his wife is a sensible woman, he will do very well. Here is the old room, just as it was—the brown blinds, and the horsehair sofa, and the wineglass of tooth-picks on the sideboard, and the print of the Yeomanry Review, and the money-box of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and there is old Tomkins's shop opposite, with its prints of chorister boys and Newfoundland dogs and

popular preachers. But Garibaldi has been replaced by a monkey with a red cap—there is continuity in that.”

“I am fond of this room,” said Sherborne, “for the sake of its associations; but you had better be off, or I shall have to start before you get back here.”

De Beaufoy went his way, and a stranger, followed by the boots carrying a portmanteau, appeared at the door. The boots went up the stairs and the stranger entered the room. He was a tallish broad-shouldered man, apparently of no particular age, with dark eyes, a dark-reddish complexion, black moustaches streaked with grey, a thick beard of the same colour, and coarse grisly hair that sat stiffly under a brown velvet travelling cap. His manner was as stiff as his hair, his eyes looked into space, his voice was pitched lower than its quality seemed to warrant. He appeared to be a foreigner, but from what country? His manner was too stiff for an Italian, his articulation too heavy for a Frenchman. Was he a cosmopolitan Englishman who had taken to absinthe and progressive atheism? or one of those general foreigners from nowhere, who go about looking as if they had business of their own, yet have no intelligible employment? or was he a professor of something from somewhere, who was in the habit of imposing respect on willing audiences by weight of manner? Sherborne looked at him for a moment, and said interiorly, “You are one of those fellows who go about making respectable English Protestants believe in liberalism by pretending to admire the Established Church.” Then

he turned on his heel and thought no more about him.

By this time a waiter had appeared, holding a napkin under his left arm, and rubbing one hand slowly against the other in anticipation of orders. The stranger, who spoke with a foreign accent that gave no hint of his birthplace, said :

"Nothing, thank you, except a glass of water and a little ink. No, not any paper, thank you. I have it in my travelling-bag. And will you let me have a piece of sealing-wax, if you please, to seal a letter?"

The "aspettatore," as a well-known English lady once called a waiter in Italy, fidgeted about during the space of a few seconds, looking with rounded eyes into the speaker's face, and standing on either leg by turns, while the forefinger of each hand performed a series of gyrations round the thumb. Finally he drew himself up, said, "Yes, sir, directly," and went in search of the articles named, remarking to the boots on his way :

"Well! he won't ruin hisself with what he's hordered. If he don't have no more than that he won't be no good, nor yet no harm; for he won't cost nothink except the washing of the sheets and the soap—but, lor' bless you, he won't use *that*. I daresay his portmanteau is full of rubbidge."

When he returned, bringing a glass of water, a stump of red sealing-wax and a penny ink-bottle, he found the stranger poring intently over a hunting map that happened to be in the room.

"How far is it to Monksgallows?" said the latter. "I want to go to the Archæological Meeting there to-morrow."

"Twelve miles, sir, by the road," answered the waiter; "but you can get there by rail, if you change at Abury and get out at Repton—just two miles from Monksgallows, sir."

"Thank you. How far is Exbourne? It seems a long way."

"Well sir, it must be near thirteen miles, I should say; and it would be a roundabout journey by rail."

"Ah! I must find some way of going there. I want to see a faithful old servant of mine, who is a native of that place. I hear that she is in difficulties, and I wish to help her."

Thought the waiter, "You don't look much like that—a ordering a hold bottle of ink and a bit of sealing-wax and a glass of water: but then I don't understand them foreigners."

"Well! I will see about that to-morrow," said the stranger. "Now is there any object of interest near here to be seen?"

"I don't know of much sir, unless it's the new Roman Catholic Church, as Squire Sherborne has built at Hazeley, close to the house. But to be sure," he added prudently, casting a sidelong glance at the glass of water, "it's a long way to walk—over seven miles the nearest way."

"Well, I shall want a fly to-morrow to take me to the Archæological Meeting."

"Bless us! he's a-coming it strong now," thought the waiter. "I 'ope he means paying."

"Is there anything else to be seen rather nearer? I should like a walk."

"Well, sir, there's a old Roman encampment this side of Bramscote—Sir Roger Arden's place,

sir. The boots can tell you the nearest way to it—he comes from near there—Yes, sir—Boots!”

The latter ejaculation, which was sent forth from behind the door, caused the speedy appearance of the functionary named.

“Show the gentleman the way to the Roman encampment, Tom,” said the waiter.

The boots led the way through the yard into a narrow street and round two or three corners into a lane, and said, pointing with his thumb,

“It lies over there, sir. This here lane ain’t nothink only a bridle-road farther on: but you keep on a-follering it till you comes to a old barn, and then you turns up along a footpath as takes you into a village—but you mustn’t go there. You must go a-skewing along by a farmhouse to the right of it—and mind you go by the one as you’ll see has a thatched cottage down a little way below it, for the other would take you right out of your way. And then you must keep bearing round by the brook (there’s a path across the fields there), and you’ll get into a road at the bottom of a steepish hill—but you must turn to your right half-way up it, when you get to the sandpit near the corner of”——

“Thank you,” said the stranger, who, it is needless to remark, had not understood a word of these complicated instructions, but supposed himself to have noticed which way the boot’s thumb pointed. “No doubt I shall find my way.”

He went on, and partly by accident, partly by asking, arrived within half a mile of the place, when, taking a wrong turn, he found himself,

after a while, close to the house at the Four Ways.

Old Susan, who happened to be standing at an upper window when he passed by, exclaimed,

"Lor! whatever is he? Miss Davis, *do* come and look now."

The person addressed came to the window, looked, and looked again, but could find nothing to attract her observation.

"What of him?" said she.

"Why, what's he a-staring up here for—a nasty impertinent thing!"

"Because he knows what you are saying, and sees you looking so hard at him. It is enough to make him look up."

"But how he keeps all on staring at you, a-pretending as if he knowed you."

"Well, I don't know him at any rate. I suppose he mistakes me for somebody."

"Will you have the kindness to tell me the way to the Roman encampment?" said the stranger.

"Round there to the right," answered Susan; "and then you must turn by the—Lor! what's the matter, Miss Davis? you look all-over-like."

"Nothing. I—I thought I recognised the voice—the voice of an old friend: it was rather like. That is all."

"Will you let me in, if you please?" said the stranger. "I see that an old friend of mine is here."

"Don't let him in, whatever you do," said Jane Davis in a hurried whisper. "He may be a robber—and this is a lonely place. Indeed, I don't know him."

"Lor, bless you! Do you think I'm agoing to let such chaps as him indoors? But what makes you so frightened all of a sudden?"

"Because he pretends to know me, when he doesn't, and that is just the way people get into houses."

Thereupon they both left the window, and the stranger, finding oral communication impossible, began to try what the door-bell would do for him. He remained at least a quarter of an hour on the steps, ringing at intervals, till, like the

*"Old man who said, 'Well!
Will nobody answer this bell?'"*

he was fairly out of patience, and began to expostulate; which brought upon him the following reply from old Susan:—

"I tell you what it is, my man—you had better begin to go. We don't want no tramps here, and that's all about it. What do you mean by coming a-interfering with respectable people and trying to get into the house by hook or by crook? It ain't for no good, I know. Now I tell you what. I ain't afraid of such chaps as you, not I; and if you don't be off, I'll take and bring the old blunderbuss—it's loaded, I can tell you, for I loaded it myself last Michaelmas, when there was a lot of rough people about, as said they wanted work—but I know'd better. They had got out of Ledchester gaol, and was a-making their way back home—them as had any—and was a-peering about to see what they could steal. I knows how to use a gun, which my father was under-keeper at Squire Sherborne's—the last but one—

him as died without no heir, and the property went to the last one till they found as he wasn't the right one after all, and then this here one (as is as good as gold, God bless him !) come in for it. My father were under-keeper there, and he's took a-many such fellows as you, only they wasn't foreigners as don't know where they come from and haven't no name, and keeps on a-ringing at the bell to see what they can get, but shackling chaps as hadn't no work in them, and wouldn't mind a bit of sheep-stealing if they could get a chance on a dark night with the snow on the ground, when they lays mostly under the hedges for shelter and a lonely bit of road comes handy. He's took a-many such, and I knows 'em and I ain't afeard on you ; and so you'd better be off, or I'll take and fetch the blunderbuss."

It is probable that the mysterious foreigner did not understand much of this address ; but when Susan, who had suddenly retired from view, reappeared at the window, carrying a weapon of strange and fearful construction, with a short brass barrel as big as a small cannon towards the muzzle, he showed symptoms of not appreciating the crisis. Susan followed up her advantage by cocking, uncocking, and half-cocking the cumbrous machine, to show that she was a keeper's daughter, while her companion signified in dumb show that he had better get out of the way. The final result was that, finding himself in a position both awkward and ludicrous, with just enough danger in it to make the ludicrous element seem much out of place, he followed Susan's advice and began to go.

"He's a-swearing in his own langwidge," remarked Susan, putting her head out of the window. "Don't you hear him grumbling away, for all the world like a old pointer over a bone? I can hear what he says, and though I don't understand his gibberish, I know what it's about. I mind there was a French cook, when I were a girl, as lived at Bramscote, and I knowed a young person as lived kitchenmaid there, and she told me he used to go on with his games just like that. He took and throwed the saucepan at her once."

"I don't hear him say anything," said the other woman, in a tremulous voice.

"Never mind! he's a-swearing to hisself. I knows their ways: but I knowed I'd get shut on him. Well! now to be sure—whatever is the matter with you? You're as pale as a sheet."

"I daresay I am: it was enough to make me so. How could I tell what he might do in this lonely place? I am not so brave as you, who handle firearms as if you had been using them all your life."

"He won't come here no more," answered Susan, replacing the blunderbuss on two iron hooks inside a deep closet.

"Here is the policeman," said the other woman, who was still at the window. "Can't he do something?"

"The p'liceman? In course he can. Hi! I say, Muggles, just go and see about that chap; he's been a-insulting of us, and wanting to rob the house and that."

The rural policeman did not see quite sufficient grounds for active measures, but thought he

might as well caution him to be on good behaviour generally towards Her Majesty's liege subjects, and especially those residing at the Four Ways. He followed his steps with long strides, gained upon him by degrees, and when near enough to speak with dignity, inquired if he had lost his road.

"I have lost it several times to-day," answered the stranger, trying to look at ease, "but not now."

"You must be careful," said the guardian of the peace. "They've been complaining of you down there."

"I know they have. I heard the old woman speaking to you. The fact is, I mistook the other woman for someone else, as I passed the window; so I asked to see her, and I suppose the old woman took me for a robber."

"Well, I don't say as it ain't all square. I don't make no charge; but all as is, you had better be careful." So far satisfied with what he had done, Muggles went back to the house, in order to see whether there were any grounds for keeping an eye on the accused. Susan adhered to her former opinion, stating more than once that he was a "nasty good-for-nothing fellow, as meant no good, and wouldn't think nothing at all of robbing anybody, if he got the chance." Said Muggles, "That ain't no charge. You've been and made a fool of me, with your nonsense, making me get a-in-terrupting a respectable man that weren't doing no harm to nobody." Susan rose in reply, or would have done so, only she was standing; but Muggles declined wasting any more time, and proceeded on his rounds.

In the meanwhile the stranger was making the best of his way back to Lyneham, much relieved at finding that he was not to be taken before some mysterious tribunal and dealt with according to old Susan's views of the law. He made several wrong turns, and after going at least four miles out of his way, reached the White Hart about four o'clock, a good deal tired, and (judging by his gait) rather footsore. The waiter appeared with his napkin under his arm, and the following dialogue ensued :

"I wish to dine as soon as possible," said the stranger.

"Yes, sir; immediately. Chops, beefsteak, roast chicken—any fish, sir?"

"Well, I should like some potage à la bonne femme, filets de soles au gratin, mutton cutlets à la jardinière, or fricassée de poulet aux truffes;—yes; that will be enough—oh! yes—some meringues glacées, a little Parmesan cheese, and—and a bottle of chateau margaux."

"Bless us and save us!" thought the waiter, whose eyes had grown rounder at each successive item of the *ménu*; then, being a practical man, he added aloud, "I think, sir, I had better call the landlady sir. She has been in foreign parts, and I don't rightly understand what it is you've been pleased to horder."

He left the room, and the landlady soon appeared, a tall portly woman with large features that had a fixed expression of readiness to fulfil the legitimate demands of her customers, open grey eyes that repelled investigation, and a measured voice audibly expressed. He looked

at her, and appeared to wish that she were not there.

"I am afraid sir, that I am not able to furnish the sort of dinner you would like," she said, making a dignified curtsy. "We have no call here for anything more than roast and boiled, and such like."

"It is my fault; I ought to have thought of that," answered the stranger. "Well, then, will you be so good as to send me what you have?—I leave it to you."

The landlady promised to do her best, and backed out of the room slowly, looking hard at him from under her eyelids.

"Thank you," said he, turning away and looking out of the window, "I am sure that the dinner will be excellent."

In process of time the excellent dinner was put upon the table. The first course consisted of a tough beefsteak decorated with strips of horseradish, a leggy Cochin-China fowl (whether roast or boiled it were hard to say), with thick slices of very fat and strongly-flavoured bacon round the edges of the dish, a huge cauliflower bristling up from an expanse of greasy melted butter, and some half-mashed potatoes of an evil savour akin to that of tallow. Being hungry after his adventures, he began to work away at the beefsteak in grim silence, whilst the waiter was uncovering the big cauliflower, and calling his attention to the mashed potatoes. After a while he turned his eyes inquiringly towards the fowl, but found no encouragement there.

"Sherry, sir?" said the waiter, pouring something out of a decanter.

The unfortunate foreigner tasted the curious compound, and made an involuntary exclamation that old Susan would certainly have taken for swearing in his own language. It appeared to be a mixture of turpentine and brown sugar. Next came a batter-pudding, edged with enormous raisins and swimming in a sauce of many colours, then a pungent Cheshire cheese, and, last of all, the old wineglass of toothpicks from the side-board.

When he had finished, he gravely complimented the waiter on the excellent cooking of the White Hart, and ordered his bill, saying that he should go to Ledchester by the next train, as it was more convenient for the Archæological Meeting. Soon afterwards he took his place in the railway omnibus, and there we leave him "chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy," in the recollection of the difference between the dinner he had eaten and the dinner he had imagined. On no account was he sorry to leave the respectable market-town of Lyneham, for, besides the unpleasing reminiscences of his meal, especially of the batter-pudding and the sherry, he was not without vague misgivings touching the ulterior consequences of Muggles' cautionary advice to be careful. For anything he knew, Muggles might have been only waiting for the deposition of the two women, when he said those words of equivocal import "I don't make no charge," and was, perhaps, now on his way to the White Hart with old Susan and a pair of handcuffs. She, he thought, would swear that he had tried to break into the house, and the fact of her having driven him from the door with a

blunderbuss, an episode that hurt his dignity not a little, would be taken as clear evidence. He did not suppose that the charge would bear cross-examination, even in the opinion of Muggles, but he had more than one private reason for not wishing to stand and unfold himself just at that time.

"He's a rum un, he is," said the waiter, as the omnibus drove away. "He's glad to be off too, I know. He didn't like hisself here. It's my belief he's one of these card-sharpers, and not a Frenchman at all, and hordered all that rubbidge for his dinner to make believe he were."

The landlady said to herself—"Can he be the man? He looks too old, and different altogether. It's the voice that's like—rather like—not quite—but it's many years ago; and then people's voices are often alike, more alike than those two. I wish I could know."

But she took no steps to gain the information.

CHAPTER V.

THE blunderbuss and the batter pudding had been too much for the stranger's equanimity. Was it not enough to be taken for a housebreaker, driven away by an old woman and suspiciously cautioned by a rural policeman, without being poisoned at an inn and paying ten shillings for it? He went indeed to Ledchester, but instead of remaining there, took the next train to London. While that train was steaming and jolting out of the station, the dinner-party at Bramscote was about to commence. First of all came the party from Hazeley, with the exception of Mrs. Atherstone, who had arrived early in the afternoon and was going to return the next morning. Then a fly drove up, containing two maiden ladies who loved gardening and rented the old Dower House. Sir Richard and Lady Dytchley, Ida, and a man with red whiskers, arrived soon afterwards, followed by Lord and Lady Oxborough, a daughter, and a strikingly handsome young man of about one-and-twenty. Everard was close behind in a dog-cart. Next came the curate of the parish, and then a burly youth who was studying agriculture because he liked hunting and shooting. Last of all the priest walked in. He was a young man, slightly

built, and pale, with clear spiritual eyes and a firmly-set mouth, in which gentleness and strength of will expressed themselves in harmonious proportions.

"I am afraid I am very late," he said to Sir Roger, "but I have only just come back from the other end of Lyneham."

"I am only glad that you were not detained altogether."

"I was sent for by a poor Irishman who was passing through. He died a few minutes before I left. I have seen the story of man's life to-day represented in the compass of a few hours; for I married a couple this morning, and baptized a baby just before I started for Lyneham."

At that moment the entrance of the butler produced a general change of position, and the sound of voices diminished sensibly; but he had not come to announce dinner, though the dinner was ready to be announced. He walked up to Mrs. Atherstone and told her in a low voice that old Susan wanted to see her.

"That woman I picked up off the door-step must have done something unpleasant," thought Mrs. Atherstone, gliding out of the room as naturally as if she were going to look for a forgotten pocket-handkerchief.

"Where shall I find her?" said she, when the door closed behind the butler and herself.

"In your room, ma'am."

Upstairs she went, and found old Susan standing erect, her eyes full of vague information.

"Please, 'm. Miss Davis"—— said Susan.
"Oh! ma'am, whatever shall we do?"

“But what is it?” said Mrs. Atherstone. “Has she shot herself with the blunderbuss? You should have gone for the doctor.”

“No, ’m, not that, which I did fetch the old blunderbuss this morning (it was near one o’clock however) for a scamp of a fellow—a foreigneering man he looked to be, but I should not be surprised if he was a Irishman out of place, as couldn’t do no good where he come from, and had got in with bad company somewheres, and were a-trying to make his way back home, and run shortlike, and weren’t very particular how he helped hisself on. But I don’t think he were neither, for the Irish don’t break into houses as that chap wanted to, and pretended he know’d Miss Davis, that he might get inside. And she stuck to it as she’d never seen him, which it’s my belief it’s a gang of them together, and as for”——

“My dear Susan, *do* stop that long story,” interrupted Mrs. Atherstone. “I don’t care about the man—there are plenty of tramps about the country. What has the woman who calls herself Jane Davis done?”

“She’s been and took herself off.”

“Are you sure of that? She may have gone out for a walk. Why not? people can’t stay indoors for ever.”

“Yes, ’m; but she’s took herself off, you may depend on it. It were just after teatime, and I had just gone to see about”——

“Never mind all that. How long is it since you missed her?”

“Four o’clock it were; and that isn’t all. Here’s a letter for you as she left on the table in her room.”

Mrs. Atherstone opened the letter and read as follows :

"Honoured Madam, I beg leave to return my most humble thanks for the very great kindness I have received from you. Believe me, Madam, I shall never cease to feel the greatest possible gratitude for all you have done since I came to your door, a poor friendless creature without home or food. Circumstances which I am obliged to keep secret at present compel me to fly from the protecting roof that"——

"Yes, yes," muttered Mrs. Atherstone. "This is all taken from the sweepings of a Circulating Library. What is the upshot of it? '*Wishing you every happiness*' and the rest, '*I remain, with grateful thanks*,'—and all that. Well, there it is—we have done all we could for her. Stay a moment—it is late for you to go back."

"The under-keeper is a-going that way, and will see me home. But, as I was a-saying, that man didn't mean no good, as I told Muggles the p'liceman—I says to him you don't know nothing at all about it, to say he wasn't 'doing no harm,' and you may depend on it she's in league with him to rob the house."

"Nonsense; if she had wanted to do that she would have stayed and let him in when you were asleep. She is not a thief—I am sure of that."

Mrs. Atherstone then hurried downstairs, and the dinner was announced.

When Sir Roger Arden had taken in Lady Oxborough, and the handsome young man who came with her had gone next with her daughter, Miss Exmore, followed by Sir Richard Dytechley with Lady Fyfield and De Beaufoy with Lady

Dytchley, Mrs. Sherborne, who acted as lady of the house for her father, sent Everard in with Ida ; at which the skirts of Lady Dytchley's dress betrayed symptoms of interior commotion, though its occupant could not but acknowledge to herself that there was no other place for him, since otherwise he must either go out with her, or have the red-whiskered man, who had no particular position, sent before him. The red-whiskered man fell to the lot of Mrs. Atherstone, the curate and the student of sporting husbandry were apportioned to the two maiden ladies, Sherborne and the priest followed, and Mrs. Sherborne closed the procession with Lord Oxborough. When seated at the dinner-table the party was divided thus :

Lord Oxborough.			Mrs. Sherborne.
2nd Maiden Lady.	○	○	The Priest.
Burly Youth.	○	○	Sherborne.
Mrs. Atherstone.	○	○	The Curate.
Red-whiskered man.	○	○	1st Maiden Lady.
Ida.	○	○	De Beaufoy.
Everard.	○	○	Lady Dytchley.
Lady Fyfield.	○	○	Hubert Freville.
Sir R. Dytchley.	○	○	Miss Exmore.
	○	○	
Lady Oxborough.			Sir Roger Arden.

Seldom has there been a dinner-party at which the conversation was so steadily continuous. The two maiden ladies were Catholics, but they and

their next neighbours had common sympathies that made the latter think them very agreeable, as in fact they were. The elder discoursed critically about gardening to the curate, who was an enthusiast on that subject: the younger, who was fond of horses, and had done a little quiet hunting in her earlier days, gained the good opinion of the burly youth by the interest she appeared to take in his sporting experiences and theories. Mrs. Atherstone, while taking mental notes of every one, fixed the attention of the red-whiskered man by incisive sentences and original views of things. They made no very definite impression on his mind, for that part of him was of a loose quality, so that in that respect she might as well have tried to model a statue out of sand; but they amused him because they were new, gratified his curiosity while exciting it, and, by reason of his own deficiencies, left him on good terms with himself.

Sir Roger Arden, who only required that his next neighbour should abstain from rash judgments and abstract propositions, kept up a brisk but somewhat colourless conversation with Lady Oxborough, whilst at the other end of the table his daughter was endeavouring to sympathise with Lord Oxborough's taste for fat cattle. Sherborne was very well satisfied to be next the priest, and Miss Exmore was very well satisfied with the handsome young man on her right, but would have been more so if they had not been living in the same house for the last four days. Custom is often a severer test of the subject than of the object.

At that end of the table the talking opened in an irregular manner. Sir Richard Dytchley, who had known Lady Fyfield many years, and was afraid that some unlucky turn might bring their principles into collision, much to his own disadvantage, began making some remarks to Lady Oxborough inclusively about the Archæological Meeting and the intelligent foreigner, in hopes of being thus able to get a fair start on safe ground. Sir Roger, being thereby disengaged, became third in a desultory dialogue, in which Miss Exmore did the greater part. Presently Sir Richard, having, as he thought, got his fair start, devoted his attention to Lady Fyfield, Sir Roger began his conversational duties to Lady Oxborough, and Miss Exmore went on with the desultory dialogue.

The handsome young man grew tired of the desultoriness, and tried to interest her in the pictures at the Royal Academy, of which he spoke with taste and judgment. She listened for a while with sullen toleration, became gradually impatient, sitting square with her eyes fixed on the tablecloth; and at last put an end to his artistic disquisition by saying sharply:

"You know I care for nothing in the world but hunting."

"All right!" said he with a short equivocal laugh, that might indicate pleasure, amusement, admiration, disappointment, mere surprise, or the breaking-up of a half-formed illusion.

"Well," said she, "are you going to talk? I want to be amused, and not bored about painters, and fiddlers, and poetry, and all that sort of trash.

Tell me something in the way of sport, if you can."

"Well, then," said he, smiling stiffly, "I heard yesterday that there had been a badger drawn in your neighbourhood."

She noticed the smile, and coloured angrily; but at that moment Sir Roger called out across the table to Everard,

"By-the-by, Freville, you ought to know your relative."

"I remember being at Freville Chase once, when I was a small boy," said the handsome young man to Everard; "and I was just thinking that I remembered your face."

"Who is he?" said the red-whiskered man to Mrs. Atherstone, looking in the direction of the last speaker.

"Lord de Freville's only son," said she. "No—by-the-by I am wrong—the present Lord is his uncle, and has no children."

"A distant relation to Mr. Everard Freville, isn't it?"

"Yes. The head of the family apostatised in the reign of William III., and his next brother did not. Mr. Freville, of Freville Chase, is descended from the one who did not."

She little knew what she was bringing on herself by this curt statement of facts. The red-whiskered man turned out to be a very tiresome sort of half-finished convert, whom Lady Dytchley had invited to stay at Netherwood in the hope that his spiritual priggishness and utter want of discretion might help her to illustrate the most disagreeable view of Catholicity before Ida. No

sooner had Mrs. Atherstone inadvertently given him the cue than he launched forth according to his own measure of things, dashing off in less than five minutes crude theories on matters which he had neither the right to judge nor the knowledge to understand. When he began to talk of candlesticks and thuribles Mrs. Atherstone began to lose patience, but when he wanted to show his loyalty towards the Holy See by teaching the Pope, she said,

"Oh yes! you have a great deal to learn. I daresay I had too; but then I am so much older than you. I am an old woman, born in the last century, and you will, I am sure, not be angry if I take the privilege of my old age and give you a word of advice. A convert has everything to learn and nothing to teach. We have not only to learn the Catechism, but also to acquire the habit of thinking, feeling, seeing, judging, understanding as a Catholic. You have not yet acquired that habit. Your mind wants balancing. Excuse me; you are too busy. You mean to be as loyal as possible, but in fact you set up to teach the Church."

The red-whiskered man did not appreciate her advice, but was much quieter after she had delivered it.

In the meanwhile Everard was trying to make the most of his opportunity, such as it was; but he and Ida were badly placed. Mrs. Atherstone certainly kept the ears of the red-whiskered man on Ida's left fully employed, but then Lady Dytechley sat opposite and watched her at short uncertain intervals.

The fish was now being handed round, and De Beaufoy was preparing to attract Lady Dytechley's attention by a series of respectful annoyances, whilst his wife Lady Fyfield, with equal urbanity, caused Sir Richard to wish himself anywhere rather than sitting by her.

De Beaufoy's first move had been to notice the beauty of Ida and ask who she was, as if he had not recognised her, by which opening manœuvre he at once insured a favourable hearing. Lady Dytechley cast her eyes downwards to hide the pleasure she felt them express, and said: "It is my eldest daughter, Ida: don't you remember her?"

To which De Beaufoy replied, "Of course. How stupid of me! But it is some time since I saw her last, and the fulfilment has even exceeded the promise."

He then purposely talked of other things, taking care to speak of places and people within the county, and leading the conversation by imperceptible turns up to Freville Chase. When they had reached that point he paused for a moment, as if the name of the place had reminded him of something too indifferent to be recollected without an effort.

"I don't think I have been there since his father died," said he, "or ever seen it, except when the hounds went by, or we tried the gorse at the back of the house; and I seldom went to the meets on that side, for the country about is full of rabbit-holes and small blind fences that one's horse tumbles into without giving one the pleasure of a respectable jump or the honour of an orthodox fall."

"Yes. It is a dreadful country for hunting," said Lady Dytchley in an irascibly sympathising tone of voice.

"That will do to balance what is coming," thought De Beaufoy. "She hates the place because it is his. But what an exceptionally interesting old place it is!" he said—"the old Chase, unaltered, so far as it remains, from what it was five hundred years ago, and the old historic house with its individual character stamped on every stone. I don't know one the least like it. I have not seen young Freville since he was a boy. I must introduce myself to him, for I knew his father before he married, when I first knew your husband—he and I were small boys, and Freville four or five years older. My mother was living at Hazeley then, as I did afterwards till I found out that I had no business there."

"Oh yes — I was so sorry," said Lady Dytchley.

"I am much happier where I am, I assure you," answered De Beaufoy, "and much more at home on my own family property than in a place that somehow or other always made me feel as if I had no right to it, though of course I had no idea that such was the case till three years ago."

"It is very good of you to feel it so, but still" — answered Lady Dytchley, who could not open her mind so far as to understand how the loss of a property could on any possible grounds be otherwise than the greatest of evils.

"I am much happier as I am," said he, "and Reginald Sherborne is a much better representative of everything worth representing than I was.

—But we were ~~talking about~~ former days. I remember Freville all that time ago; and afterwards, when I was older, I recollect some very pleasant days' shooting there. There used to be lots of rabbits in those days."

"And that is nearly all the game there is," remarked Lady Dytechley, darting a quick angry glance across the table.

"Well, I used to enjoy it very much, I remember," said De Beaufoy, not appearing to notice the missile. "I don't care about so much preserving; but" (and now the respectful annoyances came in with the entrées) "I do love an old place that is redolent of the days when men were men, and women were women instead of trying to be horsebreakers or imitating everything that they ought to be ashamed of having even heard of, when both were strong in their respective spheres because Christianity had not then died out of social life as it bids fair to do now. Above all, I love an old place where Englishmen kept the faith through crushing persecutions, instead of apostatising at the beck of a Tudor or crouching to a Dutch stadtholder"—

Here he checked himself for a moment perceptibly, and added in a parenthesis, "*You* know all this very well—I should not have said it to other ladies, but I remember your knowledge of history."

He remembered nothing of the kind, and felt rather scrupulous about having let so rash a statement escape him unawares; but she took the compliment so naturally that his conscience was comforted, and, as she made no remark, he said :

"Those times, like the times that preceded and made them possible, have passed into history. We have now to do with the people who are living and acting among us, and it is pleasant to see the higher types. They are not common, but, if I know anything of physiognomy (and I have studied it a good deal by practical experience), there is one opposite you."

"Everard? oh yes—he is very good and all that," said Lady Dytchley, turning her attention to the *suprême de volaille* suddenly.

"Yes—as you say, all that," answered De Beaufoy. "It is just what I judged him to be—only you have expressed it so much better—very much 'all that'—all that which I wanted to express, and you have put it into five words."

For an instant she knew not what to make of this remarkable interpretation, so different from what she had meant, and was half inclined to resent it; but inasmuch as there was not the slightest trace either of fun or satire perceptible on his countenance, the compliment took its place by the side of its predecessor as a tribute to her ability.

"'Soft sawder and human natur,' " thought De Beaufoy: "now is my time."

"As I have known you ever since you married," said he, "and your husband nearly all my life, it gives me real pleasure to congratulate you both, and especially yourself. All I hear of Freville confirms what my judgment tells me, that he is one of the few to whom a wise and anxious mother may safely entrust her child. Believe me (I speak as a man who knows men as they are) a

really satisfactory husband was never so difficult to find as now. Habitual club-life, the restless luxury of modern country-houses and that inclination to shirk all restraint which makes people selfish in society, unfit for domestic life, and saps the foundations of Christianity in their souls, have brought things to this, that if marriage might once be called a lottery, it is now more like a roulette table—so many and so terrible are the adverse chances."

"It is unfortunately too true," said she. "That sort of thing has spoilt the young men of the day dreadfully. They don't go to church or anything—half of them—I am afraid: and so few of the younger sons care to be clergymen now—I don't know what is to become of the family livings by-and-by, I am sure."

"That will be a serious consideration," said De Beaufoy with imperturbable gravity.

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "but" (and here she paused for a moment or two) "after all, Everard is not the only good man in the world."

"Certainly not: it would be a bad look-out for the world if he were. But just compare him with others—with the better specimens, I mean. Take for instance Lord Oxborough's eldest son"—

"I don't see that at all," interrupted Lady Dythchley.

"Just as I suspected," thought De Beaufoy.

"He is quite as good as Everard—quite," she added, her voice trembling with suppressed anger.

"No doubt he is a model young man," answered De Beaufoy. "I don't deny it for a moment. But that is the strongest proof of what I say."

"You are getting beyond me—I can't follow your casuistry."

"Casuistry? well, I am glad you view the matter as a case of conscience. But what I was saying is very simple. One compares Freville with the best specimen of a young man one can think of, and one finds him unquestionably superior. What then must be the difference between him and less good specimens, who are the majority?"

"But I don't see the difference. He is quite as good as Everard. It is only because he is not a Catholic that you talk in this way."

"On the contrary, I always make more allowances for Protestants than for Catholics, because their difficulties are so much greater and their advantages so much less."

"That is your way of putting it, to make me in the wrong."

"I can't please you any way. Don't you see that I am handicapping them, and weighting Freville more than the other man?"

"There, now, I have had enough of it. You always were the most teasing person I ever knew. Do talk of something else."

"With pleasure, but *au bout du compte*, I have made characters and countenances a special study all my life; I have had a long experience of human nature, and I have never yet seen a man who impressed me so favourably as Freville."

"Yes, yes; I said he was very good. What do you want me to say?"

"Nothing. I was only taking the privilege of an old friend to say how much I admire the wisdom of your choice."

"But suppose I don't care about it?"

"I am not going to suppose anything of the sort: it would be a great impertinence in me to suppose that you could be anything less than my long acquaintance entitles me to believe."

"Less than what?"

"Less than yourself."

"And what am I then, pray?"

"A sensible woman."

"And suppose I don't care about the marriage—had rather it were somebody else—no one in particular, but somebody else, and only tolerate it because it has gone on so long, and his father was an old friend of Sir Richard's, and all that; what would you say of me then?"

"That you were less wise than I believed you to be. But I am not going to suppose anything of the sort. I have known you many years, and I have lived too long to mistake a joke for a serious opinion."

"But I am not joking, I tell you. When will you believe what I say? It really is too provoking. You have known me long enough to have found out that I know what I mean and am not to be turned away from it."

"Certainly I do" ("and so does her contemptible husband," he added internally, "who has made her what she is"); "but then I must be sure that you are in earnest, and in this case I am sure that you are not."

"You are determined to make me angry, whether I will or not. I say that I don't like the marriage, and only submit to it out of"—

"Holy obedience. Well! there can be no

better motive. No doubt the clergyman of the parish, who, of course is your special adviser, has told you that, considering all the "-----"

"Nonsense! What has the clergyman of the parish to do with Ida's marriage?"

"Why, to say the truth, I couldn't exactly say."

"You always were the most provoking man in the world, and I am very glad you are not at Hazeley—that I am."

"My dear Lady Dytechley, we are really agreeing on every point. It is a pity that you should not see it."

They went on talking in this way during the whole of dinner-time, till the ladies left the dining-room; but we had better see what Lady Fyfield was saying to Sir Richard.

The latter had fondly imagined that, by transferring his remarks about the Archæological Meeting and the intelligent foreigner from Lady Oxborough to Lady Fyfield, he had at least secured a good start; but it so happened that, whilst he was searching his mind for a safe idea, Lady Fyfield asked him who he supposed the said foreigner was, to which he replied, "Some professor, I should think;" whereupon, as he was again searching for a safe idea, she remarked that there were professors and professors, and that many of them professed infidelity; to which he, not knowing what else to say, incautiously replied that the one in question appeared to be a liberal-minded sort of man, which brought upon him the troublesome question, "In what sense do you mean?"

Baronets have been very unjustly supposed to

be more tenacious of their precedence than other people. Probably the libel arose from some facetious attempt at doggerel about a supposed—

*Sir Harry
Who was too proud to marry,*

as Sternhold and Hopkins made the tents black to rhyme with slack (see Ward's "Reformation"); but however that may be, it is certain that Sir Richard Dytchley would have been thankful to resign the bloody hand for that evening, in order to be anywhere rather than where he was. He looked about, hoping that some one would say something to him; but every one was engaged either in talking or eating, and Lady Fyfield was waiting to know in what sense he considered the intelligent foreigner to be liberal-minded. Being thus cast upon his own resources, the idea came into his mind that, as no one would interrupt him, he would interrupt himself, and he said cheerfully:

"Oh! well, in the usual sense—liberal-minded, liberally disposed towards others. By-the-by, have you seen anything lately of those friends of yours (he was a Frenchman, I think) who were staying with you some years ago? I can't remember their names."

"I know who you mean," answered Lady Fyfield. "She was a friend of a friend of mine; but I saw very little of them, and what I have heard since has not made me wish to know them any better."

"Dear me! I am sorry for that—they seemed to be pleasant people."

"It is one of those painful cases that—but I think we had better talk of something else. I

should like to know how your foreigner was liberal-minded—whether in a good or bad sense.”

“No, no—I assure you,” said he with much alacrity. “You were telling it so well, as you always do. Really, I should like to hear it.”

“Are you quite sure?” said she gravely. “Don’t complain afterwards.”

“What on earth *is* she going to say?” thought Sir Richard. “But I *must* hear something, and it can’t be as awkward as having to say what I mean by liberal-minded, which I don’t know”——

“Or, rather don’t want to know,” said his conscience; whereat he shook himself and asked her to proceed.

“It is,” said she, “one of those painful cases that—do you insist on hearing it?”

“I should *like* to do so,” he replied, feeling sure that, at the worst, he was choosing the least of two evils.

“It is one of those cases that show the danger of acting in opposition to the Church. He made a mixed marriage and grew careless. His wife’s will was stronger than his, and she was consistent, which he was not. The result is that he will have to answer before Almighty God for betraying the souls of his children.”

“God bless me! upon my word now!—D——n it!” said Sir Richard to his beloved self. “What the devil is a man to do, beset in the way I am? Confound that fellow Everard! I know he will get me into a corner one of these days, and bother me to say something definite—but I won’t. And De Beaufoy—he has known me so long that he will think himself privileged to be a nuisance.

He's full of that sort of thing, and no doubt put his wife up to it. What does the woman want? To persuade me to, to—not to leave things alone? Very likely indeed—and have to drive home with one's wife afterwards!"

"That is all I know about them," said Lady Fyfield.

"I wish you didn't know as much about *me*," thought Sir Richard; but he made a desperate effort and said,

"Oh! oh! very charm—I mean very unfortunate. But you know, my dear Lady Fyfield, we must not judge others—the Church tells us so; and I am sure that I know many cases of all kinds where things appear (don't you know?) appear quite different and all that. I daresay that I myself have been misjudged in, in—in that way, you know."

"I am not judging any one. I state the facts," answered Lady Fyfield.

"Yes, exactly, to be sure you did; but I only meant to say that, you know people have misjudged me—all in kindness, but still they have misjudged me: and I should be sorry that you, for whom I have so great a respect, should think anything, you know."

"About what?"

"Well, you know—about what I said. People are not fair about me. My daughters can see (don't you know?) what is right, and all that, when they are—are married. They have had their opportunities, and I am in a very awkward position."

"But I have not been speaking of your affairs,

—I have nothing to do with them. You must not think that I was taking the liberty of lecturing you when I only answered your question about the people you remembered meeting at my house some years ago.”

“Oh no! I didn’t mean that: and I have known you so long that I am sure I should have felt honoured by your taking the trouble to say what you thought right. But I thought you might have heard it said that I had done wrong about my daughters, and I should be sorry you should think so. You see it’s an uncommonly awkward position. A mother, you know, has everything to do with them, and—and there it is.”

“Forgive me for saying so—I tried all I could to avoid the subject—but was there not an agreement about that?”

“Well, there was; but what is one to do when”——

Lady Fyfield fixed her eyes calmly upon his, and said, “That is a matter which concerns your own soul, at your own peril. God will not be mocked. Now let us talk of something else.”

In the meanwhile Everard, being uninterrupted, except by an occasional look-out from Lady Dytechley, did not fail to take advantage of the time and opportunities for which he had so long waited in vain. As soon as they were seated he whispered, “Have you done anything about it?”

“Not yet; but I will, indeed I will,” answered Ida. “Do have confidence in me or I shall go mad. I have borne enough already to make me so; and if you”——

“I have confidence in you—the fullest confidence. What would become of me if I had not,

when I have staked the happiness of my whole life on you? But the temptation to delay is in your case very great and deceptive."

"That man who came with us—happily he goes away to-morrow—has hitherto made it impossible: he has taken up one's time so. And he is so tiresome and foolish, though he means well, that he does harm. My mother keeps pointing him out to me triumphantly as a specimen of what Catholics, all but my father, really are when they are not pretending to be different."

"I have met the fellow. He is an ass. I wonder the Protestant Alliance doesn't buy him and show him about, to bring converts into contempt. But, my own Ida, is he not a living proof that the grace of God is sufficient even for the weak? That man, as you see, has neither brains nor strength of character, and yet he gave up the only career he was capable of, and straitened his means very much, to obey the evident will of God. He is a poor silly fellow naturally, and will do some harm by his want of ballast, but he has been wise in what concerns the end for which he was created."

As Mrs. Atherstone was then trying to put a little more ballast into the man in question, it may be supposed that these remarks were not overheard, notwithstanding the acoustic properties which our own name or its descriptive equivalent is said to possess. Everard interiorly thanked the red-whiskered man for having enabled him to say what he wanted to say, and looking into Ida's eyes, listened anxiously. She became very pale, and spoke in broken half sentences.

"It is very true," she said, "true as everything you have told me. It is the firmness of will that is wanting, the firmness to choose (as you once told me, I remember) the least of two evils, the evil that only hurts oneself and makes one misunderstood, rather than the evil that is evil in itself and against the command of God. I am in a terrible position: you don't know, cannot know how bad it is, for you are not there. Dearest Everard, help me, pray for me. My mother keeps on telling me that, when we are married, I can do as I like about it, and gives me all kinds of reasons why I ought not to take the step before; but I feel that I am acting a lie by remaining as I am. It would be acting falsely towards God and making people judge you wrongly too, if I were to put it off till afterwards."

"Don't mind about me," said Everard. "People will not take me for a liberal Catholic anyhow; and besides, I don't care what they think. The reason why you should act at once is that God has given you the grace to feel the necessity of doing so. Don't, I entreat you, be influenced by any other consideration."

"I will not; I promise you I will not. But still I *must* feel how dreadful it would be to be the means of making you seem to act against your principles."

"My own dearest Ida, do rest assured that I have the most complete confidence in you, and that, if it were for your good to wait till we are married, I should, without any scruple whatever, or fear of being misjudged, advise you to do so. I advise as I do simply on your account."

"I know you do: you are always so unselfish. But—I should like it to be for yourself too."

"And so it is, of course; for my happiness is one with yours. For my sake, then, do what will satisfy your conscience and leave you nothing to regret. When Tarquin refused to give the price asked for the sibylline books the sibyl burned three, and again three more, and he had to give the same price at last for three instead of nine. The same thing happens if we delay to accept the grace of God: we sacrifice as much in the end, and lose merit."

"I have been very wrong to put it off as I have."

"No; you have done your best hitherto. But now I entreat you for your own sake" ——

"And yours too—*do* let me feel that."

"I mean for the sake of your own peace of mind. You are very sensitive, and would, I know, reproach yourself afterwards if you were to let anything turn you aside from a known duty. The weakness that seemed natural and unavoidable at the time would become magnified in your mind, and torment you with unmanageable scruples on the very threshold of the faith. Surely that is 'for me too.'"

"It shall be done to-morrow," said Ida very distinctly: "it shall be known to-night, if that man will only go home outside."

Here we will leave them, for the rest of their conversation was more interesting to themselves than it would be to the reader: but, before doing so, it may not be amiss to take a passing glance at them and see whether their outward appearance was what we might have expected.

Everard was, as we have seen, moderately tall, powerfully and gracefully built. He had rich brown hair, with a tinge of gold in it, a silky pointed beard, eyes of very dark grey. His eyebrows and eyelashes were darker than his hair, and strongly pencilled, contrasting with a complexion that was fair and somewhat pale. His nose was classically formed, and rather more Roman than Greek; his mouth strongly chiselled and singularly expressive. The general expression of his whole countenance, and more or less of every feature, indicated balance of mind, purity of soul, depth of feeling and strength of will.

If you observed him attentively, and were expert in reading countenances, you would have no doubt as to the strength of his will or the intensity of his love for Ida Dytchley; you could see that, if by any means the two last qualities were forced into apposition as regarded her, his will would control his actions, his words, and, in an exceptional degree, his thoughts, but would be powerless over his heart.

Ida was as lovely a girl as imagination could create. She was too beautiful to be generally appreciated without some puffing; for the world of our days likes to be startled by sharp contrasts of mind and features, stimulated by angularities, or persuaded by clamour. She was of middle height, graceful in form and movement, distinctively feminine in everything she said, did or thought. Her complexion was richly fair, her eyes were of a deep and transparent blue, her hair was golden and luxuriant, her voice melo-

dious, with a soft ring in it that became softer and more intense when she was talking to Everard. In her voice, in her eyes, in the untraceable curve of her mouth, there was the evidence of strong deep feeling, sensitiveness that only needed protection, a will that might grow strong or break down, but would not bend; a character that was full of capabilities, and would become strong if allowed to expand with her affections. Taking them both as they were by nature and accident, you could come to no other conclusion than this, that Everard was a necessity to her, and she to him. When at last the signal was given that separated them, she said, "I have been so happy;" and he answered, "We have."

Which was more than Sir Richard and Lady Dytchley could have said, especially the former, who between his dread of what Lady Fyfield might cause his conscience to tell him, his much greater dread that his wife should cause him to reveal the same, and the certain knowledge that he must, in any case, not only drive home with the latter, but remain there at her disposal, had been sitting on thorns, or rather spikes, during the last two hours. Lady Dytchley was (to use a popular mode of expression) in a temper, by reason of the discrepancy between her convictions and her wishes. De Beaufoy had simply made her acknowledge to herself what she had known before without acknowledging. She agreed with every word he had said about Everard, and hated De Beaufoy for having compelled her to feel that she did so agree.

As soon as the ladies had left the dining-room,

Hubert Freville went to the other side of the table and sat down by Everard.

"I am so glad to have met you again," he said. "Do you remember mounting me on your pony, and my coming to grief in a ditch?"

"Yes. Come and stay with me when you have finished your visit," said Everard, who felt a strange kind of interest in him, for no particular reason that he could as yet discover.

"He is very good-looking," thought he; "but what do I care for that?—and he has a frank, unaffected manner—and so have others; but I never thought of asking them to Freville Chase the first time I saw them."

Hubert Freville was certainly very good-looking, and something more. His features were not so symmetrical as Everard's, but more striking. He was taller, built in sharper curves, more evident. His hair was jet black; his eyes were also black, with a varying light in them, and were more habitually expressive than those of his distant relative because they were less under control. His countenance betokened a powerful and generous nature; a temperament strongly nervous and sanguine; intellectual capacity above the average, with a possibly dangerous predominance of imagination; a character that was complete in its parts, but not yet properly shaped, and required training rather than development. His manner was earnest, unaffected, thoroughly natural, with the additional quality, so attractive, and now so rare, of causing you to feel that he was giving you his whole attention, and had pleasure in doing so. He was essentially well-

bred, and had the nearly obsolete habit of recalling some pleasant remembrance whenever he met any one whom he had known before. After running through a series of boyish recollections connected with his visit to Freville Chase, he said :

"I had bad luck at dinner. After one has stayed four days with people, and exhausted all available subjects, one hardly cares to be put between them. Besides, one gets tired of that sort of thing. I hate to see a girl trying to look like a third-rate horsebreaker, and talking like a schoolboy who wants to astonish his sisters. Do you know Miss Exmore well?"

"No; very slightly. What with having been abroad a good deal, and one thing and another—but I see I must pass the wine—what with one thing and another, I don't know my neighbours as well as I ought."

"There is not much to know in her. When you have gone through her list of short, slangy sentences and solved the problem whether she is most like a boyish woman or a feminine boy, you have done all."

Everard felt no inclination to be Master of the Sentences in that sense; but having, by this time, an intuitive perception, without any direct evidence, that Hubert Freville would be the better for a judiciously moderate treatment, he answered accordingly.

"Poor girl!" he said, "I fancy she has had a bad chance in that way. Her mother, they say, brings fast men of the period to shoot and hang about, taking them for what they ought to be, because she had danced with some of their fathers,

and some of their uncles had married some of her bridesmaids; and so, you see, Miss Exmore, who, I dare say, would make a very good wife if she had had anything like a fair chance, has picked up all this rubbish in her simplicity. I don't like judging in particular cases of real or pretended fastness, and I always try to think of them as charitably as possible, because we are, as a rule, so very ignorant of the causes that have produced it; but as to the thing itself, there can be no doubt about it in the mind of any one who thinks at all. It is the most dangerous folly that has yet crept into social life, for it poisons the wells"—

"And is repulsive even to those who encourage it. Blackguards take pleasure in it, and fools grin, but the better sort are simply scared away from marriage by what they see."

"Yes. Miss Exmore only imitates the outside of bad examples, as a child takes a tin sword and pretends to be a highwayman; but the fastness of the day means more than that. The real thing is nothing less than a canker which, if it continues long, will sap the very foundations of society."

"I know this," said Hubert, speaking slowly and with unwonted gravity. "Some of the best men I know—men who long to be married, and would be model husbands if they had the chance, are simply bewildered by the prospect before them, and keep on looking out in hopeless perplexity, like a person in a haunted room, who doubts after a while whether the white thing he sees is a window-curtain or a ghost."

"I am not surprised at their feeling the risk," answered Everard. "They should remember,

however that men are the most to blame for this state of things, or, at anyrate, have been. No doubt the better sort lament it now, and the more cautious are alarmed : but it is certain that men were fast before women showed the slightest symptom of fastness ; and if man is the nobler animal—which my own experience would tempt me to doubt—what can you expect from their bad example ? Joking apart ; evil communication always proceeds originally from the stronger, never from the weaker.”

“Dytchley, will you pass the wine ?” said Sir Roger, in a cheery voice. “Your good story has kept it down there too long.”

What the good story was the narrator knows not, neither did Sir Richard, who had never told one in his life ; but Sir Roger had once heard him try to do so, and his amiable imagination always enabled him to make use of that attempt whenever he wanted an excuse to say something pleasant.

“Is that Sir Richard Dytchley ?” asked Hubert.

Everard, not without secret misgivings as to what might follow, acknowledged the identity.

“He was your guardian—wasn’t he ?”

“Yes ; and a very careful one.”

“I should think so,” said Hubert, fixing his large and penetrating eyes on him ; whereat Sir Richard said confidentially to himself :

“God bless me ! I hope he didn’t overhear what Lady Fyfield, somehow or other—I don’t know—made me say.”

“He would be careful,” said Hubert, “and honourable in all business matters, but shady if

he were called upon to stand up for anything. Tell me (I oughtn't to ask it), but"—

"Go on," said Everard, adding in his own mind—"I foresee what the question will be, but I want to give him his head and see what he is made of."

"Well, then," said Hubert, "isn't he a bit of a cad about his religion?"

Everard, who had not unfrequently affirmed the fact unawares to himself, and felt that an evasive answer or misleading excuses would only do harm, thought for a moment and said, "I will answer your question as openly as possible, for I see that something higher than curiosity makes you ask it: but try to get a little more out of earshot."

Hubert pretended to examine the flowers in the *épergne*, and Everard, after having drawn his chair in the same direction, said:

"He is weak and puzzle-minded, and he married a Protestant who is neither the one nor the other. She has made use of her will against his conscience, and he has not made use of the little will he has to protect it."

"I see," said Hubert. "In fact, by making his own conscience ridiculous, he has helped a good deal to set hers in opposition to it."

"Yes," said Everard, "he has certainly helped to form her conscience, and set it, such as it may be, against his own. That is the long and short of it—and all I have to tell."

"If he had acted like a man," said Hubert, "and kept his conscience at all straight, there would have been no difficulty about it. I can understand a marriage of a Catholic and a Protestant"—

"Can you?" said Everard. "I can't."

"Well, if they agree on everything but the one point which in reality concerns the indivisible conscience of each"——

"But, my dear fellow, the married owners of those two indivisible consciences are made one in a Christian sense by a really Christian marriage, and therefore become in that sense indivisible. How can a husband and wife be said, with any propriety of language, to be one, if they are two in what concerns them most and for ever?"

"I should like to have it out with you at leisure, and here we are, getting up to go to the drawing-room," said Hubert after a long pause. "You see I am a Protestant, whatever that may mean—for I never could get an intelligible explanation of what it is, except that one is *not* a Catholic—and so perhaps we may be talking at cross purposes."

"Well, then, come and stay at Freville Chase. When will you come?"

"On Saturday, if that will suit you."

"On Saturday then, I shall expect you, and you shall have it out as much as you like."

"Freville," said De Beaufoy, joining them on their way to the drawing-room. "I am so glad to meet you again. You won't know me, I dare say; but I remember you very well when you were a small boy, and I have passed many pleasant days at Freville Chase with your father and mother."

"I remember you perfectly well," answered Everard. "I should have known you anywhere. How long are you and Lady Fyfield staying at Hazeley?"

"A fortnight—perhaps more."

"When you go, come to Freville Chase."

"I am afraid I shall be engaged then: but I should like it very much."

"Do, if you can," said Everard, as they entered the drawing-room, "or, at any rate, don't fail me the next time you come to Hazeley."

There was not much conversation in the drawing-room. Sir Richard's main object was to be in the background: Lady Dytechley sulked behind her fan, and made the curate talk to Ida about lawn-tennis, to keep Everard away: Hubert Freville was tired of Miss Exmore, and she of him: Sir Roger did his best, but found it a hopeless case, he knew not why: De Beaufoy found it equally hopeless, and did know why. "It's the temper of that big woman," he said in a low voice to Mrs. Sherborne: "she would spoil any party in spite of every one, for she has not self-control enough about her to sulk like a lady."

The priest had gone home, and Lady Oxborough wanted to do likewise, the two maiden ladies had talked themselves out, and the burly youth stared in vague wonderment at Mrs. Atherstone, who was tired and thinking of the late untoward events at the Four Ways, while Lord Oxborough was thinking of nothing and saying as much. Mrs. Sherborne wished to try what music would do, and went about in search of the same; whereupon Sir Richard said, "Do you know, Everard can sing uncommonly well. He has got a capital voice—tenor they call it, and learnt from an old fellow at Naples—one of the old school; that didn't make people bawl as they do now."

Everard, being brought out, verified the statement by singing "*Una furtiva lagrima*" in a manner that recalled the better days of Italian teaching. Then Miss Exmore sang a ballad about "Breakers on a rock," and the curate whistled something, accompanied by one of the two maiden ladies. By the time the whistling had come to an end the carriages were announced.

Then Sir Richard came forth jauntily, struck by a sudden thought that the presence of the red-whiskered man would ensure him a safe drive home, and, by reason of the distance, which was nine miles and a half, help to clear away from his wife's mind any inconvenient recollections or suspicions that might happen to be lying about there.

The carriage was an old family coach very convenient for ladies' dresses; but, unfortunately for Sir Richard, it had a rumble behind no less convenient for smoking.

"Surely he's not going to"—— he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his protector preparing to climb into that comfortable seat. "I say—don't go outside, whatever you do. It's as cold as"——

"I never knew a hotter August night," remarked Lady Dytchley, in a tone that made him redouble his efforts.

"It's the heavy dew I mean, out of a hot room and"——

"The dew comes out of the room?" said she, with a short and (to him) very unpleasant laugh.

"No, no; it's the hot vapour that does the mischief—I can see it over the park."

"When you are looking the other way," said she.

"Upon my word it is so, though. Come inside—there's a good fellow! You can smoke in the old billiard-room, you know."

A voice from the rumble answered cheerfully, "Thank you very much, it is so kind of you to think of it. But we are stopping the way."

"Well then, I will come and keep you company," answered Sir Richard, opening the door.

"Don't you hear that we are stopping the way?" said Lady Dytechley.

As if in illustration of the fact, Everard's horse reared two or three times and finally backed on the Hazeley carriage, which backed on the fly, which backed on the curate, who ran against the burly youth, knocking his pipe out of his mouth and causing him to swear strange oaths.

"Don't you see what is happening?" said Lady Dytechley. "We shall be the death of everybody, all owing to that horse of Everard's."

"My dear," answered Sir Richard, "if Everard's horse is the cause of it, how can we be? Do let me, now"——

"Stuff! what has that to do with it? Drive on, will you?"

The family coach began to move, and Sir Richard, impressed with the idea that he was driving home with his wife after having said, in spite of himself, things not adapted for her ears, began to be talkative, thinking that a little harmless pleasantry might perhaps be useful in the way of prevention.

"It was a very pleasant party," he said. "I

always like their parties, and Mrs. Atherstone is worth going any distance to see. I believe she is the Wandering Jew turned into a woman."

"Only she lived at the Four Ways the greater part of her life, and never travelled but once," answered Lady Dytchley.

"Ah! well, perhaps, then, her mind wandered—that was not bad, eh?"

"Fiddlesticks! she is a great deal sharper than you, I can tell you."

"But that singing, and the fellow who stood up and whistled! I remember the tune, or something like it, when I was a boy: it was a sentimental ballad about a wreath of orange blossoms. It went in this way":—

Here he began to sing, or rather buzz:—

*I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.*

"Do, for mercy's sake, be quiet!" interrupted Lady Dytchley, in a voice that brought his singing to an ignominious end. "What is the matter with you? what have they been giving you?"

"Giving me, eh? my dear, really, you know. Upon my word, I never did in my life."

"Who said you did? You fancy things, and then put them into my mouth. What did I say to make you say all that?"

"Well, my dear, you see, when you asked me what they had been giving me, it looked odd, you know. That was all: it was my mistake."

This view of the case was well meant, no doubt, in his own immediate interest, and might have

melted metaphorical stones ; but it did not melt Lady Dythchley, and for this reason :—She had made up her mind to be angry, irrespective of what he might say or sing. She was in what used sometimes to be called a tantrum, and the tantrum was of so aggressive a nature that, contrary to her habits and principles of acting, she could not restrain herself from venting it on him in the presence of her daughter.

When they had passed the lodge, and were making their way homewards through a silvery mass of moonlight, between two glistening lines of timbered hedgerows, the tantrum exploded.

“ I can’t bear him,” she exclaimed with sudden vehemence, in answer to Sir Richard, who had just made the unlucky remark that he was sorry to have lost De Beaufoy from the neighbourhood. “ I am very glad he had to go away.”

“ Are you, my dear ?” said he. “ Well, sometimes one doesn’t exactly like people, you know—something doesn’t quite suit one in them. I remember once hearing an uncommonly clever man say that”——

“ I say I can’t bear him, and never could ; and now he is more disagreeable than ever since he went over on purpose to marry Lady Fyfield, who ought to have been ashamed of herself—such a good and amiable and religious and charming husband as poor dear Sir Henry was.”

“ I must say, though, I think De Beaufoy suits her better. Don’t you think so, my dear, eh ?”

“ That is because they have both turned. Such people always encourage each other of course. But I see she has persuaded you that

she is very charming, and clever, and wise ; and yet you didn't look so very comfortable when you were sitting next to her at dinner. What were you talking about ? ”

This was too much for Sir Richard's power of self-possession. He jumped at least an inch and a half off his seat, became very red in the face, and looked out of the window in search of something to notice, if it were only a cow asleep or a bat flying round a barn.

“ What were you talking about ? ” repeated Lady Dytechley, who had not really cared to know till these undignified movements stimulated her irascible curiosity.

“ What a lovely night it is, to be sure ! ” said Sir Richard, leaning out of the window as far as possible, in order to support the fiction that he had not heard her. “ *Do* look now at the moon shining among the trees in that orchard—

*For 'tis my delight of a shiny night
At this season of the year”——*

“ I didn't ask you to look out of the window and sing out of tune,” said Lady Dytechley. “ I asked what you and Lady Fyfield were talking about this evening when you took her into dinner. I should not have asked the question—for what can it signify to me ? I am sure I don't feel interested enough in her to care for that : but you seem so unwilling to say, that I am sure she said, or you said, or both of you said something you are ashamed to let me hear. Now what was it ? I *must* know. I will not have people coming between us and sowing suspicion, and

making mischief in all sorts of subtle and cunning ways—it is very wicked and dreadful; and you ought to know better than to listen to such things—you know you ought. I have never done so by you—never, never. And you never used to do so, never till now, since Everard has put it into your head by interfering with Ida's faith—the pure, simple, innocent faith that I instilled into her when there was no one else to give her any at all. I know he has, for I could see it by his face though Ida said it wasn't so, because she has been made to believe that black is white. I know he did yesterday. He rode over in purpose, and saw her while I was out. Now, Ida, don't tell stories, for I know it was so. I have always been a very good wife to you, and you know it; and it is very, very hard to be treated in this way in return for all I have done. It is enough to break one's heart. I can't—can't bear it."

Her voice failed, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. Was this but the melting of a thunder-cloud into rain—a merely physical crisis in a fit of unresisted temper? or was it the evaporation of contradicted wilfulness and angry self-deception, in which better impulses gave a false colouring to its evil origin? Was it a half-hysterical outburst of natural feeling, unnaturally repressed by her marriage with a man who had no use for it, and could not have called it forth if he had? Judging by its commencement and by the prologue before the front door at Bramscote, one would be inclined to think that there was more of the rainy thunder-cloud in it than of the

injured wife; but her dexterous allusion to what she had done, and what Sir Richard had not done, for their children in the matter of religion, pointed to a cause quite different from either. That dexterous appeal to Ida's heart and Sir Richard's moral cowardice was not an ebullition of any kind: it was calculated, or it was the result of previous calculation.

The effect of that appeal was twofold, as befitted the very different characters of the people to whom it appealed. Sir Richard's abject desire to save himself took such exclusive possession of him, that he was not even touched by his wife's tears or the violent sobbing that followed: he was only frightened and bothered. A woman's tears will make any true man feel at least very queer, even though she be very much in the wrong; but when a man acts like a cur about his faith, he loses half his manhood.

On Ida the effect of that cunning appeal was terrible for a while, and dangerous to her peace of mind; but Sir Richard relieved her from so painful a position by making another blunder.

"My dear," said he, "haven't I always left you to do as you thought best about a—you know, about Ida and Elfrida?"

"Why, then, does Ida disobey?" answered Lady Dytechley in a tone that was anything but lachrymose. "I say, why does she disobey, when you, her father, command her to do what I tell her about this, and not change her religion at the beck of a bigoted, conceited, self-sufficient" ——

"My dear, my dear, I didn't quite say all that, you know, exactly. It is true that I" ——

"Hold your tongue, Ida" (Ida had not as yet said a word), "and learn to do your duty before you teach those who have taught you everything. I say again, why does she disobey? Why does she disobey—not only me, but you—you, her father?"

"My dear, do calm yourself. I think if we talk it over quietly to-morrow, you know, we may be able to make her understand how it stands, and" —

"I will do nothing of the kind. I insist on having her promise now that she will not listen to Everard about religion."

"That promise I never will give," said Ida, articulating the words with a distinctness that marked the effort they had cost her.

"You wicked, wicked girl," began Lady Dytchley.

"I should be very wicked if I were to act otherwise," answered Ida. "I have always obeyed you; and I would obey you in this, if I could do so without knowingly and wilfully disobeying God. I am sure you would never wish me to do that. God has given me the grace to know that the Catholic Church is the one and only true Church, and with every feeling of duty and reverence to you, and a perfect readiness to obey you in everything else, I intend to see Father Johnson to-morrow and be a Catholic."

"And pray who told you that God has given you all this grace? and what do you know about it?"

"Well, my dear," interposed Sir Richard, "hadn't we better give her a little time to think it over, and—and hear what you have to say when

you are not so—so tired, you know? We had a long drive to Bramscote and a lot of talking; and we sha'n't be home before twelve o'clock, for we stayed late."

Lady Dytchley made no reply, and they drove on through the silvery moonlight in dead silence to Netherwood. When they had reached home, Sir Richard, as he walked upstairs, impressed with a profound conviction that he should presently hear more of it, came to the conclusion that, for certain reasons well known to himself, the Church was right after all in condemning mixed marriages.

CHAPTER VI.

THE date fixed for the Archæological Meeting was opportune for Sir Richard Dytechley; and the inconvenient arrangement of the train, by which he would lose an hour and a half in changing from one line to another, very convenient. Loss of time is not a popular amusement, except when we lose it for ourselves; but paradoxically Sir Richard gained time on this occasion by losing it, for the hours of departure obliged him to leave home so early that he was out of the way before Lady Dytechley was awake, or Ida could take any steps towards being a Catholic. When he thought of the perils from which the time-table had extricated him, his heart was full of thankfulness to the Directors.

It happened, however, that there was no immediate necessity for running away, and the reason was this :—

The explosion of the tantrum had either shaken Lady Dytechley's nerves, as she said herself (only she called the tantrum a dreadful trial), or produced a bilious attack, as her maid thought : so that instead of finding himself called upon to choose between the fear of God and the fear of her, in which case the latter, being more consistent with

his habits, would have had the preference, he would have found her lying on a sofa, with a Bible, a bottle of sal-volatile and a blotting-book, "smiling at grief." There she lay, waiting for the doctor and considering herself to resemble Patience on a monument, whilst the maid held the opinion that there was more of the green and yellow melancholy which often accompanies biliousness.

Ida, who had no notion of what was going on, having been told cheerfully by the maid that Lady Dytchley was "rather tired after the long drive home, and wanted to sleep a little longer," set out for the Presbytery before the big stable clock had struck ten. It was well for her, so far as the benefit extended, that the distance was short; for when we have struggled much between the evidences of two evils, and chosen the least, we had better not think of them again on the eve of fulfilling the choice. She walked fast, keeping her mind fixed on her resolution, and when she reached the door, rang the bell as naturally as if she were ringing the drawing-room bell; but when the housekeeper appeared and told her that Father Johnson was away from home, her calmness came to an end suddenly. "How shall I bear the strain till to-morrow?" was the thought that rushed into her mind as she asked when he was expected home.

"Well, Miss, he is away for a fortnight," answered the housekeeper. "There is a priest here supplying for him from the College at" —

"Shall I see him?" thought Ida, as she turned from the door. "I have never seen him: but it

is the office, not the man, that really signifies. And after all I know very little of Father Johnson. Still I *do* know him, and not the other—and one who knows me will understand so much better. I had rather not go to a stranger. But I promised Everard not to wait, and it *would* be waiting, to put it off when there is a priest here. Would it be waiting, when it was Father Johnson he wanted me to see, and he is away from home? I felt so happy when I thought I was going to see Father Johnson; but the other would know nothing about me, and perhaps misunderstand me. I should explain myself wrongly in my agitation. What *am* I to do? If Everard were only here, to tell me what to do! Shall I turn back, turn back—presently?”

In the meantime she was walking homewards, and the opportunity was soon afterwards made unavailable by the appearance of her younger sister.

Elfrida Dytchley was just seventeen, and looked sometimes older, sometimes younger than her sister, according to the light in which you looked for the difference. Viewed as a young lady, she was, in face and manner, an overgrown child; considered as a very young woman with a possible character, her age appeared to increase under examination, so that if you sought the truth in both ways you would be likely to halt between two opinions. She ought to have been handsome, but was not quite so at present. Hints and unfinished beginnings of a beauty that would be rare or not be at all, promised much and puzzled the imagination. She was shorter than Ida, and

stronger in everything except in her health, which had become delicate as she grew up. She had a strong and steady will, a vigorous mind struggling to develop itself, a distinct and original character chilled by the want of intelligent sympathy. No one as yet really understood her. Sir Richard, of course did not, and would have been afraid of the attempt, if the idea had occurred to him. Lady Dytchley was by nature ill-qualified for acquiring that knowledge, and totally disqualified by habit. Ida would have understood her, if each had understood herself; but self-knowledge had been carefully checked, as far as possible, in them, to the disadvantage of both, especially of Ida, who had less natural power to repair the damage. Everard would have understood her better than any one; but she had been carefully kept away from his influence, Lady Dytchley being of opinion that it was "bad enough to have him going about deceiving Ida, and Elfrida too, no doubt, through Ida, without letting him come and talk to her just as he liked."

"They told me you were out," said she, fixing her eyes powerfully on Ida for an instant and lowering them, as if considering what she should say and how she should say it.

"Were you looking for me?" said Ida.

"Yes; my mother is not well, and has sent for" —

"What is it? I was only told that she was tired and would get up rather later."

"I don't know. She seems excited, and worried about something. She tells me that she feels very feverish and ill."

"Are *you* at all frightened about her?" asked Ida, who had a vivid remembrance of the tantrum, and, having experience of similar explosions followed by the symptoms described, did not attribute much importance to the latter on this occasion.

"No, not frightened exactly; but I regret the cause of it all."

"You know it then?"

"Yes, and have known it a long while, though you never said a word to me about it."

"How could I? I have longed often and often to tell you, and show you how it is, why it cannot be otherwise, why I am certain that the Catholic religion is the only true one; but you had no inclination to hear *that*, and I could not in conscience have entered upon the subject without speaking openly."

Elfrida again fixed her eyes on her sister—dark, lustrous eyes with a strange depth of meaning in them—but remained silent.

"There is something on your mind," said Ida. "Why are you so reserved with me?"

"From the same cause that made you reserved with me. I know very well that if I speak of the course you have decided on, you *must* give your reasons, and enter into the subject; and that means questioning my own convictions, which I should not be justified in doing."

"Are you so sure that they are convictions? It strikes me that, if they were, you would not be afraid to examine them."

"Afraid?" answered Elfrida, pausing for a moment as if searching for a connection between the thing signified and her own consciousness.

"As far as I know, I should not be afraid to face anything that I felt I ought to face; but I don't feel that I ought to face this. I have no right to run the risk of being unsettled by arguments that I have not sufficient knowledge to answer. We should not be on fair terms. You have Everard to help you; but who could I apply to in that way, without making mischief between you and my mother?"

"If you really have never had any doubts at all," said Ida, "I had rather not incur the responsibility of disturbing your mind, situated as you are; but don't mistake facts. Everard has never spoken a word of controversy to me. Ask yourself how and when he could have done so? The day before yesterday, when I saw him for about a quarter of an hour, or yesterday at dinner at Bramscote? I have had no other uninterrupted conversation with him for more than ten minutes at a time, since I was old enough to understand anything about it. You must know that. How could he have talked any controversy in that time? You could understand and judge all he has ever said to me about religion as well as any one else. He has never quoted any book on the subject, except the Gospels, or used any argument beyond the simplest appeals to common sense."

"My dear Ida, I am sure that it seems so to you; and you are older and know more than I do. And I should take your opinion if"——

"It has nothing to do with opinion, but with faith, about which there can be no opinion at all as soon as one has it. Faith is the gift of God; and the reasons one gives for it, when called upon

to do so, are simple, and require nothing but common sense to be understood."

"That is not your way of speaking," said Elfrida. "They are Everard's words, or at least the same thing differently expressed. You would never have put it in that way."

"Well, if they are, they are plain enough; but you are not in a state of mind to listen to them, and I should only do harm by saying any more about it. You began it, and I was obliged to answer you; but I see that it is better to leave it alone. Whatever I said, you would tell me that Everard had put it into my head."

"Never mind how they got into your head. I was going to say that the most subtle arguments can be made to appear the most simple, if one is not qualified to deal with them."

"My dear Elfrida, it is worse than useless for me to talk to you about this. Your mind is shut against it, and the clearer the proof the more you would say that it was only error cunningly disguised. Some day, I hope, you will see it differently; but we had better drop the subject now."

"Never: I shall never think differently."

"That is because you don't think about it at all."

"I do think about it, or how could I feel sure one way or the other?"

"O Elfrida! you make me say what you said to me just now—'that is not your way of speaking,' nor of thinking either. You know the difference very well between taking a thing for granted and being able to give your reasons for believing it."

"I don't take it for granted. I have read enough and thought enough about it to be so convinced, that anything I might hear the other way would have no effect in persuading me."

"You said just now that you had no right to run the risk of unsettling your convictions. How could they be unsettled, if nothing that could be said would have any effect upon you?"

"I said 'no effect in persuading,' not in unsettling."

"Elfrida, your mind is not settled, or only in the sense in which I have heard of people's affairs being settled, when it only meant that they got out of paying their debts."

"It is settled though; and when I say that it might be unsettled by arguments I have not the means of answering, I mean"—

"That you are afraid of believing nothing if you are shaken in what you now profess—a remarkable way indeed of showing your confidence in what you call your convictions."

"You don't understand me yet. A thing may unsettle one's mind without touching one's convictions."

"Surely convictions are in the mind; and, if they are, how can anyone unsettle your mind without unsettling your convictions? And besides, you distinctly said 'convictions.' It is disingenuous to say a thing and then explain it away when it suits your purpose."

"And is it not captious to bind one down to a word used inadvertently?"

"Now don't be untrue. You never thought of the inadvertence till you couldn't get out of the

consequences of your words without explaining them away."

Elfrida remained silent so long that she appeared to have dropped the subject, and they both insensibly increased their pace homewards. At last she said :

"No ; I am not trying to do that."

"To do what ?"

"To explain away what I had said. I had no intention of doing so : surely you must know that."

"My dear Elfrida, I am sure you did not intend it ; but I am equally sure that you did so without intending it. You thought that you were bound to resist inquiry as a temptation, and when you found there was something to inquire about, you did your best to think, and make me think, that it was a mistake. I am not blaming you at all : I only see how it is."

"What I meant," said Elfrida, "was this—only I can't express it properly : one's convictions may be disturbed (I will not say unsettled, for it has another meaning), but disturbed without being taken away. If a person who had learned astronomy were to bring forward a great many scientific arguments to prove that the sun goes round the earth, your conviction that the earth goes round the sun would not be shaken, because, though you couldn't prove it, you know very well that it can be proved, and could be proved to you if you knew enough of the science to understand the proofs ; but you would be bothered and puzzled, because you would have to listen to what you knew to be untrue without being able to say any-

thing except, 'I can't refute what you say, but I know it is not so.'

It was now Ida's turn to pause; for she had heard enough from Everard to be aware that there was a sound principle here, and yet she was no less certain that it was unsound as applied to Elfrida. There was a fallacy somewhere, but where was it exactly, and how should she answer it?

"What do you say to *that*?" said Elfrida. "You know more than I do, but I don't think you can answer it; for you would say the same if the cases were reversed."

"Can't I?" answered Ida with sudden vehemence. "Your illustration is apt, and" —

"Forgive me, dearest Ida, but all this is Everard's."

"What does it signify whose it is, if it is true? and, for the matter of that, all that you have said is from—never mind where, but it is not your own, and you know that as well as I do. Of course I should say the same if the cases were reversed, but why? Because the principle would apply in my case, and does not apply in yours; because Protestantism is, at the best, but a sect of the Universal Church" —

"Everard's again: you would never have thought of that."

"Elfrida, don't provoke me to forget reverence where it is due, and say where your assertions come from. I say it is, at the best, but a sect of the Universal Church. Its pedigree is broken (now don't provoke me any more about Everard), and therefore it has not the right to say that

doubts as to authority are a temptation, as the Catholic Church has."

"If that were the case, of course you would be right. I have not the knowledge to refute, and you have everything at your fingers' ends."

"You know very well that I have nothing of the sort."

"Really, I beg your pardon, but I thought you had."

"Now, Elfrida, you almost force me to say what I ought not to say; but you understand what I mean without my going further. You have been helped (I must use the word, for you compel me to do so), coached up by my mother to defend the religion you were not baptized in. I have been so too, but you the most. We have both of us heard a hundred times more on that side than I have heard on the other."

"Perhaps you are right about that: I believe you are, and I was wrong in saying otherwise. But there is something beyond argument and proofs" —

"Of course there is. There is the grace of God, without which faith is impossible; but you must take care not to put impediments in the way. I feel sure you have not as yet; but don't."

"I should think it presumptuous in me to say that I feel as I do by the grace of God" —

"Certainly."

"But I feel that there is internal evidence of that form of Christianity which I believe in."

"Form of Christianity! Do you suppose Our Lord founded His Church to be broken up into

bits, varying in every direction, and yet all be part of the One and Only Faith, all part of the One Church which He promised that He would be with even to the consummation of the world, and said that the Holy Ghost should guide to all truth? You can't say that the words refer to the Apostles, for they died eighteen hundred years ago."

"Of course not: and if they varied in essentials"——

"What are essentials? and how are you to know what they are, when you have no authority but the letter of the Bible and the opinion of people who wrote and taught against the Church that traced its authority from the Apostles, and had preserved the Bible for them?"

"Well, I suppose that the doctrine of the Trinity"——

"Of course. But is it, or is it not essential whether we receive Our Lord or a piece of bread?"

Elfrida was again silent for some time, and when she did speak her utterance was slow and very grave.

"Ida," she said, "I can't answer your last question: but I am not at all persuaded—which, I think you will acknowledge, proves pretty well the strength of my conviction. To me it proves more: it proves the force of irresistible truth in my soul, something so strong that my not being able to answer so startling and yet so simple an objection does not affect it in the least."

"It proves that you are in good faith, which I was sure you were, and that Almighty God has not yet given you the grace to see the truth,"

answered Ida. "It proves that—and nothing more, nothing more at all."

"May I say one thing to you about yourself? You are older than I, and know more, and it seems presumptuous in me to advise; but sometimes another person sees some things clearer than we can ourselves."

"Say what is in your head. Why should you hesitate? Are we strangers, that you should not speak openly to me?"

"You must not think," said Elfrida, "that because I don't agree with you about religion, I should wish you to turn aside or waver. Nothing could be further from my wishes. I cannot see that Our Lord founded a visible Church"——

"Can't you? Then what did He mean when He said, 'If he will not hear the Church, let him be as a heathen and a publican?' How is anyone to hear the Church, if no one can tell for certain where it is?"

"Well, I can't—I sometimes feel tempted to wish that I could. I can't see it, and therefore I can only follow my own conscience, and hope that you will follow yours. Now I can see that you are being very much tried, and you may find yourself—don't ask me in what way, nor why I think so—terribly puzzled how to act."

"She means by my mother," thought Ida; "and this feverish attack will be the occasion. I have need of help indeed, and Everard is away."

"It would be unbecoming in me to be more explicit," said Elfrida.

"There is no need for you to be so. I under-

stand you too well. What would you do if you were in my—place?”

“If I believed that God required me now to be a Catholic, no human power nor entreaty nor consideration of any kind whatsoever should make me miss the very first opportunity.”

“And I,” said Ida, “have missed mine this morning. But it is not too late—I can turn back. But then my mother—when I know she is ill, and she knows that I know it. Elfrida, I turned away from the Presbytery because a stranger was there instead of Father Johnson.”

“I dare not advise in this,” answered Elfrida; “I only know what I should have done myself.”

“You would not have turned away, I know—the more shame for me. Will it seem wrong if I put off seeing my mother a little, and turn back now.”

“I cannot give direct advice against my own convictions; but if I felt as you do, I should not have come away from the Presbytery without having fulfilled the intention that took me there.”

“And perhaps he has gone out, and the opportunity is lost,” thought Ida, turning and walking quickly back, whilst Elfrida continued her way towards the house. “If I had taken that decided step, it would have been done, and could not be put off. Who can say what troubles I should have saved myself from?”

As she walked very fast, and the priest’s house was less than half a mile from the spot where she turned back, the suspense was not long. “But why does it seem so long?” she thought, as she reached the door and rang the bell. “After all, it

is not irremediable. I have gone through so much, that a little more or less makes little difference."

The housekeeper, who had seen her from the window, came quickly, and said: "He went out, Miss, ten minutes ago."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Not till two o'clock, or"——

"Oh! do get him. Can't I send a boy after him? I want to see him very much."

"I would, Miss, in a moment, if I knew where to send; but I don't even know in what direction he is gone."

Ida walked sadly home, thinking of the opportunity she had lost and the troubles which that loss might entail not only on herself but on Everard. When she had reached home she went at once to her mother's room.

Lady Dytechley received her in the most affectionate manner. There was no trace of the last night's explosion, except in the outward signs of its consequences—the Bible, the bottle of salvolatile, the blotting-book, and the sofa with her upon it at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"They said you were tired and wanted more sleep, or I should have come long ago," said Ida.

"I am sure you would," answered Lady Dytechley. "The fact is, I did try to sleep, but I felt so ill and feverish that I was obliged to give it up; so I sent Elfrida to look for you. Did she find you?"

"Yes; I wish I had known sooner that you were unwell."

"You came as soon as you did know. It is

only three-quarters of an hour since Elfrida went to look for you. I suppose you were in the wood-walk—I wish I were well enough for that.”

“No ; I was the other side of the Lodge when she met me,” said Ida.

“Coming from the village ? Did you call anywhere ? I mean at any of the cottages.”

“Not this morning. I wanted to be back.”

“Well, I believe I had better be left quite quiet for the present—I am so feverish. But, before you go, I wish to say one thing.”

“That she knows where I have been, and will be more feverish unless I promise to put it off,” thought Ida. “I have indeed lost my opportunity. It was my own fault.”

“I didn’t mean to be harsh last night. I felt very strongly, and expressed myself, I am afraid, with more truthfulness than kindness. But you know that I didn’t mean it. You will not mind, will you ?”

“My dearest mother, how can you ask me such a thing ? As if I could” ——

“There now, don’t distress yourself. God bless you, my child. Come and see me by-and-by.”

Ida left the room, strolled into the wood-walk for the benefit of its quietness, and did her best to understand the meaning of all this, but could make nothing of it, or at least nothing permanently persuasive. De Beaufoy, had he been aware of what had happened, would probably have said that the illness and the affectionate reception were more or less got-up sequences of the tantrum, and the latter sequence an acute but not original

method of discovering where Ida had been : but then he might have been mistaken, like the rest of us. Poor Ida could only see that her visit to the Presbytery was known, and that she had lost the opportunity which would have made delay impossible.

What use Lady Dytchley made of the Bible is not recorded. It remained in the same position during the day ; but, as she laid her hand upon it when she remarked to Sir Richard, after his return, at or about nine o'clock in the evening, that "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward" which made him think of the drive home, it may be inferred that the identity of position was accidental. The sal-volatile may have had a symbolic meaning, but was a useful restorative after the exciting drive in the moonlight. The blotting-book was the most important of the three symbolical articles that lay on the sofa ; for it not only represented industry in illness, duty struggling against fever or bile, the dignity of labour as an unobtrusive principle of life, but it had a special use in connection with a certain policy of which the tantrum had perhaps been the preparatory move. When Ida had left the room, in order to give her the rest that she needed, the blotting-book came forth, and an adjoining table, with an inkstand on it, was pulled up to the sofa. Let no one suppose this action to imply that she was not seeking rest—on the contrary, she both sought and obtained it through the blotting-book, as was proved by the fact that her pulse decreased after she had written and sealed the following letter :—

"My dear Lady Oxborough,—

"I have been thinking over your pleasant proposal that we should join your party to the Italian lakes. I should enjoy it of all things, but I hesitated on account of not liking to leave Sir Richard alone, which he would be in September if we were away, as nothing would induce him to miss the partridge-shooting. I had no opportunity of talking to you about it yesterday evening at Bramscote, for I found it so dull with nothing but perverses to talk to, except Sir Roger, who is always nice, but he looked bored after the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Sherborne, who was busy trying to amuse the people, and so I thought I would write, though I feel very ill with a sort of nervous fever owing to anxiety about Ida, who has been much troubled about Everard Freville, and is far from well, and I expect the doctor every minute. But I am sure that the thoughts of our pleasant journey will do me more good than anything, so I write to say that I have decided to go abroad as soon as you are ready to start. I feel sure that I am doing right, for I am persuaded that it will do Ida good after all the worries which that foolish arrangement between her father and his old friend Mr. Freville has brought upon her. It has been a great worry to me, as you may imagine, and the poor child looks much the worse for it all. I shall look forward to hearing from you as to the time you may find it convenient for setting out, and remain, my dear Lady Oxborough, yours most sincerely,

"Charlotte Dytechley.

"P. S.—*I shall leave Elfrida at home, as she does not require the change, and it would not be right to leave Sir Richard alone.*"

If this letter was not a model of composition, at least it thoroughly fulfilled its purpose, which, after all, is the *finis cujus gratiâ* of a letter. Hypercritical people might say that some of her statements would not bear examination, and warm Catholic hearts on the other side of St. George's Channel might even be induced to feel that "it's lying she was;" but habitual self-deception will account for many startling statements that have an unpleasant appearance. It was true that Ida had been much troubled about Everard, and no less true that, on this particular morning, she appeared to be the worse for it. That the proposed journey would, under the circumstances, do her good, was indeed a bold statement, almost amounting to what is popularly termed a bouncer, and of course was so materially; yet if we look at it from Lady Dytchley's point of view, it will have a more charitable interpretation. She had acquired the habit of seeing things as she desired to see them, and as no one ever raised the question of identity in that respect, her self-confidence was equal to most occasions.

When she had directed the letter and sent it downstairs to be put into the bag, she began to agitate herself and her pulse by exciting reflections on the hardness of her case and the '*dreadful misfortune that it would be if Ida really married Everard*' (those were her very words to herself), and the necessity of keeping him away from the

Lago Maggiore, for which purpose a plan presented itself to her mind then and there.

It is not to be supposed that this excitement was a preparation for the doctor's view of her malady; but it so happened that during its course the doctor arrived.

It was nearly two o'clock. At first he pronounced it to be "a little bilious derangement," and made one or two hypothetical suggestions delicately about eating rich things; but after he had felt her pulse for the third time, and found it increase a little, while she was assuring him that she felt dreadfully feverish, he assumed a graver aspect, and told her that, although he considered it a slight attack, it might possibly turn to a nervous fever, and that she must therefore keep very quiet, avoiding all excitement or worry.

"Ah! yes; I know it is as you say," said she. "I know that I ought to do so; but it is so difficult sometimes, and I happen to have some rather worrying things to think of just now about other people—things that worry me on their account. I am afraid I shall have to talk about them."

"You really must not," said her medical adviser, scrutinising her countenance acutely. "I don't say that it would be dangerous, but it would retard your recovery, and it *might* (I don't say it would), but it *might*, with a sensitive and excitable temperament, bring on the nervous fever, which, as I said, your attack might possibly turn into."

"Well, I will try to do as you tell me. Perhaps, then, you would be so kind as to see Miss

Dytchley, and tell her how it is; for she might talk to me on that subject, as she and I have been talking of it lately."

"With pleasure," said he: "it is my duty to do so. You had better not hear or think of anything that would excite or worry you for the next three or four days."

The doctor was a man of acute, but not deep intuition, and conscientious in the same degree. Had his acuteness been adapted to penetrate below the surface, and his conscience to be less exclusive concerning his patients, his interview with Ida would have enlightened him much with regard to Lady Dytchley and her symptoms: as it was, he only saw that she was pale, hoped that she would not overtire herself, and said what he had come to say.

He could not have chosen a worse time for such an interview (but that was not his fault), nor have expressed himself more unfortunately. When sent for, she was waiting for the hour at which the priest would return home, and while dreading a summons from her mother, feared to leave the house too soon, lest her absence might awaken suspicions and aggravate the feverish symptoms—or be thought to do so.

She found the doctor in the library, looking serious and sympathetically communicative. After a few common-place inquiries about herself, which she answered by assuring him that she was perfectly well, he said in a doctorial voice:—

"There is nothing to be alarmed about—that is, if proper care is taken. Lady Dytchley is suffering from a slight bilious attack; but she is

decidedly feverish, and if she were excited—for instance, by having any subject, or, still worse, any occurrence of a painful or worrying nature brought accidentally before her, it would certainly be very much aggravated, and *might* possibly turn to a nervous fever, in which case (don't let me alarm you unnecessarily) it *might* be a more serious matter."

"I don't quite understand," said Ida with a forced calmness that he mistook for want of feeling. "Do you mean that she would be in danger?"

"Well, not positively; a patient's recuperative powers are sometimes exceptionally strong, and hers may be so: I have been so short a time in practice about here that I have had no opportunities of becoming acquainted with her constitution. But I certainly should be very sorry to risk it—very. At present she is going on satisfactorily. If there should be—any change, if she should be worse, you will send for me."

Having delivered this professional opinion, which did not commit him to anything, but laid the whole weight of an uncertain responsibility on Ida, he left the room, satisfied with what he had done for his patient, and reserving all consideration for Ida till he should be called upon to think about her professionally. This principle had so completely guided his intelligence during the interview, that the idea of her requiring any consideration in the matter did not even cross his mind for an instant.

What was she to do? That question was now, for the first time, both serious and difficult. It is

true that she did not believe in the general impression which the doctor's words were calculated to produce, for she had not failed to notice how carefully his opinion had been guarded by such reservations as "might possibly turn to," "don't let me alarm you unnecessarily:" but then his last words were, "I should be very sorry to risk it—very." Risk it, how? "By any occurrence of a painful or worrying nature brought accidentally before her."

"If I had but done it this morning when I had the opportunity," thought the poor child, "I should not have to reproach myself so bitterly now and perhaps much more hereafter. Yes—much more, whatever I do; for I cannot act right now. Everard warned me only yesterday against bringing upon myself painful scruples by delay. I had the chance this morning, I delayed, and this is the consequence. It was my fault, my miserable fault. If some one I could believe would only tell me to trust my own judgment instead of the doctor's mysterious hints! I don't believe what he says and implies—he has never attended her before, and I *do* know her. But how can I venture, in the face of a doctor's opinion that he should be very sorry to risk it? And yet I might—if I were quick and lost no time. Yes!—for she evidently knew where I had been, and perhaps thought I had done what I went for. Why did I not think of that before?"

She ran into the hall, put on the first lady's hat she found, and was already some yards from the door when the maid, who had caught sight of her from the top of the staircase, ran

out and said that Lady Dytechley wanted to see her.

She returned into the house, and walked slowly, repeating to herself as she went, "This is what that one delay has brought me to."

Lady Dytechley received her even more affectionately than before.

"I am better," she said, "and should like to be off this tiresome sofa; but the doctor will not hear of it at present. It is very annoying, particularly as I happen to have a great number of letters that want answering. We have had such lovely weather lately, and I have been enjoying it so much out of doors, besides having to finish the last volume of 'Middlemarch,' which must go back to Mudie's with the other books, that I have sadly neglected my duties in that way."

"It is *my* duty to remain here now, and do my best for her," thought Ida. "Would it were the pleasure it ought to be!"—"Can I write any letters for you?" she said. "Do let me be of use."

"Well, my darling, it would be very kind, and save me a good deal of anxiety, for some of them really ought to have been answered nearly a week ago. There is one about the votes for the Orphan Asylum, and the letter to Madame Corsette about the polonaise that fitted badly, and—oh yes, I ought to have written to Lady Oxborough and sent the money for the—what was it? I shall think of it directly, or, if you open the davenport (the keys are on the dressing-table), you will find her letter. And then there is—but I must not worry you with such a lot of writing."

"It will not tire me, indeed: do let me help you," said Ida, who felt that the day was lost to her, and that her duty was clear.

"Thank you, my dear—you are always so thoughtful. There is—(but you positively must not think of writing them all)—there is the character of that housemaid, that I ought to have answered. There is a letter about it from a Mrs. Somebody in Eccleston Square (her letter is in this blotting-book), and Lord Ledchester about the hospital ticket for his woodman's consumptive son. And I took away a photograph of Mrs. Sherborne's baby last night by mistake. I must send it back, and it is more civil to write a line. And there are five or six regular correspondents, very old friends, that I have neglected shamefully—these are their letters in this unfortunate blotting-book; but they must keep till I am better. But I am afraid that Lady Oxborough, and the character in Eccleston Square, and the hospital ticket to be sent to Monksgallows, and (oh, dear! there is no end to them) Mignon, the French shoemaker, and the Civil Service things, and the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, must be done."

Ida wrote them all, and had to rewrite her letter to Lady Oxborough (which was the first), owing to a natural mistake which her mother found inconvenient, as her remarks thereon will show.

"Beautifully done, my darling," said she. "But I wouldn't quite say this, I think. 'My mother desires me to say that as she is too ill to write.' You see, she is an old friend, and she might think

it was something serious, which I hope it is not. I would say, 'As she is suffering from a feverish attack, which makes it advisable to keep as quiet as possible, and has just remembered having omitted to send the money for the subscription she promised, I think it better that I should write for her'—and so on."

"I see. How stupid of me to have worded it so!" said the innocent girl, taking another sheet of paper.

"No, no, my dear: it was very natural. But perhaps it is safer as I said."

Very much so; for, if the original letter had gone to the post, Lady Oxborough must have seen that Lady Dytchley's letter to her had been kept a secret from Ida, and would have been led to suspect that the latter had been "very much troubled" in a different sense from the one therein suggested.

The letters about the woodman's consumptive son, and the French shoes, and the polonaise, and the baby's photograph, and the Orphan Asylum, and the housemaid in Eccleston Square, and the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, occupied Ida's time till past six o'clock, after which Lady Dytchley could not refuse her offer of reading aloud some of the last volume of "Middlemarch," that must be sent back to Mudie's. By that time it was half-past seven, and the dinner-bell was ringing.

"Thank you so very much, dearest Ida," said Lady Dytchley, drawing her to the sofa and kissing her forehead. "I have tired you very much, I am afraid, and you will be late for dinner."

"I am not at all tired, and I shall be ready in a few minutes. The dinner will not be cold in such weather as this."

"You have done wonders," said Lady Dytchley. "I hope that by to-morrow or next day I may be able to begin the others. We shall see what the doctor says. You have really done wonders."

It was not too much to say that she had. The result was really wonderful, but not the fact, spurred on as she was by her intense desire of finishing the duty as soon as possible, that she might as soon as possible be free to do another equally imperative and in itself much more important.

She came back after dinner, and worked hard again, but had hardly finished the first of the five or six letters to old friends, which were required to contain an immeasurable amount of small details, when Sir Richard appeared, and, as we know, was told, in reference to his wife's patient endurance of accumulated trials, that "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Sir Richard, who had dined at Ledchester, remained in the room, telling how much he had been interested by all he had seen and heard at the Archæological Meeting, how the intelligent foreigner was not there after all, but was no doubt engaged in some scientific explorations of a more important character, and how the red-whiskered man had been set down at the station, on his way to Belgium. When he had ended his narrative it was ten o'clock, and Lady Dytchley said, "I am very ill, and tired, and feverish. Hadn't we better go to bed?"

And thus was Ida left with the prospect of further mysterious warnings from the doctor, besides the interminable letters to old friends, the letter to the Civil Service, and three hundred closely-printed pages of "Middlemarch."

CHAPTER VII.

“**AN** ill-marriage is a spring of ill-fortune,” says an old proverb, and the same idea came unbidden into Sir Richard’s mind from time to time, after his rusty conscience had been polished a little by what he had unwittingly forced Lady Fyfield to tell him : but he forgot to remember that he himself had made the spring and was responsible for the mischief it was doing. Instead of saying *meâ culpâ*, and mending his ways, he only pitied himself and went on as before. The substance of the proverb had occurred to him uncomfortably after his return from the Archæological Meeting, when he could not help recognising in the symbolical juxtaposition of the Bible, the bottle of sal-volatile and the blotting-book, a significant sequence of the unpleasant drive home ; but being selfish, as all systematically weak people are, he only thought of himself, and applied his wife’s Biblical quotation to his own case, especially the sparks flying upward, which reminded him of the explosion in the family coach.

The next morning he went out early, saying to himself, “What is the use of bothering in this way? What can I do but wait and see, wait and see?”

A little later in the day Ida, too, came to the conclusion that she must wait and see, but under very different circumstances, and with a very different meaning. The circumstances were that she found herself entangled in a network of accidental duties, her meaning was that the waiting should last no longer than the circumstances. Lady Dytchley's countenance, when she came forth to her sofa, was

*Like a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.*

There was a chill in her manner, warmth in her words and smile. She was less expansive, but the difference could only be felt. The doctor did his duty, as before, according to his lights, and, as before, left Ida burdened with his mysterious warnings. "Middlemarch" and the letters occupied her time all that day, and it was evident that Saturday's sun would set on her still unfinished work.

Late in the afternoon, whilst she was trying to condense the apparently unlimited information which her mother continued to dictate, for the benefit of the fourth old friend, a fly, fairly loaded with luggage on the top and a servant of no particular nationality on the box, drove into the courtyard of Freville Chase. As Hubert Freville was expected about that time, according to the invitation given at Bramscote, Mrs. Roland and Anne the upper housemaid, feeling a natural curiosity to see what he had grown to be like since his last visit, were on the look-out for his approach. As they hoped to see him at their convenience, owing to the position of a door in the hall through which the

guest had to pass, we may as well take the opportunity of noticing that part of the house. The hall was a large and lofty oak-panelled room, with crossbeams of timber, on the pendent bosses of which were carved shields and other armorial emblems. The panelled walls, which ended in a dado of oak carving, were covered with banners, old family portraits, armour, stags' heads, and weapons of various kinds, ancient and modern. Opposite the entrance door was a large fireplace constructed to burn massive logs of wood, and above it a chimney-piece of carved stone ornamented with gold and colours. On either side of the fireplace was a door, leading into the long gallery, which was in fact the drawing-room. This gallery was a hundred feet long, and extended along the whole south front of the house, commanding a view over the terraced gardens, the piece of water, and the Chase woods beyond. It had five large bay windows to the south, formed by the projecting gables—two large, and a smaller one in the middle—forming the Elizabethan E, and two projecting bays at the side. You could see from the bay window on the east side a corner of the lofty tower which formed a part of the quadrangle, from the angle of the western bay the gable of the chapel and the myrtle-covered walls which masked the kitchen garden. The ceiling of this room was richly carved and ornamented like that in the hall with pendent bosses delicately coloured and gilt. The walls were panelled in oak, having a deep frieze-work of rich carving. Below were hung portraits of many generations of Frevilles, two by Vandyck,

and half a dozen pictures of the early Italian school; but on the south side of the room, between the windows, where the light would have been bad for pictures, rich hangings of tapestry gave a deep and soft colouring, very gratifying to the eye. Cabinets of antique workmanship, much rare china, tables and chairs of ebony inlaid with ivory, and some of old Venetian workmanship, richly carved and gilt, completed the furniture of the room.

The dining-room was on the left of the entrance hall, and the library on the right. At the two corners, right and left of the entrance, were two doors with crimson velvet portières, the former leading to the chapel on the west side of the court by a long passage with rooms on the other side, the latter on the east side of the court to the offices. In the shadow of this door and its heavy curtain Mrs. Roland and Anne looked forth to see what the heir of the elder line was like.

Anne, being the younger and possessing the lesser dignity, made the first move by bringing her left eye in a line with the front of the portière, so that she might catch sight of Hubert Freville as he entered the hall. She took up this position while the entrance door was being opened, and kept it for about two minutes, when her head popped suddenly back, and her eyes expanded till they were as round as Giotto's O.

"Why, lor! I say—well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I always know'd he'd do something."

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Roland, peeping in a dignified manner through the portière.

“It’s him as murdered the baby,” answered Anne, pulling hard at her gown.

“Hush!” answered Mrs. Roland, drawing back within the portière. “They can hear you all over the place. He didn’t murder anybody, as I’ve told you often. There’s nothing out of the way in his coming here, connected as he is with the family. It’s only his coming unexpected that took me aback.”

“He’s a bad lot,” said Anne, “and I’ve a good mind to fetch the p’liceman from Chase End and have him took up.”

“Don’t talk like a child now,” answered Mrs. Roland, walking away, whilst Anne, whose notions about the law were like those of old Susan, walked after her, saying, “I’d have him took up, if I had *my* way,” and the butler was showing the visitor into the gallery.

Everard, who was sitting there, waiting for the arrival of Hubert Freville and running his eyes over the “Ledchester Courier,” looked up at the sound of the opening door just as the butler pronounced these unexpected words:—“The Marquis Moncalvo.”

The bearer of this title, so unpopular among the old women of Chase End and its vicinity, was a tall handsome man of about forty, with very dark and expressive eyes, black hair and moustaches, and a clear complexion of a light-olive colour. The hair and moustaches were blue-tinted, like a raven’s wing, and as glossy, the latter giving a very marked expression to the mouth because the rest of the face was shaved. What that expression did or might mean was not

easy to determine, nor is this the time and place for examining the question. The prevalent expression of his eyes at that moment was melancholy. He was very well made, his head showed intellectual powers above the average, his voice was musical, his manner that of a high-bred gentleman—a being essentially the same wherever he is to be found, though the word in its full meaning does not appear to be translatable.

"If he had come at any other time than this," thought Everard, as he rose and welcomed his unwelcome guest without betraying the smallest sign or trace of surprise.

"I found myself so near," said the Marquis, "that I thought I would come round by Freville Chase on my way to the station, and renew the acquaintance made when you were a child. You cannot remember me, but I think that I can see in you some likeness to what I remember, though it is so long ago."

"I have a pretty good memory for faces," answered Everard, "and I can recognise you quite well, knowing that it is you. I don't know that I should, if I had met you without knowing who you were. But don't go away yet. It must not be said that you came all this way to make a morning visit. It would be against the customs and traditions of Freville Chase for me to receive a friend and connection in that way."

"It is very kind of you. I ought to be going to Brighton, for I have not half recovered from a bad illness, and the doctors have told me to bathe in the sea there."

"You cannot possibly get to Brighton to-day."

"No: I meant to sleep at Ledchester."

"But I can't hear of that. Let me ring and have your luggage taken off the fly."

"You are really so hospitable that I hardly know how to say no—though I ought to be at Brighton."

Everard rang the bell, and resigned himself to the inopportune visit. The Marquis was of opinion that the welcome was given on principle rather than from inclination; but he had meant to be invited, had come out of his way for that purpose, and was not going to alter his intention for the sake of an idea. So he accepted the invitation, and said: "I must tell you how it was that I happened to be so near. I came to England for some sea-bathing in a bracing air after an attack of Roman fever, which had left me very weak. On my way to London I was talking to a stranger in the train, who, among other things, talked about architecture—he was an architect, and gave me so interesting a description of the English Cathedrals that I determined to see as many of them as I could; and as I remembered that Ledchester was not very far from here, I thought that I would begin with that, and take advantage of being so near, to see once more the old family place of the Frevilles, where my dearest sister died, and renew the acquaintance begun so sadly."

"It is fortunate for me that you met the architect," said Everard, adding within the recesses of his own mind,

"I really should be glad to see you, *simpliciter*, but *per accidens* I wish you were somewhere else."

The Marquis noticed that he had said everything in the way of welcome except that he was glad to see him, and naturally mistaking the cause, went on to say :

"I wanted to see you for another reason. I have heard—no matter how—that the death of your half-brother, my nephew, has been supposed to have occurred through want of care on my part, when, as the guardian appointed by his mother, after your lamented father's death, I took him with me to Italy, being compelled to go there without delay for some pressing affairs."

"I assure you," said Everard, "that I have never believed anything of the sort."

"I hardly thought you would, and since I have seen you, I am quite sure that you have too much insight into character to believe it ; but I thought it better to mention the subject, because there is quite enough in the facts of the case to put all kinds of suspicions into people's heads. I had been very extravagant and foolish, and my sister had inherited a considerable fortune from an uncle, which would be mine, failing children. The death of the dear little child put me into possession of that money, and I am not at all surprised that people who had no knowledge of me should have thought the circumstances very suspicious. They little knew the extraordinary affection there was between my dearest sister and myself, and how I cherished everything that belonged to her."

"Nobody ever doubted it, I hope," said Everard.

"I took an English maid-servant with me,"

said the Marquis, "to take charge of him, a woman born and bred in this neighbourhood, and recommended by your neighbour and guardian (I think), or rather by his wife"—

"Lady Dytechley, was it not?"

"Yes; I remember the name now you mention it. I engaged her in preference to a foreigner from motives of prudence, to make it evident that every possible care was taken: and that reminds me to ask you if she is living, and if so, whether I can hear anything about her, for I should like to know. She was a good girl, but weak in the head and subject to monomania, especially after the death of my poor little nephew, of whom she was excessively fond. She was afterwards lady's-maid to an aunt of mine, and remained with her very happily till my aunt died about a year ago, when she came to England, though I offered her a place in my house with nothing to do. I feel of course a great interest in her, not only on account of my poor little nephew, but also because she was so long in my aunt's service, and I want to be sure that she is well off."

"Her father lives at Chase End," said Everard; "and I think I heard that she came home last winter while I was abroad. I don't know whether she is about here now, but I can easily find out. I will see about it now."

He left the room in search of Mrs. Roland, and meeting her on his way, said: "Do you know whether Charlotte Wilcox is with her family, or whether they know where she is?"

"I will inquire if her family know where she is gone," answered Mrs. Roland, with some hesita-

tion. "But, Mr. Everard, what does *he* want to know for?"

"Why, she lived sixteen years with his aunt, and when his aunt died came to England; and he naturally feels interested to know about her."

"Well, but, Mr. Everard, I don't know any harm of him, I am sure; but what I haven't liked is his hanging about at Lyneham, and then coming here, as if he hadn't."

"But he never did so. Sir Richard met the man that Bolton took for him, and said he was a different man altogether—not the least like him. He told me so himself, for I asked the question."

"Well, Sir Richard must know at all events," said Mrs. Roland to herself as she went her way. "I suppose Bolton thought there was no other foreigner but the Marquis Moncalvo."

Everard returned to the gallery and told the Marquis that he had not succeeded in obtaining the information he wanted, but would get it from Charlotte Wilcox's father in Chase End. He then asked him how he liked Ledchester Cathedral.

"Beautiful as a dream: 'un rêve en pierre,' as a French book on England that I read some years ago says of the Houses of Parliament, which, however, did not give me that idea, though I admired them very much. It seems to me that they leave too little for the imagination to be like a dream. I thought them more like a great public work of a great nation."

"I think the man must have been dreaming who put the stones the wrong way up, so as to let the weather in," said Everard.

"No one but an Englishman would have said

that," said the Marquis. "I admire the open way in which they find fault with themselves. None but a great nation could afford to do it."

"What is the use of deceiving oneself," said Everard, "when people from other countries have eyes to see, ears to hear, and brains to think with, and when one can't alter the fact by ignoring it? I can't go so far as to admire the habit of self-criticism, though I very much appreciate your appreciation of it. It strikes me as a very useful habit, but it seems too natural to be worthy of admiration."

"You are accustomed to it," said the Marquis; "but to me, as a foreigner"——

"Mr. Sherborne, Mr. De Beaufoy," said the old butler, opening the door and standing square to his front.

"I am so glad to see the old place again," said De Beaufoy. "How is my old friend Mrs. Roland? I can't go away without seeing her."

"She is very well," answered Everard, "and doesn't look a day older than when she used to keep me in order in the days of my ingenuous childhood. I believe that she holds herself responsible for my behaviour now."

The conversation, which had been in Italian before the entrance of Sherborne and De Beaufoy, now turned into French, and finally into English, which the Marquis spoke fairly well, though with some effort, and wished to speak for the sake of practice. After a while he returned to the interrupted topic, and described his surprise at the beauty of *Ledchester Cathedral*.

"How little one knows," he said "especially of things that one ought to know—places within one's reach, and with which one is in a manner connected. I could have told the measurement of the Pyramid of Cheops, and I had not the least idea of the grand Gothic architecture that is to be found in the cathedrals of England. I so much prefer Gothic architecture to our own."

"So do I," said Everard, "here, where it grew up in the ages of faith. It symbolises in stone the faith that produced it, and is in harmony with the atmosphere, temperature and features of the country. The idea of a basilica in England, however good of its kind, is to my mind not merely incongruous, but implies a forgetfulness of history: it implies that, having forgotten the old faith and traditions which we got from Rome, and which inspired those buildings, we have to begin anew, and borrow an architecture as unsuitable as it is untraditional. But I do love basilicas in Rome: they harmonise with everything there—air, light, landscape, the history of the Church and of the world."

"To require basilicas as a proof of orthodoxy," said De Beaufoy, "which it appears that some excitable newspaper correspondents have occasionally implied, is like insisting on a man's having a Roman nose to show that he is a good Catholic; but I am as enthusiastic as any one about basilicas in their right places."

"There was some function going on within the sanctuary," said the Marquis. "I don't know what it was."

"Have the Dean and Chapter of Ledchester

become Ritualists?" asked Everard, looking at De Beaufoy for information.

"No, no," said De Beaufoy; "it was only a minor canon and the choristers working away out of the Book of Common Prayer."

"What did you think of the function?" said Sherborne.

"That there was no proportion between it and the building."

"A very well-known German authoress," said De Beaufoy, "wrote some years ago, in a work which, for some reason or other, was not printed, that the cathedral service in (Westminster Abbey, I think), reminded her of a withered nut rattling in a shell too large for it."

"What a difference there is," said Sherborne, "between seeing those things before one has had the light of the one true faith, and after—especially when, in the former case, one believed the Establishment to represent the one true faith given by our Lord to the Apostles, as I did formerly. I have been in Ledchester Cathedral since, while service was going on, and found it of course *vox et præteria nihil*; but I remember the time when the thing it represented was a subjective reality, like a dream or an optical delusion."

"And you were in perfectly good faith while you believed it," said the Marquis ("for I am sure that you are too conscientious to have been otherwise), and you must know others no less so who still believe as you did."

"Most certainly I do. God forbid that it should be otherwise!"

"And the Church of England has retained so much of the truth, that really the difference is much less than people who have not been in England would think."

This liberal opinion was received with a triple murmur of dissent.

"Hang it," said De Beaufoy, "the *Depositum Fidei* was not left to the Church to be drawn upon at will, like a bank. The Catholic faith is indivisible as faith, though we are obliged to divide it doctrinally, and he who denies one article only, may indeed be near the Church in his heart, and soon to be a member of it in fact; but, till he is so, he is distinctly out of it. There is no boundary-line between what our Lord founded and what men made up out of what they chose to take from it. When a Protestant (as I was) comes into the Church he doesn't step across the way: he makes an act of the will, and is taken an immense distance, like the man with the wishing carpet in the Arabian Nights."

"Certainly," said the Marquis. "I only meant that—that the Church of England is very different from Protestantism in other countries; for instance Germany and Switzerland, and what little there is of it in France."

"The difference is very great indeed, both in kind and degree," said Sherborne: "but Protestantism in England shows premonitory symptoms of falling into the same condition before another half-century at the least. The world is fast becoming tired of compromises"—

"And so am I!" said Hubert Freville; as the old butler opened the door and announced him.

"The fly from the station broke down, or rather the horse, who was taken with the staggers, and I had to choose between carrying a portmanteau, a carpet-bag, and a hat-box, or coming on in a fish-cart. So I chose the fish-cart, and the smell was not refreshing."

He sent a rapid and penetrating glance into the eyes of the Marquis, saying to himself as he did so, "What is the fellow staring at me for?"

"This is Hubert Freville," said Everard. "But perhaps you have met him before."

"I have not had that pleasure," said the Marquis; "but the name of Hubert, and that indefinable likeness which is seen between members of a family, even when distantly related, reminded me of my poor nephew Hubert Freville, though he was only three years old when he died. That indefinable likeness—a very slight one it must be between a child and a man—together with the uncommon name of Hubert, must have made me appear to have known him before."

"A family likeness," said Everard, "is a curiously persistent thing. You see it sometimes in people not nearly related, and find the type in an old family picture."

"And often," said Sherborne, "you are reminded of one face by another without seeing any traceable resemblance of feature."

"You see it," said De Beaufoy, "as you find your way in a fog, when you can't distinguish the line of country, and yet know very well where you are."

"True," said the Marquis. "That is the kind of likeness I meant. It would scarcely have struck

me anywhere else ; but when I heard the very name of my little nephew unexpectedly, here in this house where my sister died in giving birth to him, everything combined to make me notice it. I see a kind of family likeness now, but very slight. But really I must apologise for talking so much of myself. The truth is that the circumstances recalled very painful memories. My sister (the mother of that dear child) was the most affectionate and most true friend I ever had or shall have, and the wisest too. If I had always followed her advice I should have been a better and a happier man. Some youthful extravagances of mine gave her much anxiety, the more so because my father and mother were both dead, and she wrote a most touching and beautiful letter to me on that subject after her arrival here. I never saw her again. And now that I have explained the cause of my spoiling the conversation by talking of myself, I hope that you will allow me to make the *amende* by returning to it. We were speaking of English cathedrals, were we not ?”

“The catch-word was ‘compromises,’” said Hubert. “What were they ?”

“Well, I was getting into a long story,” said Sherborne ; “and we must be going ; for it is half-past five, and we have ten miles to ride, and the roads are full of loose stones.”

“And I,” said the Marquis, “should be glad to go to my room, and write a rather important letter that I ought to have written two days ago.”

“Leaving him to write his letter, Sherborne and De Beaufoy started on their way back to

Hazely. Everard and Hubert Freville strolled into the Chase.

"I don't care about that Marquis Moncalvo," said Hubert, standing still after a while, and poking his stick into the fern.

"Nor I," answered Everard. "But he is a gentleman, which is a characteristic not without its advantages for those with whom it comes in contact, whoever they may be."

"Unquestionably, when the thing is solid ; but when the material is rotten, the vigour of the pattern is what a Low-Church great-aunt of mine used to call a snare and a delusion."

"But I don't think the material *is* rotten. He looks to me like a man who has lost opportunities, misapplied capabilities, wasted life—a man who has repressed his higher aspirations but not killed them, a man who might say of himself, '*video meliora, proboque : deteriora sequor.*' I have a strong suspicion that Italian liberalism, with what belongs to it, has been the cause of all the mischief. What you don't like, and I don't like, in him comes from that, I think. I have been a good deal in Italy, and I know something of the sleepless watch that is kept over the young men by the Sect, to ruin their morals first, and then their faith. The first step is to corrupt their principles—that is the major premiss : the second, to put a particular temptation before them—that is the minor. The conclusion is practical Atheism and utter ruin. It doesn't follow that all of them get into the secrets of the Sect. Many of them don't, wouldn't if they could, and couldn't if they would. They won't become bad enough,

or haven't sufficient will and brains; but the poison has pervaded them in a smaller degree, like a blood-poison in the body; and however slight the infection may be, it is very hard to get rid of. So long as the heart has a soft place in it there is hope, and the deep feeling he showed for his sister makes me feel sure that, whatever he may have been (which I can only guess at), he will turn out well in the end. To-morrow is Sunday, and we shall see something. Anyhow I don't mean to let him go from here, if I can help it, without seeing what he is made of."

"You are right—I believe you always are," said Hubert, "though we haven't had it out yet about mixed marriages and some other things. You are a fine fellow anyhow, in every way."

"I?" said Everard. "If you could only see me as I see myself, you wouldn't think so."

"I have no doubt that is your opinion," said Hubert; "but we, all of us, think either too much or too little of ourselves. But here he is: his letter wasn't very long."

The Marquis joined them and the conversation: the latter changed on his approach. But whilst he was talking agreeably on various subjects, Sherborne was talking to De Beaufoy about him.

Their ride, as a ride, was not of the most pleasant sort, their horses not being suited for picking their way cleverly among loose flints in the month of August.

The dear old British hack, with his mingled qualities of the pack-horse and the thorough-bred, light-stepping and solid, free and steady, who picked up his feet just enough to clear obstacles,

set them down flat, and went as straight to his front as the centre serjeant when a regiment is advancing in line, has become extinct because men have ceased to require him. To ride anywhere, except home from hunting, is now held to be slow and also a waste of time, though the old British hack would have done the distance as quickly as the popular dog-cart, and nothing is said about the time spent in running up by railway to London for the purpose of hearing a new play, and coming back again in a smoking carriage. Sherborne would have gladly had a good hack if he could, but being unable to find a tolerable substitute for the extinct animal above mentioned, was waiting for a chance of doing so; and thus it happened that he and De Beaufoy were mounted on two big hunters, who went very well across the country, but along the road, where in the summer time stones do mostly congregate, shuffled unpleasantly, rolling about on their shoulders, and sticking their toes into the ground.

"I know a man who has got a hack to sell," said De Beaufoy, "a dark chestnut mare fifteen hands or a little over, as nice an animal of the kind as you could pick up. She steps well, her hind-leg action is equally good, and she sets her feet down flat."

"Which is more than these horses are doing," said Sherborne. "Whose is she?"

"I saw her in Lyneham on Wednesday, when you were on the bench. The ostler at the White Hart can tell you who the owner is, for he called my attention to her, and said the man was a farmer somewhere between there and Exbourne.

What do you think of the mysterious Marquis, the bugbear of the old women at Chase End and thereabouts?"

"That requires consideration," said Sherborne. "He is not so easy to understand. I should say that the web of his life is, or has been, of a '*very mingled yarn*.'"

"Touching which *mixture of good and ill together*," said De Beaufoy, "Shakespeare goes on to say that '*our virtues would be proud if our vices whipped them not*.' I fancy that the Marquis's virtues must have had a good deal of whipping. Perhaps it made them promise not to show themselves again."

"If they did," said Sherborne, "they have not kept their promise."

"You are right: there is good in him, I am certain. But there is something about him that looks as if the good were kept under, in spite of him. There is strength in the shape of his mouth, and a certain weakness too, as if the weaker part of his character had to knock under before some external influence, and the stronger was called in to collar the weaker and make it do what it was told."

"Exactly. I am afraid that the Sect has got hold of him; and if so, it is a bad business. It clings to its victims like the '*Old Man of the sea*.'"

"I know it does; and you can't shake it off by making it drunk, as Sinbad did; and if you could, it would only be more sharp-witted than before, like a Scotchman."

"Yes; and if he wanted to get out of that, he

would have to get out of the way—very much indeed out of the way; but I have a strong opinion that he is not far in it. I don't think he would suit their book: he would have to be either very much worse than he is, or more pliable. I feel sure that he has got little more than the religion and morals of the thing, and perhaps I am mistaken in thinking he has gone so far as that. He is a fine-looking man, a refined and polished gentleman, but he doesn't show well by the side of Everard Freville."

"No; but he is a very distinguished-looking man for all that; and I never met a man with finer or more attractive manners, except of course Everard Freville, who is altogether exceptional. In him the remarkably fine manners are an integral part of the man; in the Marquis they rather suggest the idea of class: but the man and his position should seem one and indivisible, and in Everard they are so. There is another thing too; and it must be uncommonly striking to make *me* notice it, for as I don't write novels or poetry, I don't much care about distinguishing one man from another except by what is inside his head. But the expression of Everard Freville's countenance, especially his smile, is something extraordinarily beautiful; it lets you into the whole character of the man, the gentleman, and the Christian. I never took notice before how a man looks at you, and I am not likely to do so again; but I couldn't help noticing his expression to-day."

And let this much of the equestrian dialogue suffice.

While Sherborne and De Beaufoy were ex-

changing ideas about the Marquis Moncalvo, Anne the housemaid was stating, whenever an opportunity offered, her unalterable conviction that the latter "ought to be took up;" and as the news of his arrival had passed, through the medium of the grocer's boy, into the village of Chase End, the Marquis had a fair chance of waking up next morning and finding himself famous in that locality.

But it seemed that mysterious appearances were prevalent at this time. A little before seven o'clock the waiter at the White Hart in the ancient market-town of Lyneham walked up to the landlady, in a gradual and communicative manner, his eyes expanded, his bearing confidential, and whispered in her ear:—

"She's come again—that foreign woman."

The landlady's colour rose a little, and the body of her dress became rather tight, but she replied without any apparent disturbance of mind:—

"Very well. Show her into Number One sitting-room."

"There's no end of them foreigners," thought the waiter, as he left the bar. "There was that chap here on Wednesday, as hordered a lot of rubbidge for his dinner, and must have know'd all the while he couldn't get it in a respectable house, and then there's another of them as came here for a fly to-day, when they was short of flies at the station, and went off to Squire Freville's: but *he* were a gentleman and no mistake, not a bit like the other. But where is she got to?"

The foreign visitor was standing just within the

house-door—a tall, dark woman, with what the waiter described as a very middling countenance. Apparently she was of no definite age. Her features were regular, and might have been handsome once, but were now hard and coarse, perhaps owing to the same cause that had produced the middling countenance.

“This way, ma’am, please,” said the waiter, trying to look civil, but eyeing her suspiciously.

She followed him to Number One sitting-room, where the landlady was ready, though not willing, to receive her. As soon as the door was shut, which action was performed by the waiter in a delicate and imperceptible way, so that both the women looked round to see whether he was within hearing or not, the mistress of the White Hart said bluntly :—

“What are you here for again? Can’t you get an honest living by honest labour, as I do, without going cadging about, spunging on other people? I should be ashamed of living so.”

The visitor’s black eyes flashed ominously, as she uttered the word of stormy import, “Pazienza!”

“Oh yes,” said the landlady; “I have heard that before in your country, and I know it always means that they’re in a rage.”

“Do not speak so,” said the Italian, and the vibrations of her voice made the landlady look nervously towards the door, remembering how slow the process of shutting it had been.

“Don’t talk so loud,” she said. “Do you want everybody to hear? It is *your* business to think of *that* anyhow.”

“I cannot speak your language like you,”

answered the Italian woman. "If I could, you would not say so much, I think. But I can say this:—Give me money, for I want it."

"Give you money? Haven't I given you money—given you money till I have barely enough to go on with in business and keep myself? You had as good a chance as I had, without the risks of keeping an inn. You had the same money given you as I had—just the same. If you have chosen to waste it, why am I to ruin myself to set you on your legs over and over again, I should like to know?"

"Che volete? Sono miserie umane. I have been unfortunate, and you have been prosperous, and you are bound to help me—you know why."

"Unfortunate! you have been idle and wasteful, and"—

"Listen to me! If you do not give me money to-day, I will tell of you."

"And of yourself at the same time. You can't do one without the other."

"And what do I care for that? Do not try to make me afraid. I am not afraid of you, nor of any woman, nor man neither, and I mean what I tell you. I must have twenty pounds."

"Twenty fiddlesticks!"

"I do not know what fiddlesticks are, but I must have the pounds."

"You won't, I can tell you. Why, in the first place, I haven't got them just now. Do you suppose I could give you fifty pounds last January, and thirty the Michaelmas before, besides all the rest you have bothered me out of, and have money now to give you, with all the expenses of this

place, and not half the custom there used to be? Why in the world don't you go to *him* for it? It's his business, not mine. What right have you to come to me for money any more than I have to ask you for it, eh?"

"I cannot find him: he is travelling in some country. If you can tell me where he is"——

"Well, I thought I saw him here a few days ago. I was not quite sure about it at the moment, but"——

"Then why send me to run after him, and to make me look like a fool before him? Non sono una bestia, sai. Give me the money, and I will go for my affairs. If not—well! Hm! ha! Che volete? I shall know what thing I ought to do, and I shall do it—I promise it to you."

"Well, there now, I *am* sure that he's the man. If you had listened, I was going to have told you that I *was* sure of it afterwards. Is it so very wonderful that I didn't make him out at first? Don't people grow older? I am sure *you* have. I shouldn't have known you—that I shouldn't, if I hadn't seen you since I saw *him* last (and I wish to goodness I hadn't), for you have grown to look *so* old, you have, and"——

"Miseries have made"——

"Miseries! rubbish!"

"*You* have grown old without them—so old—oh! and as fat as a great old pig."

"Now don't let us have any words. I tell you he's the man, and the waiter knows where he went to."

She went forth and questioned that functionary, who replied, "Well 'm, he told me he were going

to Ledchester for the meeting at Monksgallows, and give me to understand he meant to stay about there a bit."

"He wasn't the same party that came here to-day for a fly when I was out, was it?" said she.

"Lord bless you! no. That were a different man altogether. He's a real gentleman, a lot younger, and isn't anyways like that chap. He had his man with him, and he's gone to stay with Squire Freville."

"I thought so," said the landlady, returning quickly to Number One sitting-room. "He is at Ledchester. You will find him at the George Hotel, or, if not, at the Crown."

"Thank you," answered the woman of the middling countenance; "but I want some money. I must have ten pounds."

"I tell you I can't—you have run me dry."

"Then I will go and tell" —

"Don't be a fool. Can't you understand plain English? If my poor husband were alive, you wouldn't dare to come bothering me so. He would have taken the law of you long ago."

"Did the poor husband know?"

"Don't be impertinent now. There's a train at 7.35, and the railway 'bus will call here for it directly."

"Yes, but give me ten pounds or I will tell" —

The landlady's dress became exceedingly tight.

"Now, if I give it you this time," she said, "will you promise not to come after me any more?"

"I will not, if I can find him," answered the

mysterious visitor. The landlady left the room, and presently reappeared with a ten-pound note.

"There it is," said she. "Now remember your promise—don't you come here again."

"Not if I can find *him*," said her unpleasant friend, pocketing the money and offering her hand.

The landlady stood erect, and advancing her right arm about ten inches from the tightened body of her dress, put two fingers into the out-stretched palm before her.

Five minutes afterwards the omnibus relieved her of her troublesome visitor, and she retired to the bar, ruffled indeed as to her feelings at being likened to a "great old pig," but satisfied on the whole with the result of the interview.

"He's the man, and that beast of a woman will find him there, if he's not gone," thought she as she sat down, pen in hand, to her accounts. "And if he *is* gone, why he'd have letters to be forwarded somewhere—of course, and she'll find him out in that way. It was worth a ten-pound note to do *that*, though I haven't another to bless myself with just now."

"They're a queer lot, them foreigners, all except him as is gone to Freville Chase," said the waiter to the ostler, as the omnibus rolled away, bearing the Italian and her black-mail to the station. "Here's Bolton the carrier. No, we haven't got nothing for Chase End. But I say, Bolton, you was wrong about that foreigneering chap last Toosday. *He* wasn't the Marquis as came here to-day and took a fly to go to your Squire's."

"I never said he were," replied Bolton. "I says, says I, to old Betty Tredgett, There's a foreigner come to the White Hart at Lyneham, they tell me. 'You haven't seen him?' says she. I can't say, says I, which I never see this one, nor t'other neither. 'You may depend on it that it is,' says she. And then another woman come up and said, 'In course it's him. Who else would come from foreign parts a-hanging about here?' And they set it about, as if they know'd it were him, and said as I had told them so. That's how it were. I never know'd nothing about neither on 'em, nor never see neither on 'em."

*Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes;
Fama malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum,*

thought the waiter in the following free translation, "I see. The women got a-talking all over the place. Well! their tongues is queer things to deal with, *I* know."

"There's no bounds to 'em when they gets a-talking," said Bolton, as he started on his way back to Chase End.

About this time the Marquis was sitting down to dinner at Freville Chase, ignorant of his local celebrity, and old Susan standing on the doorway of the house at the Four Ways, was trying to persuade Muggles of the county police that the mysterious disappearance of Jane Davis could be attributed to nothing else but his neglect of duty in not taking up the itinerant foreigner.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT dinner the Marquis talked well on a variety of subjects, but his remarks did not enable his host to discover what he was made of. On Sunday, after Mass, Everard said in confidence to himself, "Either his recollectedness was an example to most of us, myself very much included, or his mind was on something else; but there was something too stiff about it for recollectedness: *ergo*—no, that is unfair, and there are just as good grounds for putting it in this way:—He was either recollected or thinking of something else; but he was not thinking of something else, for he didn't look about: therefore he was recollected. That is more charitable, but it will not do, for the mind can be off when the eyes are steady. Either it was recollection, or it was the effort of a man who has neglected his religious duties and is not at home with them: it was too stiff for recollection: therefore—and the rest. And that is what it is. He is in the Church, but not of it. Poor fellow! who can tell what bad chances he may have had? Perhaps this quiet old place, with no liberali near, may be of use to him. This may be the turning-point of his life. I will ask him to stay here some time."

Hubert also made confidential remarks to himself about the Marquis, but they were of a somewhat abusive character. Father Merivale was too busy with his Sunday's duties—two baptisms, a wedding, a funeral, and a sick call three miles off, to have any opinion about him at all, except that he was a cultivated and well-informed man. The four met at dinner again, with the same result as on Saturday. The Marquis was as agreeable as ever, but what he was made of did not appear.

"I'll be hanged if I think he's made of anything except outside," said Hubert, when he and Everard were standing in the hall, and the priest putting on his hat to go home.

"Yes, he is," said Everard. "You don't doubt that there are works in a watch you see going, though you couldn't say what they are. You have not seen the works yet, but there is something more than the case, you may rely upon it."

"It seems to me," said Father Merivale, "that you are both looking too deep—deeper than he goes. He is a clever, cultivated man, not devout, and not irreligious. I have not seen so much of him as you have, and I may be mistaken; but I can see no signs of anything further than that."

Everard, being engaged to meet Sir Richard and the two lawyers on Monday about the settlements, and not liking to leave his two ill-assorted guests for an indefinite time, had proposed to take them with him and sent a note to that effect. Lady Dytchley had replied that she should be delighted to see them at luncheon, and they prepared to start accordingly for Nether-

wood on Monday morning. As the Marquis preferred riding, and there were only three horses in the stables, one of them being the same that had backed on the fly at Bramscote, making the fly back on the curate, and the curate knock a man's lighted pipe out of his mouth, Everard chose the harness horse for himself, and left the two hunters for his guests. One of them was quiet, the other decidedly not.

"You had better put me on that one," said Hubert. "Of course he can't ride."

"I don't know that at all; I daresay he can," said Everard; "but he will find the other horse pleasanter. So you *had* better ride Thunderbolt. You wouldn't like the chestnut: he goes in harness and has no fore-legs to speak of. I will ride him."

As the business was to be done before luncheon, the three set off for Netherwood at half-past eleven o'clock, just as the doctor was feeling Lady Dytechley's pulse, and saying that she was much better, but must be very careful to avoid all worry.

She was in a state of conditional convalescence. The Bible, bottle of sal-volatile, and blotting-book were still on the sofa; but she moved about the house at intervals, her first appearance downstairs being whispered about beforehand, and the doctor's injunctions promulgated.

Her first appearance took place about half-past twelve o'clock on that Monday morning. She said that she felt very unequal to the exertion, but as Everard had wished to bring his two friends with him, she would make the effort.

Sir Richard was then conversing pleasantly

with the two lawyers, and congratulating himself on the approaching event which had brought them to the house.

"They can't bother me any more about Ida after that," thought he. "What a blessing it will be not to have any more of it! not to be pestered and blown up, and talked at, and abused, and made out to be wrong whatever one does, and set upon all round. As for Elfrida, I hope she will marry a Catholic some day, I am sure; and if I can help her to do it without having the place turned upside down, why, there it will be—all right—and so it will be. But what a comfort it is that she doesn't make a bother now, and bring about such a row as there was the other night coming home from Bramscote. I have never forgiven that lout of a fellow for getting on the rumble when I told him he might smoke till he was black in the face in the old billiard-room. Well, it will be all right in three weeks; and if Ida will only keep quiet between this and then! But I see that she will; so it is all right—all right. I never liked the looks of a lawyer's parchments before. I feel so jolly, that if these two fellows were not here"——

What he would have done in that case does not appear, for at that moment the butler came in and said:—

"Please, Sir Richard, Mylady wishes to speak to you in the library."

Sir Richard was a man whose habits were emphatically respectable, and therefore unseemly words were as great an abomination to his taste as (let us hope) they were to his principles. He

had never been induced to utter an oath, and only twice to think one. The first occasion was during the dinner-party at Bramscote; the second, and, as far as is yet known, the last, was at this moment, on being told that Lady Dytchley wanted to speak to him.

"D—n it! The devil take this business!" said he to himself in mute confidence. "What can be up now? It's all arranged, and Ida is keeping quiet about the other matter. Surely"——

"Don't let us detain you," said one of the lawyers. "We have done all that is to be done till Mr. Freville comes."

"You can find work enough when nobody wishes it," thought Sir Richard, as he rose with a rueful countenance to leave the room; "and now, when you might keep me here free from bother, you must needs tell me right out, while the man is in the room, that I am not wanted here!"

He walked slowly, trying to collect his thoughts, and form a general plan of defence against all personal annoyances; but at last the moment arrived when the library door was in front of his nose. He opened it delicately and peeped in.

"There is that sofa again," thought he; "at least another of them. I see how it is—I have a great mind to go back again, and pretend I have something to tell the lawyers."

"Come in," said a well-known voice from within. "There is no one here."

"I only wish there were," he thought. But there was no help for it, and in he went.

Lady Dytchley left the sofa and advanced in

determined manner, smiling as a careful mother smiles on her child when it is doubtful whether he will be good or not, and her countenance gives a hint of summary measures.

"Well, my dear, how are you? You look ever so much better," said Sir Richard, approaching her in an elastic and cheerful manner.

"I am better, he tells me," said she, leaning against the sofa, "but liable to a return of the attack in a worse form if I am at all agitated. It is very provoking, particularly at this time, when, after all that has happened, it was most desirable not to put anything off: but he says (and so did Dr. Chloradyne from Ledchester, who came with him just now, only you were engaged) that I must go abroad immediately."

"I knew there was something," thought Sir Richard. "I wish Dr. Chloradyne had given her a sleeping-draught instead of sending her abroad. What does he know about abroad?"

"So I am to start on Thursday, and take Ida with me."

"Well, but—I say, you know, it's uncommonly awkward," said Sir Richard. "We always promised that it should be directly he came of age, and he was five and twenty yesterday, the 6th. Couldn't you manage to put it off a little? The weather will be cooler for travelling."

"If you have any regard whatever for my health, you will not propose that again," was the inauspicious reply.

"But, my dear, you see"——

"And what would be the use of it? It would only put off the marriage later still."

"Why, I thought, you see, as everything is ready, we might have it a little sooner."

"If you wish to kill me, you will talk in that way and go on pressing me to consent to having it offhand in that disgraceful way, as if we were so delighted with it, and it was such a very great honour, that we couldn't wait like everybody else, but must hurry and push it on, and make fools of ourselves just because Everard has no feeling for me, and never cared what happened to me—he has shown it in a thousand ways. I will not consent to it. Do as you like; take it all into your own hands, and order the trousseau—*do* go and order it; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The reproach was uttered in a tone of such profound conviction that, for an instant, Sir Richard almost felt himself guilty of meddling in the mysteries of dressmaking and its accessory arts; but being sure on reflection that he had not so offended, he was emboldened to say, "Hasn't the trousseau been ordered yet? How would there have been time to get it all done by the 20th of August, if things had not been—you know?"——

"But it isn't wanted for the 20th of August: how foolishly you talk!" said she, colouring up and looking down.

"But it *was* to be then, my dear, you know, and I was thinking that, in that case, you had driven it off rather."

"Do you suppose now that I don't know better than you do how long it takes to get a trousseau ready? But you must think you know better, on purpose to insinuate that I wasn't obliged to put it off, when I had planned everything"——

"I don't insinuate that at all," said Sir Richard.

She coloured more violently than before. Sir Richard was in momentary danger of hearing something greatly to his disadvantage, and would without doubt have heard it, had not his countenance proved his entire innocence of intention or ability to make grim fun out of the equivocal planning; but he had seen enough to make him desire peace at any price, not considering that peace patched up on unsound principles is neither permanent nor successful.

"My dear," he said, "I think we had better talk it over quietly," said Sir Richard. "We can arrange it all, I have no doubt: it *is* rather awkward you know if it is to be long. How long do you want to put it off for?"

"Six months. The doctors both say that I am to stay that time, and I am not going to kill myself and leave Elfrida without a mother for the sake of pleasing Everard Freville."

"Of course not: but, you see, what am *I* to do? Don't you see, Everard will be here presently, and upon my word, you know, you *must* see the awkwardness of my position, especially as having been his guardian, which threw them so much together, and"——

"And he took advantage of it to set her against all I had taught her, and make her a hypocrite, wanting to turn because she is to marry him."

"Come now, really," said Sir Richard, "you must remember that she was baptized a Catholic, and brought up so till she was seven years old, when you, you know—I am not saying you were not quite right in your own mind about it, and in

fact my neglect brought it so—but you see there it was.”

“Yes, there it was indeed—all your fault and neglect, and no example at all, but enough to make infidels of the poor dear children if they had been left to you. And then you encourage Everard to undo all that, and persuade her to turn merely because he is one of them. Now do leave me, or I shall not be able to receive the people at luncheon.”

“Yes, but about Everard, and this putting off. I won’t tell him, I really can’t.”

“And who wants you to do so? I am not afraid of telling him. It is a very small thing to wait six months for what he pretends to value so much. I should think Ida was worth waiting six months for. I suppose you will be at home for luncheon—it would be so rude to leave those two”——

“Why, you see, I really have to go some way off about, about”——

“Never mind. I don’t want to see you standing there inventing excuses. If you are afraid, why run away? you had better be quick, for here they are riding up to the door.”

Sir Richard looked through the window and turned in the opposite direction. It could not be said, in strict propriety of language, that he ran away, but he certainly walked fast till he found himself on the outside of a door at the other end of the room. He said, before shutting it: “Then you must tell these two lawyers that I was obliged to go.”

“Yes, yes. Make haste, or you will be caught,”

answered Lady Dytchley, accompanying the words with that short laugh which he had heard before to his disadvantage.

"I can't help it," said he. "If I had to live my life over again, it would be all very well; but now—what can I do? It has all shaped itself into this mess, and there it is. It will all come right."

He made his way by a back staircase to his dressing-room, walked up and down for awhile, and sat down to consider the exigencies of the case.

"I must be off," said his inner consciousness. "I am sorry to seem to desert Everard in his troubles; but I can do him no good, and should make myself look like a fool. It will all come right, all come right. I wonder what old Chloradyne really *did* say—and the other doctor too. There's a way of making out things from what a doctor says, that isn't just what he said. I can't see much the matter with her, I can't indeed. Well, I must go somewhere, and without any luncheon too, just as it's all ready at home. Where the deuce am I to get some luncheon? Father Johnson is away; and it's too near, into the bargain. I am uncommonly hungry, for I breakfasted at eight o'clock, to get back for those two lawyers (I wish they had never come), and now it's close upon half-past one, and I have to ride off, and keep out all the afternoon, without the chance of a bit of bread-and-cheese. A pretty thing it is to be starved in one's own house with the smell of the luncheon in one's nose. What am I to do? In the country there are no clubs,

and in my own neighbourhood I can't go to a public-house. If I call anywhere I shall be too late, even if they are at home ; and it would look so odd to go to a farmhouse and say I could get nothing to eat. *I* don't know what to do. Upon my word it's the hardest case that ever was. It's all nonsense to say that going abroad is necessary for her health, and I don't believe the doctors ever said so. They only saw it was wanted, and knew it would do no harm. I have a great mind to do something. By Jove, I will, too ! I will go and say plainly that I won't have the marriage put off, but put on, and settle the business and get my luncheon."

It is needless to say that he did nothing of the kind. Hunger could suggest the idea, but not enforce its execution. Starving in the midst of plenty he rode forth, grumbling in his heart while the luncheon-bell sounded in his ears.

To be perfectly just, we must admit that the project was easier to imagine than to carry out. Not only would he have to encounter another tantrum of an aggravated kind, but he must take upon himself an indefinite responsibility in opposition to two doctors ; for though he felt morally certain that their statements had undergone a considerable change in passing through the imagination, how was he to explain himself to that effect in a delicate manner, and how was he to know that her interpretation of what they had said was not sufficiently true to render an explosion of feelings more or less dangerous ? Have not large women nerves and livers and physical hearts like other people ? He

might indeed have questioned the two doctors and acted accordingly, for their answers would have satisfied anyone that the postponement of the marriage was not necessary; but having gone so far as to tell himself that he had a great mind to do something, he felt at liberty to reward the vigorous intention by doing nothing. Where he went and what he did during the hours of his voluntary exile and involuntary abstinences is not recorded: but his sudden departure astonished the two lawyers.

It had been arranged, with the directive concurrence of Lady Dytchley, that Everard should see them after luncheon, and the arrangement seemed good to every one concerned, especially to herself. She had now to communicate the change of plans, a duty requiring some skill, and not a little self-confidence. The information was conveyed in the simplest and most natural manner, as follows :—

“We had better not wait for Sir Richard,” said she, when the luncheon was announced; “for I know he had to go out quite unexpectedly, and he may be detained some time. I *do* hope and trust it will not put out all your arrangements much. It is excessively provoking, and he was immensely annoyed at it; but he really couldn’t help it.”

Having thus made known as much as she meant her hearers to understand at present, Lady Dytchley of Netherwood waited for a sympathetic reply, feeling much comfort in the assurance that she had told nothing but the truth and kept her husband’s dignity intact. The two lawyers had

recovered from their natural astonishment before she had concluded her address, and being accustomed to

*The law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,*

simply thought that Sir Richard was a great fool to waste money in bringing them down to Netherwood for no purpose. One of them said, that as their train would not start till half-past four, she need not feel uneasy, and the subject dropped.

It was a pleasant luncheon-party, and well composed. Lady Dytchley took the greatest pains to be agreeable, and succeeded. The Marquis Moncalvo kept up a brilliant and varied conversation with her and the two lawyers. Hubert Freville found an object of new and attractive interest in Elfrida. Everard, though obliged to join in the general conversation, which Hubert declined to do, found himself next to Ida and had no suspicion of Sir Richard's flight. They sat there till a quarter to three, when Lady Dytchley rose, and, ringing the bell, proposed that the Marquis, as he was fond of Gothic architecture, should be taken to see the parish church, which she affirmed (on what authority is not known) to have been built before the Norman Conquest.

"It can't be so old as that," said one of the lawyers to Everard.

"The arches are Early English, the rest of the nave Perpendicular, and the chancel Debased Gothic of the seventeenth century," answered Everard in a very low voice, moving away lest

he should be called upon for any further information within earshot of Lady Dytechley. When the butler came, in answer to her summons, she asked whether Sir Richard had returned, and, after listening with much gravity to the reply, said :—

“It is too, too provoking ; but he can’t be long. Suppose you all go to the church : it is very near. You can be back in less than half an hour, and then you will have plenty of time for everything. Elfrida, you go with them. Ida and Everard must be ready here to see your father when he comes in.”

As soon as the ecclesiological party had set out, she said, “Ida, my dear, I wish you would just finish that letter: it really ought to go to-day, and it will only take a few minutes.”

Ida, who knew that it would take a great many, went upstairs unwillingly, as may be supposed, but without feeling any suspicion of what was to befall her. Lady Dytechley stood for a while at the foot of the staircase, as if she were intending to follow, then turning abruptly towards Everard, pointed to the library and said, “I want to speak to you in there.”

She opened the door, shut it with a nervous push, and after walking a few paces up the room, stopped suddenly. Everard looked at her and listened.

“So you see he has not come back,” said she.

“I have not seen him yet,” answered Everard.

“Do you mean to insinuate that he is keeping out of the way that you may not see him?”

“Certainly not. I meant that he might have

returned within the last minute or two, but that I have not seen him."

"It's all of a piece with everything that—but it's no matter. Who says he mightn't have returned within the last minute or two? and who says you have seen him? You have no right to hint in that way when he has been so kind and so anxious and so very much more than a father about it all."

"But what have I ever done to make you suppose that I meant anything more than I said? I never hinted in my life. So far from implying that Sir Richard intended to be away, I felt so sure of his returning in good time, that I expected every moment to see him, and naturally answered, 'I have not seen him yet.'"

"What is the use of telling me all that? Do you suppose I thought you meant to *show* you didn't care about us?"

"You mistake me. I didn't speak of showing: I spoke of meaning. I tried to show what I meant. I am very sorry if I did not express myself with sufficient clearness, but you have known me long enough to take my word for the fact."

"And pray have I ever said you did not? I really have neither time nor health to go on in this way, listening to all this casuistry and twisting of one's words. Don't I know how people can say one thing and mean another?"——

"But I said that I did not mean what you thought I meant."

"I don't care what you said. It's too much, and more than I can bear, or ought to bear. I have borne a great, great deal too much, with all

this going on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and Ida made to go after a nasty snuffy old priest to have all I taught her made wrong, and all through you. And now, when I have been so very ill, so ill that the doctor said it was very, very dangerous for me to be worried, and says that I *must* go abroad immediately for six months "——

The remainder of the sentence fell upon ears that heard not. Everard had listened with unshaken calmness to the torrent of contradictory accusations by which she had brought herself up to the required point; but when he was made aware that, by the doctor's orders, real or imaginary, she was going abroad for six months, the cause of Sir Richard's absence flashed across him in an instant, and the meaning of her violence. He saw at once that she meant to postpone the marriage, that Sir Richard had gone away to avoid seeing him, that she had worked herself up into a rage for the purpose of covering the confusion she evidently felt in making the disclosure. Circumstanced as he was, what could he do, if she persisted in her resolution? What would be the consequence if she did, and what hope was there that she would not? He was simply overwhelmed by the prospect before him; for if she could put off the marriage, without having any reason for doing so, except her own will backed by her own views of a doctor's opinion, what guarantee had he that she would not invent some other excuse at the end of the six months, place Ida in the most difficult position, and remain longer abroad to make the dilemma worse?

"Well! and have you nothing to say about it?" said Lady Dytchley, clutching at her dress and twisting her fingers round one of the bows till it came off. "I should have thought you would have cared more about her, or at least pretended you did, than to stand there looking as if nothing had happened, when you must see that your marriage *must* be put off for six months. Six months—do you understand now? Six months—the doctor *will* have it so, and I am not going to kill myself and leave dear Elfrida, who never, never gave me any trouble, without a mother, just for you to get round her and undo all I taught, as you have done with Ida. Do you hear now what I say? I don't believe you care a bit about it except for her fortune. And that was why it was all arranged before you were born, arranged by the priests (now don't tell me it wasn't, for I know it was, as they always do), arranged by *your* family and the priests, just to keep up Freville Chase, bringing all this misery upon me, to see my poor dear child thrown away in this manner. Can't you speak?"

"I was going to do so," answered Everard, with the resolute calmness of an exceptionally strong-willed man, who would not by any means whatsoever be made to forget that Lady Dytchley was a woman. The natural answer would have been, "I was trying to do so;" but he was a man, and a gentleman, and therefore he said, "I was going to do so."

"Were you?" she said, raising her voice accidentally or otherwise, and looking suddenly towards him, but avoiding his eyes.

He answered, "Yes, I was going to answer what you have said, so far as I understand it."

"It's enough to provoke one of your own saints, that you worship and think more of than you do of God and the ten commandments and the Bible and the good men who gave you the Bible when your wicked priests had chained it up and made it mean all sorts of false things, and stick into niches to make the poor ignorant people believe they can hear you, as if the Bible didn't say, 'They have eyes and see not, ears and hear not.' But go on, go on—*do* go on."

"I hardly know what it is that you want me to answer," said Everard; "for I seem to be accused of so many things, and one thing leads on to another before I can answer it, so that I don't know where to begin. At any rate I am not accountable for what happened before I was born."

"And did I say you were?"

"I understood you to say so."

"It's a wicked, wicked story, and just like you. I said they had done all that (the priests and the rest) and that you had done the same, and don't care about Ida except for her fortune, and"—

"Lady Dytechley, you must hear me now," said Everard, in a penetrating voice that made her turn away and stamp on the ground. "No one knows better than myself what money would do for Freville Chase, which I love more than anything in this world except Ida. Her fortune would do all, and more than all, that I wish to do for the benefit of others, not for myself, and would enable me to fulfil many a project that I have

cherished from my boyhood. But I would willingly give up everything, let Freville Chase to a retired tinker, and live in one of my own cottages, growing potatoes, and shooting rabbits occasionally when the tinker invited me, if I had no other means of marrying Ida. I should regret what I had to do, because I love the old place, and still more because I should be of less use, but I should have no hesitation whatever about it; for, apart from my own feelings, of which you may judge by what I have said and what I am prepared to do, I know that I should be right in acting so. We were promised to each other, we have grown up for each other, we are made for each other. I am ready to die for her, but I will not give her up for any earthly consideration or any earthly power. Have I made myself clearly understood?"

"What did I ever say about your marrying her with nothing? and how could you have to do all those ridiculous things if you did, unless you have been wasting your money, as I daresay you have, giving it to the priests, who know of course, exactly what Ida will have, and spending it in all sorts of ways that I don't know of?—now don't tell me you haven't, for I never said you had. It's abominable of you to say such insulting things, as if we were capable of letting her marry you like a beggar, when she is to be so very well off, as *you* know better than anybody. You think you can get your way by saying all that, and playing the disinterested, and insulting me by hinting that I want to deprive my own child of what she is to have, and that you can make me go against the doctors, and kill myself,

to save you the trouble of waiting six months. You think it's all safe, and that you can make me do as you like by threatening to let your place and put Ida in a cottage: but how do you know that it is all safe? I tell you it's not. It's in our power; and you will see that it is if you try to marry her without my consent. And if you say much I will put it off for two years, as I have a great mind to do now for your daring to say that I wanted to deprive Ida of anything."

"I seem unable to make myself understood," said Everard. "You told me that I only cared for Ida's fortune, which on reflection you will, I am sure, regret to have said, and I simply answered a charge as odious and unfounded as could have been made. You must know perfectly well that the necessity I spoke of would not exist, even if Ida had happened to have no fortune at all, and that I supposed it merely to show, in the strongest manner I could think of, the incorrectness of the charge you inadvertently brought against me. I have never done anything to warrant the opinions you have expressed of me in reference to Ida and in reference to yourself. You know as well as I do that I love Ida for herself, and not for her fortune: you know that I have always shown the most marked respect and consideration for you. As for the few words that I have said to Ida from time to time about religion, you must know that she was baptized and, till she was seven years old, brought up a Catholic, that the engagement was made by my father, and afterwards confirmed by myself on the understanding that she would be a Catholic, that you spoke over and over again of

her being a Catholic after her marriage, and that you never said anything explicitly to me about not mentioning the subject to her in the meantime till last Tuesday. In what respect, then, have I offended in any way as regards yourself? Surely, when a man has already waited some time, as I have been obliged to do by not coming of age till five and twenty, it is not very wonderful that he should feel being put off for six months at the moment of signing the settlements."

"So you have found that out at last, and begun to see that it *did* look odd to be talking about all kinds of things when you might have been expected to have shown some feeling about Ida. What has last Tuesday to do with all the worship of images, and setting up the Pope above God, doing away with the Bible, and buying indulgences to do what you like, and getting absolution by telling what you please behind a curtain, which you have been trying to teach poor Ida?"

"If you really think that I have tried to make her believe such things as you have named, I am unable to understand how you can allow me to enter your house; but you cannot and do not think so. Just consider what it implies. If you believe that the Catholic Church teaches these abominations, you must believe that your own husband is guilty of them by belonging to it."

"It implies nothing of the sort. You know very well he doesn't follow all the Ultramontane things that were brought in by the Papal Aggression."

"Anyhow he believes in the supremacy of the Pope, which is nothing less than the grossest

idolatry if it means that the Pope is above God ; and he goes to confession, which, if it means getting absolution for telling what one pleases, is hypocrisy of the worst kind. No assurance whatever could persuade me that you could have found it in your conscience to marry a man whom you believed to be an habitual idolater and hypocrite."

Lady Dytechley's face turned very red and then very white. She bit her lips in angry meditation for a few moments, changed the position of some books that lay on the table, crumpling the Supplement of the "Times," and upsetting a box of postage stamps. Clearly some kind of struggle was going on within. The fact was that she felt herself beaten on every point. She had neither irritated him by her rudeness, frightened him by her threats, nor confused him by her irrelevant interruptions and contradictory charges. He had shown her to be in the wrong, and she could not avoid showing that she knew it. What was she to do? Try another tantrum of extra power? But they had no effect whatever on him. Recall her words frankly and lay the blame of them on the feverish attack? After all, Everard had not refused to wait : he had only objected, as any man would. This idea too crossed her mind, but was rejected with scorn. Had she not still the advantage over him in the authority she possessed?

"If I could only put him in the wrong," she thought (unawares let us hope), "make him say something that I could bring up against him whenever he opened his mouth on the subject! But no, of course he will not. I know he won't."

"You are always trying to put me in the wrong," she said at last, finding the suspense-unbearable and her own irritation extreme.

"I have not done so, never did, and never would," answered Everard decisively. "You were putting yourself in the wrong through a mistake. I was trying to prevent it, and I thought I had done so."

"I tell you I will have no more of this, not a word more," she exclaimed with renewed vehemence, moving towards the door, and sweeping the skirt of her dress on one side of him in a semicircle. "I have gone on talking and talking and talking till I am tired, trying to make you understand how very wrong you have been about it all, and how dreadfully inconsiderate you are. It's of no use talking to you—I can see that, and if I go on any more I shall be laid up here and not be able to go to the Lago Maggiore, which both the doctors have said over and over again is the only thing for me. Now listen before I go! It *must* be as I say. It can't be helped. I can't help being ill—I am ready to drop on the floor now, though of course you don't care for that, and think it's all a pretence because I exert myself through anxiety for my children."

She paused for breath, owing to the rapidity of her utterance and movements. Everard was tempted to wonder how she could benefit her children by acting unjustly to one and deceiving both as well as herself; but he had no time to think, for she was evidently preparing to leave the room. She walked up to the door with vigorous or perhaps feverish quickness, and with

another sweep of her skirt began again. "It all depends upon you," she said: "mind that. You have it entirely in your own power to do what is for your own interest or not. I am obliged to go abroad, and I am not in a fit state (the doctors have both said so) to go without one of my family—surely you ought to have feeling enough to understand that. Sir Richard must be here for the partridge-shooting, for he has asked people to come here to shoot. He can't be left here alone"——

"But can't Elfrida go with you?" said Everard, driven to desperation. "If you would only wait a very short time—a few days would do, for the settlements are ready—the marriage could take place before your journey, and Ida and I could come here, or go with you if you like. I am ready to give up my honeymoon, be away from Freville Chase till you come back, do almost anything, rather than have the marriage put off; and I know that Ida would say the same. Do me this great kindness, I entreat you: it is the greatest that you can do for me. The time required by the law is no difficulty, for the banns have been published already. Do let it be so. Give me the happiness of being always in your debt for the greatest favour that I possibly could receive from anyone." Here he paused for a moment. She made no reply, and he went on:

"It will take some days," he said, "to get ready for being six months abroad, especially after having been ill; and your being obliged to be away so long is a most natural and most evidently good reason for having it sooner. It will be

only about ten days before the time you had named, and everyone will say that you are right. You will save yourself much dissatisfaction in your own mind, you will save yourself and Ida the annoyance of unpleasant remarks in the neighbourhood, and you will do me the greatest possible act of kindness, on Ida's account as well as my own. I don't ask you to do it for me: I ask you to do it for your own comfort and for the sake of Ida. I ask you to save her from being placed in a position the painfulness of which you know far better than I can tell you. All this didn't occur to you at the moment—and very naturally when you had so many other things to think of; but now that I have put it all before you I am sure you will do what I ask."

But Lady Dytechley was sure that she would not. His words had penetrated her mind only: an obstinate determination to carry out her own will because it was her own, because it was opposed, and because it suited her purpose, rendered her artificially callous. Her heart was closed before the most reasonable, the most touching appeal that could have been made to a woman and a mother.

"And do you suppose for a moment," she said, "that I would allow such a thing? That I would consent to hurrying the marriage like a wedding in a play? That I would let my daughter marry without a proper trousseau and a proper wedding, as if I were so anxious for the honour of sending her to Freville Chase, that I was ready to get rid of her anyhow? You ought to be ashamed of making so very, very improper a proposal. Have you no feeling for Ida, that you can think of

marrying her in such a way, like two gipsies jumping over a broomstick? and making her be talked about by every one as if she were running after you—I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself—and making us all ridiculous before the whole county and everywhere else, and all to suit your own convenience? I had hoped that your own sense and good feeling would have made you act very differently; but as you refuse to listen to reason, and I am too ill to go on with this miserable dispute any longer, I see that I must end the matter once for all. Ida and I start on Thursday, and the marriage will take place exactly six months to a day from now—to-day is the 7th of August. But after the painful scene of to-day it is incumbent on me to take care of myself. I cannot have you coming after us, repeating the same thing and making a scene before everybody in a foreign hotel. Now if you keep quiet, the wedding shall be on the 7th of February, but if you follow us abroad I will put it off for two years. I can, and I will. I am not going to be bullied by you. If you don't like it, you are free to break off the marriage; and, in fact, I consider you as disengaged—remember that—! There now, don't try to twist my words again. Come and dine with us on Wednesday, all of you, and tell me then if you have any more to say; but remember about not following us abroad, for I shall keep my word if you do. Good-bye now till Wednesday."

The long skirt disappeared through the door, trailing rapidly after her along the hall, up the staircase, and onwards. Everard remained, as it were,

rooted to the spot where he stood when hearing the words, "I consider you as disengaged—remember that." This last blow was so crushing, so unexpected, that he was in a manner stunned by it, and but dimly conscious of what had passed. By degrees the whole conversation, with every look, tone and movement that had emphasised her meaning, opened out before him as if it were taking place over again, while circumstances corroborative of the worst suspicions became connected with it in his mind for the first time.

"Her late coldness," he thought, "and methodical fits of temper, her going to the Lago Maggiore just when Lady Oxborough is going there with the eldest son, her telling me to consider myself disengaged—what is all this but part of one plan? I am not afraid of Ida (perish the thought!) but *for* her; for all the annoyances, all the sufferings that I shall be powerless to prevent. I am utterly powerless."

It was but too evident. The very embodiment of power in himself, he was utterly powerless to protect her. True she was of age, and considering their life-long engagement under the sanction of both her parents, without any just reason whatever for breaking it, they were fairly entitled to take the responsibility on themselves: but how could that be done with a due regard to propriety whilst Ida was at Baveno or some other place on the Lago Maggiore? Lady Dytechley had threatened to put off the marriage for two years if he followed them, and was quite capable of remaining abroad to ensure the fulfilment of her threat. Then again, how could he measure the

amount of varied pressure and misrepresentation that might be brought to bear on Ida during his absence, with all the energy of resentment and all the seeming truth of a false conscience?

"God help me! I am utterly powerless to protect her," said Everard aloud in the bitterness of his heart, when the door was opened and in walked Elfrida with the two lawyers, Hubert, and the Marquis Moncalvo. Elfrida saw at once that something had gone very wrong, and without any previous knowledge guessed the cause more or less correctly.

"Everard, there is something the matter with you," she said in a low voice. "Do tell me before you go, and if I can do anything in the world for you"——

"You dear, kind girl! I will if I can," answered Everard, turning away towards the lawyers.

The latter had only to say that they regretted Sir Richard's unavoidable absence, that they must catch the train, and that the carriage was at the door. As soon as they had gone Elfrida went upstairs, and returned in a few minutes with a note in her hand.

"My mother tells me to say," said she, looking very grave and unwilling, "that she is too tired and unwell to come down, and hopes you will all come to dinner on Wednesday."

The Marquis expressed his concern, and hoped that Lady Dytechley's indisposition was not serious. Hubert repeated within himself "My mother tells me to say," and formed his own opinion. Elfrida turned to Everard and said, "Come with me a moment, I want to speak to you." He followed

her into a kind of lumber-room near the garden entrance, filled with cricket bats, battledores and shuttlecocks, targets, old galoshes, hyacinth glasses, and an old damask sofa.

"Read this first, in case it may require an answer," she said, putting the note into his hand. The note was as follows:—

"My dear Everard,—You must not misunderstand me. I felt very ill and had been worried besides by the pain of disappointing you which I would not have done for the world if I could have helped it. And so I am afraid I spoke unkindly to you, my nerves being so shaken that I hardly knew what I was doing. I wanted to explain too, that if you were to follow us abroad it would look odd to explain to the people there who you are, and for you to be with us without explanation would have an appearance that you, I am sure, would not like for Ida's sake. I promise you to be back before the time I named, and if I do as well as I expect to do through the change of air, I will come back much sooner, so that the delay will be very short.

"Believe me, yours affectionately,

"Charlotte Dytchley."

"May I see it?" said Elfrida, when he had read the note.

"Do: I wish you would. And I should like to say a word to you about what it refers to."

"I thought so," said she, running her eyes down the first page and turning it over. "I saw that something was wrong. But what is it?"

"Your mother told me just now that she

must put off the marriage, was going to take Ida abroad, would put it off two years if I went where they were, and considered me as disengaged. I think that is enough, considering that I have given her no cause whatever for treating me so. This note is much kinder, speaks of shortening the delay, and implies that what she said about being disengaged was said in haste; but the words have been said. They must have had some meaning, and none that can bode any good. I don't understand it, and I don't know what to do or think. I never felt utterly powerless till now. Can you give me any clue to the mystery?"

"I can't. I have heard my mother scold Ida about being a Catholic, and tell her she was only doing it on your account, and knew better, and all that; but I have always heard her speak of the marriage as a settled thing. She has never even expressed a wish that it should not be."

"Then what is the cause of the put-off?"

"She has not told me anything about it yet; but she has been under the new doctor's care, and I suppose that she has understood him to have ordered her abroad."

"But I asked her to wait a little and put forward the wedding, and she only became very angry. No doctor would have objected to that, and, as I told her, it would prevent all the unpleasant remarks that are sure to be made if Ida goes abroad in this way, when the wedding-day had been fixed. No one will believe in the necessity of so sudden a move, and as your father's marked absence is known to everyone in the house, both guests and servants, the thing will

get about with every sort of conjecture and exaggeration. I wonder she doesn't see it."

"She will, she must, she can't really mean anything. I wish our old doctor were alive: this one is not so plain-spoken, and she may have misunderstood him to order her abroad, when he only meant to say that it would be a good thing. He will be here presently, and I will speak to him about it. He can and must put it right. Is there anything else that I can do?"

"Yes, but—is it possible? I want to see Ida before I go."

"Impossible. She is writing letters in my mother's room."

"Help her then as you best can. Support her—we all want support sometimes."

"You may rely upon it that I will: you may count upon me. I will not fail you."

"You are a noble-hearted girl," said Everard, leaving the room. "I shall be here on Wednesday."

"Stop! Is there any answer or message?"

"Only to thank her for her—kind note."

Elfrida hurried upstairs, and he returned to the library, where the Marquis and Hubert were waiting for him.

Shortly afterwards, the stable clock being on the strike, the hour five o'clock, and Everard on the other side of the lodge, riding back to Freville Chase with his two guests (but that was no matter), Lady Dytchley sent Elfrida to see an old woman who lived in a cottage on the farther side of the park, Ida to get some fresh air in the shrubbery, and, betaking herself to the sofa in her

bedroom, reposed there till a knock was heard at the door, and the sympathising countenance of the young doctor appeared in the opening.

"I feel very tired and ill to-day," she said, "but I have had so much to think of and so much to worry me, I quite see that I shall never be well till I can get away and have perfect rest."

"Change of air and scene is the best thing in such a case," answered the doctor.

"It troubles me very much though that my going abroad should—put anything off and put any one out."

"If there is anything of importance there is really no reason why"——

"Well, I think it is better as it is; but I can't bear to put any one out."

"We can't help doing so sometimes," remarked the doctor.

"No, indeed. I wish one could. Am I to go then?"

He looked fixedly at her for a moment, said to himself, "she means to go," and replied—"By all means: it will—suit your case exactly."

"Then you will come to see me on Wednesday afternoon, won't you?"

He promised to do so, and went his way, while Elfrida was hurrying onwards to the cottage, that she might be in time to see him on her way back. Ida, having been duly informed of his arrival, came in from the shrubbery to her mother, whilst he was mounting his horse at the stables.

"He left this minute—how very provoking," said Lady Dytchley. "I wanted him to tell you,

to save me from telling it, for I can't bear to disappoint you."

"Oh! what is it?" said Ida, turning deadly pale, as the peculiar nature of the feverish attack occurred to her, in combination with Sir Richard's portentous retirement, the departure of the lawyers with the unsigned settlements, and her mother's refusal to go downstairs after her interview with Everard.

"What is it?" she repeated with sudden and unwonted vehemence, while Lady Dytechley appeared to hesitate. "Do tell me! I *must* know—I *will* know."

"My dear Ida," said Lady Dytechley, "don't make up imaginary evils. There is nothing dreadful in what I have to say, nothing more than what happens, more or less, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The doctor says I am to go abroad for a bit, which will interfere with the wedding-day; but I have no doubt that the change of air and scene will set me up very soon,—I feel that it will, and that the delay need be no longer than usually happens owing to lawyers and dressmakers. That is all. I am grieved that you should have the smallest disappointment about it, but my own marriage was put off twice."

Ida breathed again; for though the news was bad enough, all circumstances considered, it was immeasurably less so than the vague terrors that her imagination had conjured up. It was worse than disappointing, but it was a relief, which was just what Lady Dytechley meant it to be.

"You will see Everard the day before we go," said Lady Dytechley, rising from the sofa; "but

I must begin to think of what we must have put up. They all three dine here on Wednesday. You look pale: you have had no air to-day, and I brought you in when you were out. Do walk a little more, my child."

Ida did so readily, being anxious to review events and see Elfrida. Lady Dytchley, having suspicions of being in a dilemma, and wishing to see her way out of it, was not sorry for her absence. The dilemma was this:—Hubert Freville had paid very marked and thoughtful attention to Elfrida, and Hubert Freville was as eligible in appearance and character as in worldly position. From both points of view the probability was good as a probability and as a match. Yet she found it advisable to do what would look very much like snubbing him, that is, to start on Wednesday morning and leave Sir Richard to entertain the guests from Freville Chase. Now she must either do this or let Everard and Ida meet again. If she chose the former alternative she would be acting imprudently for Elfrida; if the latter, Everard's presence would produce awkward complications: therefore, whether she did or did not start on Wednesday morning, she must outwit herself. That was her dilemma. The difficulty was graver than it seems at first sight, being rendered more so by a strange mixture of good and evil. Respecting Hubert her motives were really good: she valued not merely his position but himself, for what she believed him to be, and what in fact he was. The complication regarded Everard,—and here her motives were so mixed that she had

ceased to understand them herself. She clung with fierce tenacity to her own religion, partly from training and habit, partly through a sort of abstract conscientiousness fortified for opposition by the stimulating properties of a mixed marriage ; and her principles, being strengthened, such as they were, by the absence of any in Sir Richard, had led her, as we have seen, to take the religion of his Catholic children into her own hands, till she looked upon the direction of it as a vested right. Thus the engagement with Everard had always been a grievance, but much more so since Ida had declared herself a Catholic, and most of all since the announcement of her marriage had disclosed indirectly the attachment of Lord Oxborough's eldest son, the very man whom Lady Dytchley would have preferred to any other. Now in respect of the man himself personally, there was everything to be said in favour of the match, always supposing that the two facts of Ida's engagement and Catholicity were out of the way ; and as Lady Dytchley had always wished them away, it was not so difficult for her to see as she wished, when irritated by seeing the end at hand. Thus, good motives protected the bad, the indifferent supported them as being related, self-knowledge was nowhere, and combative religionism diffused itself over the whole question. The dilemma was a subjective reality.

While she was revolving these things in her own mind and in her own way, Sir Richard, tired and hungry, dissatisfied with every one, and much reduced in his own esteem, rode into the yard. He had fasted from eight o'clock in the morning

(it was now past six), and ridden all about the country in that condition since half-past one, avoiding human habitations lest he should be caught in the fact of leaving home to go nowhere. Leaving his horse at the entrance of the yard while the old coachman was coming out of the harness-room to take him, the weary exile made a safe entrance into the house by a back door, and sought shelter from possible lawyers or other belated guests by hurrying up the back stairs, with a view to enclosing himself in his dressing-room till he should learn that the coast was clear. At the junction of two passages he saw Ida in the distance, and becoming conscious of something within him very different from the sudden glory that Hobbes defines laughter to be, turned the other way. He had not proceeded far when a door opened and Lady Dytchley, standing before him, said with that short laugh which never boded any pleasant information :—

“Well! so you have come back.”

“Can’t you have dinner earlier, or have something brought upstairs for me?” said he, stimulated by the pangs of hunger, and nettled by the contemptuous reception which he knew himself to deserve.

“Dinner was not ordered later than usual,” she replied, retiring into the room, and taking a black silk mantle out of a large wicker imperial. “Do come in or out. What is it?”

“It is that I have had nothing to eat since eight o’clock, and have been riding all over the country for five hours—with the roads as hard as a brick, and the mare wanting new fore-shoes. If

that isn't something I don't know what is. I am downright starved. I feel just like an india-rubber ball with the wind out."

"And pray who asked you to do all this? If you *would* run away and leave me to do everything, why really"——

The short laugh appropriately closed the sentence, but not Sir Richard's mouth. Hunger and the local restrictions which his fear of meeting Everard still imposed, determined him to plead like a sturdy beggar.

"Well, I don't know that any one asked me to go, but it was your doing that I had to go. How could I stay, to look like a fool and worse than a fool? You have made me break my word"——

"Oh! if you can say that—but, never mind; you will be sorry some day."

"Well, but you *would* have it put off, and there were the settlements and Everard and two family lawyers, all waiting by appointment, and two strangers looking on."

"How did *I* stay and meet them all, and do what you ought to have done, without any difficulty or bother, or making any disturbance?"

"I'm sure I don't know, and I had better not know, I think. You have ways of your own. All I know is, that if I had come in and told a long story about a doctor and Italian lakes, and sent them off with their parchments, and told Everard that I was very sorry for breaking my word, but I couldn't help it, and all that, I should never be able to show my face anywhere again. I had to get out of the way on your account, and now you won't help me to get something to eat,

when I haven't had anything for ten hours and a half."

"But why come here for it?" said Lady Dytchley, avoiding the question of the doctor and the Italian lakes as unpleasant and now obsolete. "They would have made you some sandwiches in a few minutes if you had asked for them."

"Ah! to be sure," said he. "But have they all gone off—Everard and the rest?"

"Long ago. They all dine here on Wednesday," said she, as he was disappearing behind the door in quest of sandwiches. "It can't be helped, you know: just before the journey and the unfortunate postponement, and with his cousin staying there too. You *must* see him."

"I'll be"—and those were positively his last words, his last two words: they were indeed.

Elfrida had returned from the cottage, and Everard, leaving the Marquis with Hubert, was turning off to give a message to some one at a farmhouse. As soon as he had parted from them, they began to talk about him, or rather the Marquis made, perhaps accidentally, a remark that led to their doing so.

"That was a very strange proceeding," said he, "to bring him there with those notaries (or whatever they are called)"——

"They were the family solicitors."

"To bring the family solicitors with the—what is it?"

"Marriage settlements."

"And then go away. It was a gross insult, and he ought to resent it."

"That's all very well," said Hubert, opening the gate of a wood that led down into a hollow of the Chase; "but when a man really cares for a woman, he is not going to kick up a row and tell her father he's a fool."

"It touches his honour—there is no doubt of that," said the Marquis.

"It touches Sir Richard's, not his. What would you have him do?"

"Well, I don't say: customs are different, and—temperaments. I am afraid that I should feel inclined to resent it strongly."

"Fight Sir Richard, eh? What with? Pop-guns in a saw-pit? Would you dream of treating such a man seriously, even if the thing were admissible, on any grounds?"

"You are right; but really something should be done. It is enough to make him break off his marriage. He would be quite justified in doing so, and I think he ought."

"All very well again, if the lady were out of the question; but he has a duty to her as well as to himself."

"True, but there is a limit."

"I can't imagine how there can be any limits to the duty of being faithful to a promise of marriage; and if there are such, his case would not be within them. They have been in a manner engaged all their lives, and any one can see how awfully fond they are of each other."

"When a woman has looked upon herself as engaged for so long," said the Marquis, "and especially when the idea has been impressed on her in childhood, as appears to have been the case

with Miss Dytchley, she feels herself irrevocably bound, and if she has good principles, will love, or think she loves, the man to whom she is engaged"——

"I'll be hanged if she will, if she doesn't like him," quoth Hubert.—"There's an old tom-cat poaching. I should like to have a shot at him."

"Not always, no doubt," said the Marquis, who was not much impressed by the truth, so evident to rural Englishmen, that a tom-cat in a wood is the right animal in the wrong place. "I do not suppose or believe that Miss Dytchley does not love him entirely."

"I don't think about it," said Hubert, "I know she does."

"No doubt you are right: but has he the same feeling?"

"I'll go bail for that," said Hubert, tugging at the farther gate, which hung a little, irritating Thunderbolt so much that he nearly knocked the Marquis and his horse into the ditch.

The gate was opened at last, and they rode down the hollow into the Chase.

"It is difficult to know what to think and what to hope about it," said the Marquis. "If Sir Richard's very extraordinary conduct is not really intentional, all may be right; but if it is so, and Everard Freville feels it much, the case is serious, and makes one feel great resentment on his account."

"Oh! it was only Lady Dytchley's nonsense. Don't you see? She wants to go somewhere abroad, and put off the wedding to suit her fancy.

Everard told me so just now when I asked him what the row was."

"He appears quite satisfied—which is strange, when a man has just heard that his marriage is to be deferred; but I think that you Englishmen are wiser, more practically philosophical in those things than we are."

"I don't know about our being wise," answered Hubert, "and I don't believe in philosophy having anything to do with the matter."

"It may, and it has, if the feelings are cold enough. Englishmen can reason with gravity on such things, even in their own case, when we should be maddened. So I am not afraid for Everard Freville."

Hubert thought that he heard something unusual in the tone of his voice, and looking at him suddenly saw on his face an expression not seen before.

"What does that infernal look mean?" thought he. "He looks just like the wicked rival in a play, staring up at the chandelier while he is telling the audience how he hates the other man. I always thought him a beast. It's gone again now—but it's all the worse to be able to put on a face and take it off like that. Anyhow he shall have his answer."

"Look here!" he said. "You are on a wrong tack. I don't know about being maddened, and don't see any good in it: it strikes me that it's better to be sane when you think of marrying. But, as to coldness, there's about as much of it in Everard Freville as there is inside Mount Vesuvius when the crater is quiet. Do you mean

to say that you can't see that, with all the years you have lived, and all the notice you seem to have taken of people and things?"

"You are enthusiastic," said the Marquis, his countenance relapsing into its habitual expression of melancholy. "It is pleasant to find enthusiasm in these days when it is generally represented by noise, vulgarity and a strong inclination to steal."

"What I said about Everard is a simple fact," said Hubert; "and as to enthusiasm and that sort of thing, you will find plenty of it in England. Jumping about and making a row are not the only proofs of deep feeling."

The Marquis coloured slightly, and then smiled. "You are right, and I admire your strong and distinct manner of expressing it. You have also in England a reverence for women—I suppose you have it from the Anglo-Saxons, for it was remarkable among the old Teutonic races. Tacitus describes Herminius rousing the country by a harangue in which I principally remember that he excited the indignation of his hearers by telling them that the Romans had put forth all their strength to take captive his wife—*unam mulierculam*."

"Happily there is the same sort of feeling among us yet," said Hubert, "and I hope will always be: the country will be good for nothing if we lose it. But I don't think we can trace it so far: the mixture of races would have got rid of it before now, if there was nothing else to keep it going."

"Perhaps it would: but to what do you attribute it?"

"To country tastes and domestic habits. A man is not likely to have right feelings and principles about women if he is always hanging about the streets and public places."

"Country tastes, perhaps, yes—for they are innocent themselves, and remove people from many temptations, especially from the danger of bad examples; but surely domestic habits are an effect of the feeling I admired, not the cause of it."

"I can't say which is the cause and which is the effect when both are of the right sort: I should say they were inseparable, and come from not being morally rotten. But they must be real, and not humbug, or they are only a do and a sell. A man may talk a lot of sickly sentimentality and write sonnets to a lady's pug-dog, and all that, and be nothing but outside all the time—that isn't having a right feeling about women. And he may stay indoors bothering everybody, till he is a general and particular nuisance, and be the most selfish, ill-tempered, unloving brute unhung—that isn't being domestic."

"Very true; but I hardly understand the meaning of the words 'do' and 'sell' as substantives."

"Well, it means when a fellow tries to take you in by pretending to be straightforward, and makes you believe in his humbug if you don't see through him,—there goes a stoat after a rabbit. He'll have him to a certainty, the little beggar. Did you ever watch one of them at it?"

The Marquis confessed with becoming modesty that he had not, and as the little beggar went out

of sight at the same time behind a clump of fern, he thought it unnecessary to make any further investigations, but returned to what may be called the centre of their conversation, saying :

“ The strange behaviour of Sir Richard Dythchley to-day nearly led me into philosophical discussions, for which I should apologise as out of place during a ride through a wood, were it not that the discussion extracted some valuable opinions from you, which have taught me much and suggested more. I have enjoyed a very agreeable conversation, and I am especially glad to hear from you, who have better means of judging than I can have, that there was no intentional slight to Everard Freville.”

“ Oh, as to that,” said Hubert, “ there was nothing of the sort. Of course it was a beastly shame, and he deserved to be kicked all round his own park, but ”——

“ Kicked ? ” repeated the Marquis in astonishment.

“ Yes, Sir Richard, of course ; and old Everard Freville, your brother-in-law, was the man to have done it too, from what I have heard of him ; but we mustn’t make too much of it. Sir Richard is a trumpery sort of man, and I daresay he couldn’t help it.”

“ But surely you would not wish Everard to do that ? ” said the Marquis, aghast at the idea of resenting an injury with the toe of one’s boot.

“ Of course not. The difference of age and their relative positions would make any want of respect inadmissible. All I meant was that Sir Richard deserved to be treated like a school-

boy when he doesn't behave as a gentleman should."

"Then, are schoolboys kicked?"

"Decidedly, when they deserve it. I have had occasion to kick more than one myself before now."

At this moment Everard cantered up, and they talked of other things till they reached home. The Marquis dismounted at the gate-house: Hubert took his horse, amid many apologies, and went with Everard to the stables.

"Well," said Everard, making an effort to rouse himself, "are you satisfied now that he can ride?"

"I suppose he can in his way," answered Hubert. "Thunderbolt nearly knocked him over into the ditch, coming out of the wood—I wish he had."

"What do you want to roll him into the ditch for? He has done you no harm."

"He hasn't had a chance, that I know of; but I advise you to look out, for I saw an expression in his eye when he was talking about you that I didn't like at all."

"You must have fancied it, my dear fellow. I have seen nothing of the kind in him."

"Perhaps not—I can't help that. I tell you what I saw. You have a hundred times the knowledge and sense and everything else that I have, but I am right about this. For God's sake, don't trust him!"

CHAPTER IX.

“**D**OES he go in for piety of a morning, while he is here?” said Hubert, just before breakfast the next day.

“He was not at Mass, if you mean that,” answered Everard. “But one mustn’t be more Catholic than the Church. You must understand that it is not of obligation to hear Mass every day.”

“So I supposed; but if a man were to take the same privilege in worldly matters, and do no more than he was obliged to do, he wouldn’t advance much on his own line, whatever it might be. I know as little as possible of what Catholics do and believe, for I never got beyond the outside of one till last Wednesday when I met you again at Bramscote; but I know this much, that their religion is and must be all, or nothing, and I can’t see how it can admit half measures.”

“You are right in principle, and so you are of course in your comparison between what we do for our souls and what we do for everything besides”——

“Don’t say ‘we :’ it doesn’t apply to you in the least.”

“‘*Chi più, chi meno;*’ and the value of the more

and the less depends very much on the opportunities we have had. If he had had mine, he would very likely have made a much better use of them than I have. But I was going to say, irrespectively of him, that you mustn't set a man down as a bad Catholic merely for not going to Mass as often as I do. I know many such who are probably very much better than myself. You must take early habit, local customs, temperament, and other things into consideration about that, and also about going to confession and Holy Communion. I could show you exemplary Catholics who go four times a year, and would never dream of going oftener. But what a preparation they make! I feel ashamed of myself when I see them pouring over their old 'Garden of the Soul' that they know by heart. Of course frequent Communion (that is, as frequent as one's director considers prudent) is better in itself, for Holy Communion is the most powerful of all channels of grace, and we cannot afford to deprive ourselves of that; but there are cases where, from one cause or another, it is well to approach it less often. Some people are afraid of becoming less reverential by greater frequency, others find it better to do as they have been accustomed to do from the first. Others again are not capable of making so good a preparation if called upon to do so oftener. Don Frassinetti, in his most beautiful and useful little book, '*Il Conforto dell'anima Divota*,' speaking of Holy Communion, '*Il pascolo piu sostanzioso dell'anima*,' says: '*Se alle volte non è male astenersi per umiltà, è sempre*

*ben fatto non astenersi mai per amore.** And now we had better get on some other subject. You brought it all on yourself by being so hard on poor Moncalvo."

"Not a bit hard on the brute. I am glad I said it, and doubly so, because it drew you out. You spoke like a book, and I took it all in with great interest, so far from wanting to get on another subject. Why did you never take me into the chapel?"

"We were out all day yesterday. Suppose we go there after breakfast. You will find it genuine all through. I am proud of it, and feel a sort of right to be so, because I had nothing to do with it myself. My father did it."

"I didn't mean merely going to look at it; I meant during Mass. Why didn't you take me this morning? I was up and about long before."

"You had only to open the door and go in. I never offer to take a non-Catholic to hear Mass. What is the use of it? Mass is at eight o'clock every morning, except Sundays and holy days. You have only to open the door in the hall, opposite the farther door of the gallery, and go straight on."

"You rather puzzle me. If I believed as you do, I should go at everybody and try to make them believe the same: but you take it as coolly as if it didn't signify one way or the other."

"Going at people never did any good, and is

* "This most sustaining food of the soul, from which, though it is not wrong to abstain sometimes through humility, it is always right not to abstain through love."—*The Consolation of the Devout Soul*. Frassinetti. Translated by Georgiana Lady Chatterton. Burns and Oates. 1876. P. 165.

likely to do very great harm. Catholic truth will no more convince a man if his mind is not prepared to receive it, than gold leaf will stick before the wood has been sized. The only difference is, that we can prepare the wood, but not the mind."

"How do you know that my mind is not ready?"

"I don't know; but I must have some better proof than your wanting to hear Mass, before I believe that it is."

"I don't say that it is, and in fact I don't think so. I respect and admire the Catholic Church immensely as the most wonderfully perfect institution that ever existed"——

"Which, by the by, considering Who instituted it, is not at all wonderful: but I am interrupting you."

"Well, I respect and admire it in every way; but there is nothing more inside me about it, as far as I know."

"That is just why I have left you alone. If I had seen anything beyond that, I should have acted differently."

"But how did you know what a beautiful service in a beautiful chapel might do?"

"I don't believe in people being converted so. Ceremonies are worse than nothing, apart from what they represent."

"Evidently; but the outside sometimes attracts people to look within."

"It does; but unless they are prepared to see straight when they look inside, they had better not look at all. To hover round the Catholic Church in that way is to be like a moth flying round a candle: the light will only singe you."

"Well, I can't say that I should see as you see, and I don't believe I should; but I should look straight anyhow. Either the Catholic Church is the One True Religion, and therefore excludes every other, or its claims and promises are a most beautiful dream, the sum of the highest human aspirations. I want to make out which it is, and I wish you would help me to do so."

"And suppose you were to find out that it *is* the One True Church?"

"Why, in that case I should go in for the whole thing, of course."

"Are you prepared, in that case, to suffer a good deal in consequence, as converts often have to do? For instance, not only to be shelved hereafter, as a representative Englishman, more or less shut out from public life, territorial influence and the confidence of your neighbours (for all that is certain), but perhaps to be put into the most trying kind of false position as long as your uncle lives, to pass many of the best years of your life in poverty, checked at every turn, cramped in every taste and inclination, possibly obliged to renounce the idea of a happy marriage, or worse, to see one pass away for ever through want of present means? I am not saying that your uncle would put you in such a position: I don't think he would. But these things do happen—might happen to you—and should be faced beforehand. No one can dip into that question and be as he was before."

"Surely one can, if one has been honest about it, and I promise you to be that. Of course one can't be hurried over it."

"Decidedly not," said Everard, "but I am certain that sooner or later you will see the truth, if you enter into the question, and therefore I warned you of the trials you might have to encounter. I should not have put every possible and improbable trial before you all at once, were I not sure that you have the stuff in you to face the whole thing, and qualities that make it better for you to do so."

At this moment the Marquis passed by the windows of the dining-room, which looked over the Chase to the east, and in a few minutes he came into the room.

"My watch has lost a quarter of an hour," he said, "and made me late. I hope that I have not kept you waiting long."

"Oh no, not at all. We have not even had the letters yet," answered Everard. "Here they are."

The letters were put on the breakfast table, and presently Hubert, throwing down one that he was reading, exclaimed:—

"What an abominable nuisance! as if he couldn't find any other time but this"——

"What is the matter?" said Everard.

"It's from my uncle at Beynham. Here he begins on two sheets of paper at once—at least he goes on to the other before he has done with the one—with a lot about people I don't know, and don't wish to know. Well, here it is—I mean the beginning of it, which is all that concerns me, and a deal too much."

"My dear Hubert, where have you been all this while?" (Why, I saw him three weeks ago in

London.) *'I heard from'*—(I can't make out the name)—*'that you were staying at'*—— Oh! I can't read that, nor the next line, but the letter came here somehow. Here is the upshot of it: *'I go home to Beynham on Thursday, and shall want you to be there on the same day in good time, for some people are coming. It is not worth while to say who they are, as you will see that when you come. They are like myself, old bachelors, or else half-married men of the same kind—selfish, good-humoured, and more or less afflicted with creeping fogeyism'*—and so on. He isn't a fogey at all; and his friends are, as a rule, much pleasanter to talk to than most of the men of my own age: they don't think so much of themselves, and they take trouble to make themselves agreeable. But it's hard to be called away when I am so happy here; and I had no reason to expect it, for I never knew him ask people before the first of September. He is as kind and considerate as possible, and would leave me here if he knew how much I want to stay; but I don't like to tell him about it now that he has counted upon me."

"Come back as soon as you can," said Everard.

"That I will. I shall be only too glad."

"What does he mean by 'half-married men?'" said the Marquis with unaffected curiosity.

"Oh! he means one or two that go their own way and neglect their wives. They're a bad lot, only he has known them a long while, and is so good-hearted that he never gives anybody up."

"I, too, am obliged to go on Thursday, I find," said the Marquis, raising his eyes from the letter

in his hand and looking at Hubert. "I am as sorry as you are, after the very kind and hospitable invitation I have had to remain. I had hoped and believed" (here he turned to Everard) "that I should be able to stay longer; and the air of Freville Chase has done me so much good, that I have abandoned the idea of going to Brighton. But, unfortunately for myself, I am called away. I must hope to make up for my loss at some future time."

"I hope you will," said Everard, as they rose from the breakfast-table. "Only write me word when you think of coming, in case of my being away from home. But I am not likely to be away long at a time. Shall you be ready to ride to Hazeley to-day? They half expect us at luncheon."

The Marquis expressed his pleasure at the proposal, and for the first time Hubert found himself agreeing with him. The horses were ordered for eleven o'clock.

"Mind, I must see the chapel presently," said Hubert.

"In half an hour, if that will do."

In half an hour Everard, followed by Hubert, opened the door corresponding with that through which Anne the housemaid had peeped at the Marquis, and passing along a vaulted stone passage, at the end of which on the left was the sacristy, entered the chapel.

Hubert, like other English gentlemen who make what used formerly to be called the Grand Tour, had seen the inside of many Catholic churches and appreciated them, not without critical taste

in an architectural and æsthetical sense; but a Catholic church representing a living reality, with real live English people saying their prayers in it, was a new sensation. The smell of the incense when the door was opened gave him the first idea: it seemed to him that it spanned the history of faith, from the days of Aaron to the days that are, connected the Ritual of the Old and New Testament, and bridged over the space of nearly four thousand years, with the Epiphany for its central arch.

"Here is a hint of unity," he thought, as he entered the chapel. "And of continuity, and of Divine government delegated to man, from Moses to the present Pope. It is only an outward sign, but it signifies a reality, and belongs to the greatest reality that ever existed."

His first impression on entering the chapel was strong but not distinct: he only saw a subdued light coming through stained windows and softening the outlines of a white altar that stood within a screen of carved oak. He said nothing, but knelt down for awhile, and then, returning to his former position in front of the chancel, began to distinguish.

The roodscreen was of dark oak remarkably well carved, its crucifix devotional and in good proportion with the building. The high altar, with its fretwork and pinnacles that rose up on each side of the stained windows, was of pure white stone, the frontal of dark ruby velvet richly embroidered. The reredos was of alabaster in alto relievo, with a groundwork of very soft pink. The marble tabernacle was also white, but of a

warmer hue, and enriched with precious stones. Above the delicate tracery of its pinnacles was a crucifix under a richly-carved canopy, and, above that, the chancel window. The roof was of very dark oak, having its principal beams carved, and the groined work between stencilled in warm but delicate colours. The two side-altars on the right and left of the chancel arch were of white stone, like the high altar, with fretwork and pinnacles above, that formed three niches and their canopies. In the centre niche on the Gospel side was a statue of our Blessed Lady, on the other side, of St. Joseph. The stations, ranged along the nave, and framed in black oak, were of alabaster in alto relievo, with a background of pale blue. They were embedded in a frieze-work of carved stone that ran all round the walls. Besides the stained glass window in the chancel there were four on each side in the clerestory, and one above the entrance, the former quatrefoil, the latter rosasse. The light was soft and warm, subdued but not dim.

Hubert examined everything and said nothing : he had never been known to remain silent so long. When he had finished and was beginning again, he said :—

“I have not half seen it : I must come again early to-morrow morning, and this afternoon if we get back from Hazeley in time. I suppose we must be off soon ?”

“This is the sacristy on the right,” said Everard, as they left the chapel. “There is not much to see, but what there is, is good of its kind.”

The sacristy was panelled with dark oak, the lower part carved, as was also the chimney-piece,

and all the furniture. When all had been seen and they were walking back towards the hall, Hubert began to speak.

"That chapel is a sacred poem," said he, "a practical treatise on all art, a catechism teaching by symbols. In the first place there was perfect proportion throughout, as I think there was in what you explained to me before breakfast. In both cases there appeared to be no undue importance anywhere. In art proportion is essential to truth, and so it must be in every system whatsoever. Now if I am right in thinking that I have found it in Catholicity, I have found there an essential condition of truth. But the question is, whether I shall find it in the Catholic Church, as I half expect to do. I don't find it in non-Catholic Christianity, but just the reverse: the Established Church is like a body with a nose of one type, a mouth of another, eyes of a third, and so on. Now if I find in Catholicity an essential condition of a true system, a true Church, I shall have found a key to the puzzle; for as God cannot contradict Himself, there can only be One."

"If that key is the handiest to open the door, well and good," said Everard; "but there are other ways far simpler, more compact, and more convincing. What you say about proportion is true, and the subject almost inexhaustible; but if you compare everything in the doctrine, practice, and history of the Church, your whole life will not suffice for the work, and if you do less, you will only have compared portions. The question really lies in a nutshell, and when fairly put, is so

convincing, that our adversaries invariably try to complicate it. If you get hold of that, you will gradually discover facts of every sort and description that point the same way, and they will be as instructive as they are interesting; but if you begin with them, you will be like a man in a labyrinth without the clue."

"You are right—I see," said Hubert. "But what is the real question? We have not had it out about mixed marriages yet; and this is far more important."

"If you see the one," said Everard, "you will have no difficulty about seeing the other. When can you come again?"

"In November. My uncle goes off abroad then: he says that the dead leaves give him something or other. The fact is that he hates the country and doesn't know what to do with himself there."

"What should you be doing then?"

"I hardly know. My life is an unsettled sort of thing. I ought to be going in for my degree, but he wanted me so often at Beynham that I had to give it up; and now I don't quite know what to do. I have two hunters there and lots of invitations all about, but I don't care about it. I had thought of travelling in the East."

"Come, and bring your horses, and remain here till he wants you again: you can travel another time."

"So I can—that will keep very well. You are the most hospitable man living. But really I don't want my horses here: I shall be just as happy without them."

"No, no; you will want a safety-valve for your energy."

"But I shall have one," said Hubert, opening the door into the hall. "I shall have so many things to think of."

"Rather, so much, not so many things," answered Everard, looking up at the clock. "We must be off in about ten minutes. You have to see what the question really is, and to keep to that, or you will be like a man trying to find his way through a wood by turning into every by-path he comes to."

"I think I am nearly landed already," said Hubert. "There are the horses at the door."

"Don't be too sure," said Everard. "Enthusiasm is very good in its proper place, and nothing great is done without it; but it should be a motive power, not a directing one. Would you have talked in the same way, if the chapel had been ill-proportioned and full of rubbishy decorations in the worst possible taste? Most of our Catholic churches and chapels in England are more or less in abominable taste. To begin with, the design is generally spoiled for want of money; then it gets decorated, some time or other, without any regard whatsoever to the style of the building; then a pious lady gives a statue that looks as if it had come out of a hairdresser's shop; another pious lady puts blue silk and window curtains on it, and the sacristan sticks about all the flower-pots and coloured glass that he or she can get hold of. When you see these things you will be bothered, if enthusiasm has encroached on reason. You will be bothered too, if you don't distinguish

between theory and practice in your idea about proportion. In theory you are right. Proportion is, as you say, essential to truth and beauty in any art and in any system, and therefore you will find it in all truly Catholic art as in Catholicity itself; but owing to poverty and other causes that we have no time to speak of now, Catholic art in these days falls, as a rule, very far short of what it ought to be, and if you push the analogy between doctrine and art too far, you will get into a mess. I have seen people disenchanted in that way when they had gone farther than you have. They saw corrupt art in a church, generalised on what they saw, and inferred corruption of doctrine. You have too much good sense to do exactly that, but you must keep your imagination in hand. You are not so near being landed as you think."

At this moment the Marquis appeared, and they set out for Hazeley, mounted as before. They arrived there a little before one o'clock, saw the little church that Sherborne had built, returned to luncheon, and mounted again about four o'clock.

While they were talking about the place and the people, especially Mrs. Atherstone, who had interested the Marquis very much and puzzled him still more, there was an ominous increase in the rate of packing at Netherwood, and mysterious whisperings in the passages. Ida was in the wood-walk, thinking of the late events and trying in vain to understand them, when she heard the sound of footsteps behind, and in another moment Elfrida said :—

"Do you know that my mother means to start to-morrow morning?"

"To-morrow morning? Oh! don't frighten me with reports of that sort. I am nearly worried to death now, and I can't bear any more."

"It's true, though, and I hurried off to tell you of it, that you might let Everard know, so that he may ride over this evening. Write a line to him and I will get some one to take it."

"How very good and thoughtful of you," said Ida, walking back towards the house; "and I took your kindness so impatiently. But I have had really so much to bear, that I hardly know sometimes what I am doing."

"I don't wonder at your not believing it. I did not, till I saw the wicker imperial locked and overheard my mother say that the break would be wanted at half-past eight to-morrow morning to take the luggage."

"Has she said anything to you about it?"

"Not a word as yet; but then I am not going."

"No, but she would naturally have told you when you heard her give the order. And surely it concerns me more than any one, yet I am the last to know it, and now only through your thoughtful care and quickness. It is very, very strange. I never knew her think so much of her health before. It is the fault of that new doctor. He saw that she fancied going abroad, and so he recommended her to go."

"Exactly: that is his way, and a great mistake it is. If I ever have to send for him for myself, I shall tell him plainly not to do so. I don't

want to be humoured like a spoilt child. If sugar plums will do one no harm, let him say so, but he has no right to tell one they are necessary, because one happens to fancy them. You had better write your note in the library: you might find it difficult upstairs."

They reached the house unobserved, went into the library, and Ida wrote—

"My dearest Everard,—I have just heard that my mother has decided on starting to-morrow morning early. Do, do ride over here as soon as you have read this. No time to write a word more.—Ida."

Elfrida put the note in her pocket and, walking as fast as she could, stopped at a cottage a little way beyond the lodge, where there lived an old woman with a half-witted son, who worked industriously at odd jobs, and had a local reputation for doing errands.

"I'll go and fetch him, miss," said the old woman, "he's only chopping a bit of wood as Sir Richard give me when the old elm, down at the corner, was struck by the lightning last Tuesday night."

"Never mind fetching him," said Elfrida. "Take me to him: I am in a hurry."

The old woman led the way to an outhouse in the cottage garden.

"I want you to take this note directly to Freville Chase," said Elfrida, "and give it to Mr. Freville. Mind, you must see him and give it into his hand. Go the short way. You know the footpath."

"Yes, miss," said the errand-bearer. "I'll be off now directly."

Elfrida returned as quickly as possible to the house, and, meeting Ida on her way back, said :—

"The note is on its way. Tim will be at Freville Chase by half-past five: he will save three miles by the footpath."

"Thank you so much, so very much. I was coming to meet you. The suspense was more than I could bear. So he is really gone with the note. Are you quite sure?"

"You may rely upon that. I saw him going across the footpath and walking at a good pace."

"What should I have done without you? I should have been too late to do anything. My mother has not told me yet."

"But have you seen her?"

"Yes, I have, and she talked about the journey, but never said a word about going to-morrow morning. Why is it?"

"Ask her by what train you go on Thursday. She *must* tell you then that you are going sooner, and why it is."

Ida did her best to follow this advice, but on returning to the house, was met at the top of the staircase by the maid, who told her that Lady Dytechley was trying to sleep and hoped no one would disturb her at present.

"I cannot bear it," said the poor girl, as she walked on. "And then she will want me just when Everard is here. How am I to know when he has come? Elfrida, you must help me to find out. But I must go out again. I can't stay indoors. My head feels on fire."

"You had better stay quietly in your own room," said Elfrida, "and then I can look out for Everard. Never mind why the day has been changed. It is much more important that you should see *him*. Keep out of the way till afterwards."

"I will: but he can't be here till nearly dinner-time, however fast he may ride. You will come and tell me the moment you see him, won't you?"

She followed the advice for awhile, but finding the suspense unbearable, determined to walk up and down between the house and the lodge, or a little way beyond, to meet Everard. She opened the door quickly, ran to the staircase, and had gone half-way down the stairs, when a voice was heard in the distance pronouncing the ill-omened words: "Ida, my dear, I want to see you for a moment."

"It is always the same," thought Ida, as she turned back. "Father Johnson was away when I went to the Presbytery, and the other priest was out when I went again, and she sent for me when I was going the third time, and now I can't even see Everard after we have been put off for I don't know how long. And the journey has been made a day sooner, so that I can't see him to-morrow as I was promised. It is all my fault, my own miserable fault, for not seeing the other priest when I had the opportunity. It would have been all right then, for I have been baptized. There would have been no delay, all would have been done, and perhaps there would have been no journey—no put-off. I see it all. She wants to take me away, that I may not be a Catholic till

after we are married. Does she really think then that I only want to be so to please Everard, and not because it is right? She must think so: but it is all my own fault—and now”——

She was by this time in her mother's room, and the latter, shutting the door, approached her expansively.

“I wanted to see you,” said she, “for fear you might hear the wrong end of the story and be worried about it” (Ida involuntarily turned her eyes towards the straps and buckles of the wicker imperial), “and so I wanted to see you; but I was so tired that I was obliged to rest. The fact is that the tooth which was badly stopped at Ledchester has been paining me very much all the morning, and I really must have it attended to—I ought to have gone to London about it some time ago; and so there is nothing for it but to go to-morrow. There will be no time if I don't. But I will leave a message with your father for Everard to come and see you in town on Thursday. He will go by the first train at six o'clock, so that you will be with him all the afternoon, and see him next morning too. Is your father in? If he is, I will give him the message for Everard now, or write it down.”

“Shall I go and see if I can find him?” said Ida. “He may be somewhere about, and I want a walk very much.”

“Do,” answered Lady Dytechley. “Take your walk, and ask him to come here, if you can find him.”

“After all,” thought Ida as she left the room, “I am better off than if we were to start on

Thursday, for I shall see more of him in London than I should at dinner to-morrow, and I shall see him presently besides, and be able to talk without interruption. How very ungrateful I was to think that everything was against me, and that I should miss seeing him altogether."

"Never mind about looking for your father," said Lady Dytchley. "I can tell him afterwards. You had better take your walk."

Ida's heart bounded within her, nevertheless, as soon as the door was shut, she hurried out of ear-shot, flew downstairs, and seizing a hat off the hall table, walked at her utmost speed towards the lodge.

While she was walking between the Lodge and the village, looking out for Everard, Everard, having returned from Hazeley, was strolling through the Chase with Hubert, the Marquis Moncalvo was coming across the courtyard to join them, and Tim the trusty messenger was turning in at the gatehouse.

"Where be I to go?" thought Tim. "I'm to give it to the Squire hisself. Who's that a-coming? He don't look like nobody about here."

"Please, sir," said he, planting himself in front of the Marquis, "where be I to find the Squire? I've got a letter for him, as Miss Elfrida said I were to give into his own hands."

"You will find him in the Chase," said the Marquis. "Stay, I am going to walk with him, and I can give him the letter if you like."

Suiting the action to the word, he took the note from Tim's outstretched hand and walked on. Tim stood scratching his head and trying to

collect his mind, which was not adapted for managing two ideas together.

"That wasn't it," said he after a while. "I were to give it to the Squire and not to nobody else. Please, sir," he bawled out, "I were told to give it to the Squire hisself."

But the Marquis had walked fast and was by this time out of hearing. Tim stared for a minute or two, then started off in pursuit, and followed him till he disappeared behind a distant clump of trees.

"Well, I never!" said Tim. "Whatever were I a-doing of? It's all along of staring at him because I couldn't tell who he were. Whatever will Miss Elfrida say?"

While Tim was wending his way homewards, much troubled in his mind at having, he knew not how, entrusted the note to vicarious delivery, the Marquis, note in hand, was looking about for Everard and Hubert. He walked fast, and they walked slowly, but he had delayed following them so long that they were out of sight, hidden in a hollow of the Chase or behind a clump of fern. After going some distance and turning in various directions at cross-purposes with that which they had taken, he relaxed his pace and began to entertain the idea of solacing himself with the fragrant weed that cheers the heart and is good against miasma. While opening his cigar-case and meditating as to whether he should choose a big cigar, a small cigar, or a cigarette, all three being present therein, he found the note inconvenient to hold, and put it in his pocket. By this time Everard and Hubert were far away. He continued looking

for them some time longer, but at length, finding the search hopeless, returned to the house and wrote some letters. The letters occupied him till dressing time, the note, being light and of imperceptible size, remained unobserved in the pocket of his morning coat when he dressed for dinner, and the result was, that when he met Everard, he had forgotten its existence.

Most of us have, at some time or other, and probably more than once, felt a prickly heat over the surface of the head on discovering that we had forgotten a note or a message entrusted to us ; but owing to the British habit of appreciating pockets and frequently manipulating their contents, the delay is seldom of much importance. Few would have liked the responsibility of forgetting that note.

The dinner passed off as before. The Marquis talked well on a variety of subjects, Hubert talked more or less at cross purposes with him, and Everard with extraordinary tact harmonised the conflicting elements of the conversation. Father Merivale was not present. After many subjects had been exhausted and silence was creeping into notice, Everard began to talk of Hazeley, its owner, the little church he had built, and anything else concerning him that might happen to suggest itself. As this led on to a description of Sherborne's life, which amounted to an epitome of the book named after him, the story lasted till long after they had left the dining-room. They had now gravitated to the upper landing of the carved oak staircase that led out of the hall. It was late, and they were talking of Mrs. Atherstone.

Everard told all he knew about her, and when he had finished they began to separate for the night.

"She is the most remarkable woman I ever met," said the Marquis, taking up his candle. "The manner in which she converted herself was unlike anything I ever heard."

"Yes," said Hubert, "there is no humbug in her. She means what she says. I wouldn't give a rap for a Catholic who isn't thorough about his religion."

"Spoken like yourself," said the Marquis. "I like to see enthusiasm, especially at your age." Hubert made no reply, and they went to their rooms. When the Marquis had gone into his, Hubert followed Everard and said:—"What does he poke about the tower for? I caught him there this afternoon, just before we went out walking."

"Why not?" answered Everard. "Any one who cares for antiquity, as he does"—("Bosh!" interrupted Hubert)—"would want to see the tower. I ought to have shown him over it. He can't please you anyhow, not even by complimenting you on your enthusiasm."

"I should think not, when it was only to get out of what I said. Well! I am glad he is off the day after to-morrow, at any rate; for if not, I should throw over my uncle and stay to look after him. I know he means mischief."

Hubert went to his room. Everard went to his, on the east side of the court, but did not remain there. He exchanged his candle for a lamp with a glass shade over it, and walked along the corridor till he came to a massive oak door that moved on enormous hinges. This door opened

into the tower through a wall ten feet thick, and was the only way into it on that floor. A passage with low doors on either side led to a spiral stone staircase, and as there was no door at the end of the passage, the draught from the opening in the wall justified the precaution of carrying a lamp instead of a candle. On opening the farther door on the right, he entered a room of moderate size, with a window opposite looking to the east. The window had a stone mullion down the centre, below which the window-seat, formed by the thickness of the wall, sloped a little downwards to the height of about two feet and a half, so that you could step on it easily and have a fine view over the Chase. Oak book-shelves covered the wall on each side of the door and about half-way round the corner on the right. The other half of that side was filled with enclosed receptacles for papers and books. The book-shelves were well and solidly furnished, containing materials for varied and extensive reading. On the left side of the room was an open fireplace, with dogs for burning wood, and a carved oak chimney-piece above. On either side of it on the panelled wall hung one of the Arundel Society's chromolithographs—the Death of St. Francis, and the Adoration of the Kings by Luini. Right and left of the window there was a large chest of carved oak, with shelves above, holding a gun-case or two, a large bottle of ink, his father's favourite hunting-whip, some old school-books, and several bundles of miscellaneous prints tied up with string. An oak writing-table, containing a Crucifixion in a triptych and a large old-fashioned

desk, stood in the middle of the room, covered with letters, scribbled paper, literature of various kinds, periodical and otherwise, including several books of anti-Catholic controversy that had been forced on his notice by being forced on Ida's. A leather arm-chair, two Glastonbury chairs of ample size, and a banner-screen with the Freville arms embroidered on it by his mother, completed the furniture of this his private sitting-room.

"I ought to have put this back before dinner, when I had done with it," said he, taking up a map of the estate. Then he unlocked a drawer, took out a bunch of keys, large and small, strung on a thick piece of leather, and left the room, lamp in hand.

He went out of the passage and up the stone staircase into another storey of the tower. On the left of the landing was a low door, and beyond a winding passage that led to another spiral staircase much narrower than the principal one. Behind the staircase, which just gave you room enough to pass, was a small panelled room partly furnished as a bedroom. Half-way up the stairs a downward flight of steps, with a sharp turn at the bottom to the right, led to a heavy door studded with iron. This was the muniment-room. Everard unlocked an old oak-chest, placed the estate-map in it, and turned the key. It was a strangely romantic scene. The full moon, shining through a long window, between each mullion of which were shields of stained glass richly coloured, sent a stream of warm light into the room, mellowing the stone walls, groined roof, and quaint furniture where it fell, and leaving

the rest in undefined shadow. Everard had never been there so late at night, and he involuntarily looked around.

"What a curious effect!" he thought. "I never saw such warmth of light and depth of shadow in a room, except on the stage. It only shows how well they imitate nature there. The difference is that they can choose what to copy, whether it be scenery or character, whilst in real life we have to take it as it comes, and the exceptional cases are so rare that they seem unreal. How distinct that old inscription is in the moonlight!"

This was the prophecy that Mrs. Sherborne had copied and put in her album. It was rudely carved over the stone arch of the doorway.

"I had better leave the archæologists to their own inventions about that, when they come here," thought Everard, as he locked the door. "If I tell them what the end of it really was, they will think I am 'poking fun at them,' though it fulfilled the words exactly. I wonder how it came there. One would like to have some evidence as to how, or why, or by whom it was written. Probably it was a flight of predictive imagination that came true accidentally."

Returning to his private room within the tower, he replaced the keys and sat down at the writing-table, but had hardly begun to arrange his thoughts when he heard a knock at the door, and looking round, saw Mrs. Roland standing before him, carrying in her hand a lamp of like construction to his own.

"You are up late to-night," said he, "and so

am I, having much to do that I ought to have done before. What have you on hand now?"

"Mr. Everard," said she, shutting the door, "have you seen any one about in the tower?"

"No one except the cat, who followed me in."

"Nor heard anything up the other stairs?"

"Nothing at all. I went to put back the estate-map in the muniment-room."

"The Marquis has been prying about there, late last night and again this afternoon, when he stayed behind instead of going out walking."

"*Ecce iterum Crispinus*," thought Everard. "She is as bad as Hubert. What has the poor fellow done that he is to be always suspected? What bad motive could he possibly have in looking at the tower? If I were a stranger here I should certainly go all over it as often as I could."

"I was thinking," said she, "that it would be as well to keep it locked."

"I can do that, if you like," said Everard—"lock myself in and out. But I don't see what harm he can do here."

"We can't tell. There are many things we don't see through, and yet can make out enough to know that we must be careful."

"Very well, then, if it will make you more comfortable, the upper door shall be kept locked while he is here; but I don't see anything odd in his wanting to see this old tower, for it really is worth going some distance to see. Any one would do the same."

"Not when people are in bed, nor yet when he

it belongs to—and who would have taken a pleasure in showing it—was out of the way.”

“Well, but it was my fault, for not having shown it him. I will to-morrow, hiding-hole and all.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mrs. Roland, in a tone that made the interjection seem to say, “I never could have believed this of *you—you* who—oh!”

“I won’t show him the hiding-hole if you wish me not to do it,” answered Everard. “But why are you so particular about it?”

“He is not worthy of being taken there,” said she, “where holy priests, one of them a martyr, passed so many hours, for the love of God and the salvation of souls, with hardly room to turn round, and in danger of rack and gibbet every moment. He would only stare as if he were looking at a peep-show.”

“If worthiness were a condition,” thought Everard, “most of us would see very little.” “Very well,” he said, “to satisfy you, I promise not to take him there.”

“Mr. Hubert can be taken some day when he comes again,” said she. “And the key?”

“I promise you to keep the upper door locked while the Marquis is here. He goes on Thursday. When I leave here to-night I will take the key with me. But suppose he should happen to be in the tower, counting the stone steps or measuring the thickness of the wall? There he would be, locked in with the cat and a candle that would go out before he had done with it, if it hadn’t blown out before.”

“Serve him right!” said Mrs. Roland. “What

business has he prowling about the tower at all sorts of times"——

"Only twice, you said, I think," interposed Everard.

"And enough, too," said she, "considering that he watched you out yesterday before he did so, and came here again last night, after every one was in bed except myself. I had remained up late to finish some work for the fancy bazaar they are to have at Ledchester for the new church, and as I was coming up the back stairs I caught sight of him creeping in here (into the tower I mean) with his hand over the candle to keep it from being blown out by the wind."

"But what harm could he do, or want to do, here?" said Everard.

"I can't say; but seeing is seeing," answered Mrs. Roland, preparing to retire.

"Well, anyhow," said Everard, "I will take care to lock the door as you wish. Good-night."

Mrs. Roland went her way, and Everard turned his attention to other matters. The first thing he did was to finish the last of twenty-eight foolscap pages that he had promised to write for Ida in reply to a book of anti-Catholic controversy. When he had done this, and put the seven sheets into a large envelope, it was half-past two o'clock. "She has no need of this herself," he thought, "but it will help her to put down people if they bother her."

Then he began to think of all that had lately happened, would happen, and might happen. A little before daybreak a certain fizzing and spluttering in the wick of his lamp warned him to leave

the tower. As he groped his way back to his bedroom, carrying the extinct lamp and the heavy key of the tower, which he had locked in obedience to Mrs. Roland's injunctions, he said to himself :—

"After all, how much longer many of the knights in the Middle Ages often had to be kept waiting : only they had active work to do in the meanwhile, and some control over events through their own exertions, whilst I am hedged in by such a combination of checks that I am forced into utter passivity. Nothing however turns out as it looks at first, but always either better or worse; and Lady Dytchley's note promises a much shorter delay than she spoke of when I saw her." He had now reached the door of his bedroom. When he opened it a faint greyish light on the farther side of the room showed that the day was just beginning to dawn.

"*Homo ad duas res, ad intelligendum et ad agendum est natus*," he thought, as he put the key of the tower into a drawer; "but I am required to keep the tower locked against Moncalvo without being able to see any reason whatever for doing so."

The greyish-white light had grown pink, the pink had deepened into a transparent rose colour, and the sun had risen above the hills to the right of Netherwood, before he fell asleep, thinking of the carriage horses that were to arrive at ten o'clock on trial, and the lady's horse, as yet un-found, to carry Ida.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Everard awoke after a broken sleep of less than two hours, the first impression on his waking mind was that a horse must be found, and should be found, worthy of carrying Ida. He had seen every lady's horse on sale within twenty miles, and kept most of them two or three days in his stable, examined them carefully, tried them in every way, and rejected them all. One shied, another had a heavy mouth, another had an upright shoulder, another was inclined to jump about when his head was turned towards home, another showed symptoms of a sullen temper, another had contracted feet; and none of them pleased him either in shape or action. After balancing the pros and cons and calculating the probabilities, he came to the conclusion that, as a last resort, the quiet hunter ridden by the Marquis could be made into a good substitute for the ideal animal he wanted; nevertheless he wrote several letters of appointment to horse-dealers and horse-breeding farmers, and another concerning the transmission of the new barouche he was having built for Ida, between the hours of half-past six and a quarter to eight.

On his way to the chapel he found Hubert

walking up and down the hall, and evidently waiting for him.

"I should like to go to Mass," said Hubert. "I wish you would show me what to do."

"The best thing you can do is to pray for guidance," answered Everard.

After Mass Hubert made another critical examination of the chapel, found there the same beauty of proportion as before, drew inferences more or less as before, compared them with Everard's answers, and was unusually silent when he came out.

As he opened the door into the hall on his way to breakfast, the Marquis Moncalvo passed by, and said :—

"You make me feel ashamed of myself for my laziness. I am afraid that I have verified the old Italian proverb, '*Il campanile non migliora la cornacchia*,' for, with a chapel in the house, and a perfect gem too, I have not been to Mass except last Sunday. The fact is that I have sat up late every night reading."

"Getting up early is like taking medicine," remarked Hubert, partly to himself: "it does one good, but is not pleasant."

"You are right," said the Marquis. "I ought to have heard Mass."

"You will have a chance to-morrow morning," said Hubert, walking on sturdily towards the dining-room.

"I must lay some of the blame on Sir Walter Scott," said the Marquis. "It was 'Guy Mannering' that enticed me to sit up so late."

"No wonder," said Everard, who had come

out of the dining-room to wish him good-morning. "I like it the best of all his novels. It seems to me perfect throughout."

"I have seen a Gilbert Glossin in real life," said Hubert; "only he hasn't the same opportunities, nor the excuse of being a blackguard by profession."

"I have had to deal with one—a man I had befriended, too," said the Marquis; "and I lost a considerable sum of money through him when I was a very young man. Will you excuse me for a moment? I left my pocket-handkerchief upstairs."

Said Everard to Hubert as soon as the Marquis was out of hearing:—

"*Do* be quiet, if you can; but I believe you can't help it. You put me into such a position, talking at a fellow in that way. And it isn't fair; for he never resents anything you say, though he is quite capable of answering you if he chose to do it."

"I am sorry to annoy you, my dear fellow, very; but, as you say, I can't help it, and I know that I am right in not being able to help it."

"But just consider how well he behaves about it."

"Oh yes, he flatters me, and makes out that I know a lot more than I do. There is some bad meaning in it, I am sure; and he has some design or other."

"Well, do, for my sake, try to be civil to him while he is in this house. He won't be here when you come in November."

"Who could refuse to do anything he asked," thought Hubert, "when he looks at one with that wonderful expression, so strong and wise, and so saintlike? I will," he said. "I promise you to be civil while he is here—I can't say what I might do if I met him elsewhere. I would do anything in the world for you, and I would believe in him, to please you, if I could; but I can't. In my opinion the old women of Chase End are right in the main, though I daresay they have embellished their facts. I know that I have bothered you a good deal about him, and I am sorry to have done so; but I did it, however awkwardly, in your interest. I am a great fool in most things: I know very little that I ought to know, and most of the little I do know that is worth knowing I have learned from you in these few days; but I am right about this. Now I don't ask you to believe this thing or that about him. All I say is, Don't trust him. Don't place the smallest confidence in him. Mind what you say before him, and how you look. Give him as little as possible to imagine an opinion about, or—There he is again."

Hubert kept his promise and was very civil, but silent. After breakfast Everard went to look at the carriage horses, and as they had not yet come, he rode off with the Marquis in quest of a lady's horse belonging to a farmer near Bramscote. After rejecting the horse at first sight, and the carriage horses when he tried them on his return home, they all three took a walk in the Chase. Then Everard proposed to show the Marquis over the tower, and he did so, having

previously replaced the key in the door, for the sake of appearances.

As they were walking upstairs Hubert drew Everard on one side under the pretence of showing a letter, and whispered :—

“Don’t show him the hiding-hole, whatever you do. I can see it another time.”

Everard made a gesture of assent, and went on, thinking that either Hubert and Mrs. Roland were afflicted with monomania, or himself with an exceeding obtuseness of mental vision.

When they came to the door of the tower, the Marquis remarked that he should like to have a drawing of it, and Everard replied that he had a photograph somewhere, taken by somebody, and would give it to him if he could find it. They then went into the rooms nearest the entrance, and presently found themselves in Everard’s private sitting-room. The Marquis was enthusiastic in his admiration of its mediæval appearance and the solid character of the books on the shelves. Hubert noticed everything and said nothing. Everard heard, and answered accordingly, but was thinking that the room would be of no use to him unless it would suit Ida too. They then went downstairs, saw everything there, came up again, and presently stopped at the foot of the upper staircase with the panelled room behind it. Having seen this, they went upstairs and down into the muniment-room, which the Marquis admired more than anything he had seen.

“You should have seen it last night in the moonlight, when I came here to put back an estate-

map," said Everard. "It would have done for the scene in Faust, when the Doctor soliloquises just before the appearance of Mephistopheles."

"And would give all he had worked for," said the Marquis, "all he could call his own, natural or acquired, for a woman's love. No wonder. It *is* worth the whole world." He spoke with unusual warmth: for a moment or two the polished reserve, that repelled investigation whilst seeming to invite it, had almost disappeared, and his countenance betrayed a mingled expression in which good and evil seemed to be pleading each other's cause: but it passed away in an instant and left no trace behind.

"I wish I were you," he said to Hubert, "with life before me, and fresh hopes and opportunities. Youth is generally supposed to be the time of illusions and of preparation for disappointment, but need not be so, ought not to be so, is not always so. It is the time for preparing the true realities of life. Happiness is the only reality."

"It *is* a big one, when we can get it," said Hubert, looking as civil as he could, to please Everard.

"There are two or three rooms over there," said Everard, as they left the muniment-room, "and that is all."

"Is there not a hiding-hole somewhere," asked the Marquis, "where priests were concealed in times of persecution? I remember hearing of it on my first visit to Freville Chase many years ago."

"There is no getting at it now," answered Hubert readily.

"I am sorry that we can't see it," added Everard, feeling half ashamed of himself, but very grateful to Hubert for his adroit manner of expressing the impossibility.

"No doubt they made the approach to it as difficult as possible," said the Marquis, "and probably they had steps of wood or of ropes which have of course decayed."

"Yes, they did all sorts of things," answered Hubert. "I have heard of a place where they went up the chimney and got somehow into the wall, like the rats and mice."

"I am afraid that we ought to be going," said Everard, moving onwards. "We shall have to start for Netherwood in little more than half an hour."

"Is it so late as that?" said the Marquis. "How quickly time goes when it is agreeably spent. I have passed an hour in this most interesting place, and I feel as if I had been here only a few minutes. It is always so in human life. The happy hours are few, and they pass as quickly as a tropical sunset."

"It is generally supposed that they do," said Hubert, "but I am rather inclined to doubt the fact. I suspect that, if we took the measure at the time, we should find it different. I don't believe that God would take away from what He gives."

"You have given me quite an original view of the subject," said the Marquis: "at least I never heard it before."

Everard said nothing, but was quite sure that the time passed with Ida had an emphatic measurement while it was passing.

They now left the tower, went to dress, and half an hour afterwards met again in the hall.

"I hope the old family coach won't break down," said Everard. "It was built when my grandfather married, I believe, and to my certain knowledge has not been in use these twenty years. Old Sandford has got a pair of screws from the White Hart at Lyneham; and there he is, coming round to the door."

"It all looks uncommonly well," said Hubert, "and very imposing. How well he has rubbed up the old harness. And the horses are of a good stamp too, and look well. And how well he sits on the box! I like the turn-out immensely."

"So do I," said the Marquis: "it is so dignified, and so suitable to the character of Freville Chase. It reminds one of a world that has passed away as completely as if it had never been. Europe has become so vulgarised, and is growing worse, especially on the Continent. As for Italy, since the"——

He turned away and began to notice the arms on the family coach.

"The spirit of revolution," said Everard, "vulgarises whatever it touches, because it is essentially pushing, and covets what is not its own. It is nearly everywhere now, more or less, though not everywhere in the same degree or pursuing the same external policy."

The Marquis replied by a melancholy shrug of the shoulders, took his place in the old coach, and talked of other things.

The screws from the White Hart went so well that punctuality erred by excess, causing them to

reach Netherwood early enough to meet Sir Richard returning from his ride. He caught sight of the carriage as he was crossing the park, and cantered up to the stables. Everard perceived the movement, and felt a sudden misgiving.

"What can it be?" he thought. "What new trouble to make him get out of my way? He has time enough to dress, for we are much too soon. There must be something wrong."

He tried to reason himself out of the suspicion, but it increased as they went on, till it became a presentiment of indefinite evil. When they stopped at the door the bell sounded hollow, as if it were ringing through empty vaults. The house looked uninhabited, the air felt chilly and stagnant. He had hardly entered the hall when the butler put a note into his hand. The writing was Lady Dytechley's. "I will follow you directly," he said to the Marquis, and turning towards the door, opened the note. It was dated Wednesday morning, but the W had evidently been made out of a T, and a stain of wax in a corner of the envelope—it was only fastened with gum—suggested the idea of candlelight, an idea which at that season of the year had a closer connection with Tuesday evening than with Wednesday morning. As a rule men are not quick at discovering such little slips of caution, and Everard was not quicker than others in that particular line; but he saw this, and saw through it. The note was as follows :—

"My dear Everard,—

"I cannot express how grieved I am at being obliged to disappoint you about seeing Ida before

we go. I had arranged, as you know, for you to come here to-day on purpose, and we were to go to London to-morrow, but having unfortunately arranged to start from Folkestone with Lady Oxborough instead of joining them in Paris as I first thought of doing has put everything out, for it obliges me to go to London to-day, as otherwise I should not have time to have my tooth stopped, which has been giving me great pain for the last two days. But unfortunately that is not all. Lady Oxborough is obliged to be in Paris on Friday, and so I cannot get off going with her after promising to do so, and she having made all her arrangements, I am terribly afraid that there is no train soon enough to take you to London before we leave. I thought at first that you might go up by the mail train and catch us at Crawley's Hotel, which is where we shall be, but the very tide is against us. I find that we must leave London this evening to catch the boat. It is really too provoking, but who could have foreseen that Lady Oxborough would be obliged to start a day sooner, or that the stopping would have come out of my tooth? I am very very sorry for all this, and would have made things different if I could. I gave you my reasons before for wishing you not to follow us abroad, and I am sure you must see the force of what I said and why it should be as I say on Ida's account, but if you will please me in this, I, for my part, promise you to return as soon as ever I feel that I can. Everything will be ready. So that the wedding can take place within a week of our return.—Yours affectionately,

“Charlotte Dytechley.

"P.S.—In the hurry of getting off at this dreadful hour in the morning I have made two blunders. First I began to date my note Tuesday and made a great blot in putting it right, and then let the wax fall from a candle on the paper while I was sealing a parcel. I am afraid you will find my scrawl very difficult to read."

When he had read the note he stood for a while holding it in his hand, his eyes fixed yet not seeing, his limbs rigid, his face ashy white even to the lips. At length, hearing footsteps, he turned instinctively, and opening the door, went out into the park; but before he had gone many yards he felt a hand on his shoulder, and saw Hubert plant himself before him.

"For God's sake tell me what is the matter!" said Hubert.

"Enough for one day, and rather too much," answered Everard with unnatural calmness, and in a voice that was not his own. "It took me by surprise. But you had better not leave Moncalvo"—

"The devil take Moncalvo! I *must* know what has happened, and how I can serve you. Will you not trust me?"

"There is no one that I would sooner trust. Look here then. You remember the wedding being put off the other day, and the sudden journey abroad. Now read this."

"Hubert took Lady Dytchley's note, read it through, and said:—

"If one could only believe it all! It looks fair enough at first sight, but it proves too much and

explains everything too neatly. The doctor and the dentist and Lady Oxborough's engagement all of a sudden in Paris, and the correction of Tuesday into Wednesday, and the wax falling on the paper from a candle that was lighted to seal something else, are too many accidents close together. And I don't like that expression, 'would have made this different if I could.' It is too guarded, and may be taken in more ways than one. So she left this thing for the butler to give you, and hadn't the decency to send you a note this morning"——

"If she had, I could have gone to London," said Everard. "It is evident that she meant all the time to keep me away, and made the dentist and Lady Oxborough suit her purpose. I don't mean to say that she hadn't a toothache, or that Lady Oxborough had no engagement in Paris, but there was nothing to prevent her joining Lady Oxborough in Paris a few hours later, which would have enabled me to see them in London to-day. There was no occasion even to do that. If she had sent me a note on Tuesday afternoon, when she had made up her mind to start the next morning, I could have gone by the same train and been with them till they left for Folkestone. It is impossible for me to deceive myself about it. She meant it, and contrived it."

"I am afraid you must give her her head for a while," said Hubert after a pause, "on account of what she swears that the doctor said, and because Sir Richard is (begging your pardon) a beastly sneak; but it can't go on for long. Lady Dytechley can't, for very shame, stay abroad

beyond a few months at the furthest. People would begin to talk if she were to keep out of the way long, under false pretences, after the wedding-day had been fixed, neglecting one daughter altogether, and leaving Sir Richard to look like a fool about it."

"I told her so," said Everard, "and it had no effect whatever."

"Very likely not, but she must act upon it all the same. She cares very much for what the world says."

"She does; but when people deceive themselves by a false conscience, as she is doing about this, they see things as they wish to see them."

"Yes; but there is a limit, and people's tongues will let her know, if she goes beyond it."

"What you say is perfectly true," answered Everard. "But there is more than that."

"I can't see what there can possibly be. The only other thing she could do would be to go on putting off, after their return, with a view to breaking off the engagement. And that she would not dare to attempt: it would be too gross a case before the world she so highly respects. People can't defy the world, when the world is in the right and they are in the wrong. But suppose that she did try it on, and that Sir Richard made no sign. Your remedy would then be plain: you then would not only have the right to marry in spite of her, but, under the circumstances of the case, you would be bound to do so, for Miss Dytchley's sake as well as your own."

"Unquestionably I should; but, as you said, she would never attempt to do that."

"Then what is it? There is something on your mind. But perhaps I am going too far."

"No. I give my confidence fully or not at all. There *is* something on my mind. But it is not the postponement itself, though that is enough, I think, after having been already obliged to wait so long, in consequence of coming of age four years later than the usual time. It is not that, nor is it the way in which the thing has been done. It is the position of—of *Ida*: it is *the* position—away there, solitary, helpless, exposed to subtle annoyances that weary the heart and puzzle the will, like water dropping in a dungeon. You understand me, I think."

"I do: it is horrible to bear, unbearable: but you are not called upon to bear it. What Lady Dytechley says, about not going where they are, is all nonsense."

"Of course: but she threatened to lengthen the time if I do, and she is quite capable of not only being 'not at home' if I went, but of going off suddenly without saying where to; so that I should only make things worse. You know what Sir Richard is."

"Yes, he can be depended upon to do nothing. You are right: I see that you mustn't go. But *I* can, and I will too, any time you wish me to do so, after my uncle leaves Beynham. It would be better than nothing, for I can back myself not to be taken in."

"You are a true friend in my greatest need," said Everard, turning back towards the house on hearing the sound of carriage-wheels.

"I only wish that I could prove myself to be so

in some more effective way," answered Hubert. "This is the most infernal piece of overbearing injustice I ever heard of, and shows an amount of dishonesty, heartlessness, bumptious ill-breeding, and utter inability to appreciate who and what you are, that I should never have expected to find in the mother of such daughters as hers."

The carriage-wheels, whose sound reminded them of the hour, proved to be those of a covered wagonette containing two young ladies, round and rosy, daughters of the rector. Everard drew back as they passed, and coming into the room while their entry was apparent, took up his position gradually, so that, when the two young ladies had fallen back in small conversation with the Marquis and Hubert, he was apparently doing likewise. Sir Richard, notwithstanding the sudden rapidity of his return home, had as yet been unable or unwilling to appear.

Elfrida, who guessed the cause of Everard's absence, talked about anything or nothing till the Marquis and the two rubicund young ladies were fairly engaged in conversation, and then said in a low voice :—

"Why didn't you come here yesterday evening?"

Everard became as pale as when he read Lady Dytechley's note.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I never heard anything about it. I was told to come now."

"Didn't you get a note from Ida, that I sent to Freville Chase by half-witted Tim, who was never known to fail in taking a message? I sent him off myself at half-past three o'clock, and saw

him go. He must have got there by six o'clock. Were you at home?"

"I was walking in the Chase with Hubert."

"And no one gave you the note? I must see Tim to-morrow morning, and find out what is the meaning of this. But, Everard, how dreadfully pale you are—so unlike yourself. I am sorry I told you. I spoke too suddenly because I was so anxious for you. But don't let it worry you. Dear Everard, don't look like that—don't, for Ida's sake. You look so dreadfully ill."

"I am quite well," he said: "I am, really."

"But I see you are not," interrupted Elfrida, "and you don't speak like yourself. That voice is not like your own."

"It was the last feather that made the load heavy to bear," answered Everard. "It is impossible for me not to feel this last blow very acutely. To know that I might have seen her before she went, and that—but we had better not talk of it any more just now."

Elfrida instinctively looked round and saw the Marquis's eyes in the act of turning away from him.

"I hate that man!" she said. "I saw such a bad look in his eyes just now when he looked this way, and there was just the same the other day when the settlements couldn't be signed. Don't trust him, whatever you do."

"It is a very strange thing; Hubert says the same, and Mrs. Roland—I can't conceive why, for I have nothing to do with him. He has been a guest at Freville Chase for a few days, and he

goes away to-morrow morning. There is nothing for me to trust him about."

"No; but you must take care not to let him get hold of anything. Let him see as little of you as possible before he goes."

"Go home on the box," said Hubert, who had drawn the other round young lady into conversation from the Marquis. "You ought to try how those horses go, for they might suit you. One often picks up valuable horses in that way. You *must* drive them a bit, and this is a good opportunity. I will do the talking inside."

"How kind of you to help me," said Elfrida, "and you came just at the right moment."

"I was looking out, and listening too, I am afraid," said he, remaining near her whilst Everard took the place he had left.

At this moment Sir Richard appeared, immediately followed by the butler, who shortened unpleasant references by announcing that dinner was on the table.

He approached nimbly, shook hands with the two round young ladies, the Marquis, and Hubert, looked about as if expecting some one else, and said:—

"He's not here after all. I suppose kept somewhere. How are you, my dear Everard? I had asked the priest who is supplying for Father Johnson; but he won't come now, for it's very late. I was—was kept by—by—well, it's no use. I am so—Elfrida will have told you—I never was so annoyed. It was all because Lady Oxborough had to be in Paris sooner, and they had agreed, you know, to go together. I never was so put out;

but they will be back very soon, very soon. Well, as he isn't here, we had better go in to dinner."

And giving his arm to the elder of the two round young ladies, he walked off to the dining-room, saying to his inner consciousness, "I have done that."

Hubert took in the second round young lady, and the Marquis Elfrida. Everard, as belonging to the family, was the odd number, and found himself next to Sir Richard, whereat the latter exerted himself so indefatigably in conversing with the young lady on his right, that she was amazed at his loquacity. Hubert talked to no one but Elfrida, and when the ladies left the dining-room, did not utter a word to any one. Sir Richard sat prosing on various subjects and drawing out the Marquis to talk, till nearly ten o'clock; and soon afterwards the old coach was announced. At the door Hubert said suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him:—

"I wish you would try these horses. They might suit you."

Everard took the hint, but not the reins. He was thinking of the lost note. Before they reached home he told the coachman to make the most searching inquiries about it, and as soon as he had set foot indoors he said:—

"I want to know what became of the note that was sent here yesterday from Netherwood. I never got it, and I know it came. It was sent by half-witted Tim, and he never makes a mistake about an errand. Somebody must have taken it from him before he got here. I mean, before he reached this house—for none of you would have

neglected to give it to me. I *must* find out how it was."

He spoke with such unwonted and startling vehemence, that the Marquis, who had stayed behind to admire the moonlight view over the Chase, felt his curiosity aroused, and walked into the hall. He found the old butler in a state of extreme excitement, affirming solemnly that what had happened had never been known to happen before at Freville Chase, and that he would never rest until he had discovered the perpetrator of such an unheard-of enormity. Hubert, seeing him approach, seized a candle in one hand and Everard's arm with the other; but the Marquis had heard enough to remind him of the note left in his pocket. He stood aside for a few moments in doubt, the nobler part of his nature prompting him to own the simple truth that he had forgotten the note, the lower part shrinking from the unpleasant confession. A complex feeling, that he did not care to analyse, decided the point, and the struggle ended with the opportunity.

He turned away, avoiding Everard's eyes as he said, "Good-night," and went upstairs.

"I believe *he* got hold of it," said Hubert, following him with his eyes. "I am sure he did: I could see it in his face. It never struck me before, and I can't imagine now what his object could be; but I am sure he did it. Could he have taken it to give you, and forgotten it, and then felt ashamed of saying so? I have a great mind to ask him, and I will."

"After all, it matters not now who had it," answered Everard, opening the door that led to the chapel. "The mischief is done."

CHAPTER XI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the practical answer given by Hubert on the previous morning, that there would be another chance of hearing Mass, if the will to do so were strong enough, the Marquis did not put in an appearance. Hubert was in the chapel before the bell had ceased ringing, and worked away vigorously at his prayers. On their way back, Everard stopped him in the long passage and said :—

“You mustn’t ask him about it. The mischief is done, and it would be a breach of hospitality to ask such a question.”

“Certainly,” answered Hubert. “I saw it at once last night, when you gave me to understand you didn’t wish me to do so. But he had the letter for all that.”

They then went to breakfast, and soon afterwards a fly drove up to the door : whereupon the Marquis rose to prepare for his departure. During his absence, Hubert said :—

“Well, then—in November—but I wish you would come and see us at Beynham. You would get on very well with my uncle. You ought to come.”

“I am of no use anywhere just now,” answered Everard. “However, I will try to go, because you will be there. I shall miss you as I never

missed any one before. But I must say the rest on the way to the station : I shall drive you there. You had better get ready, for the dogcart will be at the door in a few minutes. Moncalvo will be late if he doesn't mind."

"I shall wait till he is off the premises, if I miss every train by it," said Hubert, leaving the room. As he left, the Marquis reappeared, made a graceful valedictory speech, and jumped into the fly, which drove away, followed soon after by the dogcart.

Anne looked out of an upper window after the fly, and remarked emphatically :—

"You may depend of it as it was him. I always said he ought to be took up. Why, look here. There's nobody nowhere about as wouldn't do anything in the world for Mr. Everard, and knowing where that note come from, they would have been ever so much more partic'lar about giving of it. I said he'd do something. But there, what would you expect? He knows very well as his doings were heard of about here, and I make no doubt he thought that note would convict him, and that was why he took and throwed it away."

The dogcart and the fly separated on the road, being bound for different stations. When the latter had gone a little distance along the other road, and was crawling up a hill, the Marquis Moncalvo asked the driver how far out of the way it would be to go round by Chase End. The flyman, after some consideration, replied that it would be about a mile and a half, or rather more, whereupon the Marquis said :

"I want to see a man named Wilcox who lives.

in the village. Drive there, if you please. There is another train at one o'clock which will do as well for me."

"And for me too," thought the flyman; "but what can he have to do with Chase End?"

He took the by-road to the right, turned again several times in what appeared to be opposite directions, and finally pulled up at the entrance of the village, which was just outside the east end of the Chase.

"I say, missus," said the flyman, addressing an old woman, "the gentleman wants to see Wilcox; I suppose it's him as keeps the shop. There's no other, is there?"

"In course not," answered the old woman, and the fly moved on till it stopped at the village shop. The Marquis, on being told that the object of his search dwelt there, walked in and asked if Wilcox was at home. A tall bony woman of severe aspect replied that he was not, but that she was his wife; whereat the Marquis, inly rejoicing that she was not his, said pleasantly:

"Is not Charlotte Wilcox your daughter?"

"No, sir. She's of the first family," she replied with an emphasis that betokened scant sympathy for the children of the late Mrs. Wilcox.

"Ah! well, but perhaps you can tell me where she is."

"No, sir, I can't, which I haven't seen nor heard of here these six months or more."

"That is unfortunate. She was lady's maid to an aunt of mine, who died last year, and I wish to arrange about giving her a pension, and I am particularly anxious to do so, because I think she

said that she would not take any other place ; and, indeed, she would find it difficult to do so, as she has latterly been subject to monomania "——

"Please, sir, what is that?" asked the bony woman. "She used to be a bit fanciful and"——

"That was what I meant," he said. "She was liable to strange fancies, and much more so latterly. In fact"——

"I suppose she's got a little wrong in her head, sir," suggested the stepmother. "Well, I'm sure it's very kind, it is, to think of the poor creature. I have often wondered what would have become of her if she was thrown upon us, with three on our hands, and people as used to come here going by rail and haggling about at the shops in Ledchester, and a lot of 'em running up debts and going off somewheres by the railroad and never pays at all."

"I understand you perfectly," he said. "Railroads and other changes have been the cause of great losses to many people in villages and even in small towns. I feel for you very much, and that is another reason why I am so anxious to settle this business before I leave England. Do you think that you could find any means of learning where she is?"

"Well, sir, I am sure you are very kind. I will do the best I can about it; but I really don't know how I am to get a chance."

"I think that you will after a time. She will have spent her money after awhile, and then she will naturally return to her native place."

"Maybe so. Well, sir, it's very kind of you, I'm sure, to take so much trouble about her."

He pulled out an envelope and a postage stamp from a sort of pocket-book, and asking for a pen, wrote his own address on it. "If you do hear of her," he said, "will you have the kindness to write to me? If you put your letter into this envelope" (here he put on the stamp), "it will be forwarded to me if I should not be at home. Thank you. Good-morning. I am very glad to have seen you."

A sovereign slid imperceptibly from his hand into hers, and in another moment he was off again. The incident caused some local disputation for awhile, divers old women being of Anne's opinion that he ought to be took up, whilst the woman at the shop declared that it was all "a pack of rubbish, which there never was a kinder or civiller-spoken gentleman nowhere."

In the meanwhile Hubert had begun his journey towards Beynham by the other line, and Everard, instead of returning home, was taking the nearest road to Netherwood. He arrived there soon after twelve o'clock and looked about for Elfrida. She was reading in the same old schoolroom where he had found Ida ten days before.

"You here so early?" she said. "I am very glad you have come."

"I couldn't wait a moment after I had seen Hubert off," said Everard. "Have you made out what became of the note?"

"Yes. The Marquis Moncalvo took it."

"Moncalvo! It's just what Hubert said and maintained. But how did he get it, and why? what *is* the meaning of it?"

"All I know is this:—Tim took the note, met a

gentleman in the courtyard, 'a foreigneering sort of gentleman,' he said, and asked him where he could find you to give you the note. The gentleman (who could be no other than the Marquis Moncalvo) said that he was going to walk with you"——

"So he was, and missed me"——

"And that he would give you the note. He took it, and didn't give it to you."

"God forgive him if he had any bad intention : he could have done me no worse injury."

"I am not supposing that he did it on purpose. I can't endure the man ; but I don't accuse him of that, simply because he would have had no motive for it, at least as far as one can see."

"Nor I ; and yet, when I inquired about it last night in his presence, which would have reminded him if he had forgotten it, he said nothing, but went off to bed."

"Because he had not the manliness to tell you he had forgotten to give it. He had no motive for keeping back the note, so far as we know ; but he might have a motive some day for doing something else, and I do hope most earnestly that we may hear no more of him for a long while."

"You and Hubert and Mrs. Roland all say the same about him. I don't know what to think. Could he make mischief between your mother and myself, if he were to meet them in Italy ? It seems very like a rash judgment to suppose such a thing without any apparent reason for thinking so ; but when suspicion is once set going, a man circumstanced as I am hardly knows when to

stop. And yet what possible object could he have in doing such a thing? What could he gain by it?"

"He could gain nothing by it, of course, but he might delude himself into imagining that he could. However, he doesn't know where to find them, because he asked me yesterday evening, and I told him without any scruple that I didn't know—which was as true an answer as he had any right to, having no business to ask the question, for I really don't know whether they go at first to Baveno, or not."

Everard remained silent so long that at last she said, "There is something more on your mind. What is it?"

"I was thinking," said he, "how blind I have been about you. I thought I had known you well all your life, and since last Monday I have discovered that I knew less than nothing. I thought that your character had not even begun to develop, and I find it developed far beyond that of other girls older than yourself. I thought that your mind had not got beyond learning by heart, and I find you thinking for me, seeing what I had not seen, showing that you have powers of which I was not in the least aware, and that you have learned to use them."

"My dear Everard," she replied, "a woman learns very early to see a little way in what concerns those she cares for; and as this concerns Ida so very much, and you too, who have always been like the kindest of brothers to me, it would be very odd if I had not seen something. I only wish I could see further."

"That doesn't explain what puzzled me. What you say about women is perfectly true; but I see a great deal more than that in you now, and I failed to see it before. It is true that I never had an opportunity."

"No; we have never been able to talk of anything more important than lawn-tennis or the violets in the wood-walk. But you judge me too favourably. I feel what has happened very much, and that, I suppose, has sharpened my wits a little for the occasion."

"No—what I see in you is far more than a woman's natural quickness of perception guided by strong feeling. Indeed there is more in you, a great deal, than you have any idea of, and you had better know it, that you may make the most of the powers God has bestowed on you. But you have cultivated yourself somehow, I can't make out how. What have you done?"

"Nothing, except try to think. I have been in a manner obliged to think for myself as well as I could, because I have had no one to talk to unreservedly—not even to Ida quite, on account of religion. It made her reserved, and my mother wished it to be so, and I did in a way, though I was very sorry for it too. You see, when religion has to be shut out, one must be particular about what one says"——

"And you feel like a person exploring a house when every other door is locked. The position is always more or less embarrassing, and, in your case, most painful; but so it is, and as a Catholic, I take care habitually to remember the fact: for that sort of lock may easily be hampered if one

tries a wrong key, and after all the door must be opened from the inside."

"How from the inside?"

"We had better not get upon that subject."

"Why not?"

"We are neither of us in a position to do so prudently, I think; and it would be incautious too, on my part, for it might be said that I had taken advantage of your mother's absence. Now I don't care about what people might say, if I could be of any use to you; but as I should do no good, and possibly some harm, disposed as you are, we had better leave it alone."

"How wonderfully clever of you to see that, for I never told you of my own feelings. And how wise you are in everything"——

"About the note, for instance, which, by your own showing, ought to have brought out all that was in me."

"I was speaking of women"——

"That distinction will not hold good. If strong feeling sharpens perception in what concerns its object, it must do so in men, when they feel strongly, as well as in women."

"I am not capable of arguing with you; but I know that if you had not been stunned and bewildered for a time, as you were, by all you had heard and had to endure yesterday evening, I should not have the immensely high opinion of you that I have. I am not going to be persuaded out of what I said about your wisdom. Who but yourself would have refused to speak of religion for the reason you gave?"

"Any one of common sense."

"I should have thought (and therefore I ought not to have asked the question), I should have thought that being so devout a Catholic as you are, you would naturally have tried to push me on."

"What is the use of pushing a stone uphill? It will only roll back, or stick half-way."

Elfrida laughed, and said :—

"That is just it. I should never in all my life have thought of putting it so, and it came as naturally from you as if you couldn't help saying it. But you always say the right thing at the right time—in the right place. You have made me laugh when, God knows, I am not in a mood for laughing."

"And I," said Everard, "was going to apologise for putting it in that way."

"Why, it expresses the thing so exactly."

"But not as I should have wished to express it, speaking to a lady."

"But it would have been such a pity not to have said it when it was just the right thing."

"Something else would have done as well, or I might have said the same thing differently. It sounded too short—almost blunt, and I do abominate that—more particularly to a lady. Moreover, said baldly as it was, it might have led you to infer that I looked upon your convictions as not worth discussing, which I certainly do not. All honest convictions are in themselves worth discussing with the utmost care and attention, and yours especially, for, as I said before, there is more in you, a great deal, than you are aware of, and I am quite sure that your ideas about religion,

whatever they may be, are good, so far as you have had light to see by : but, for the reasons I have already given, it is not expedient to discuss them. If it ever should be expedient, why then—the case would be different. Good-bye. must be going. Thank you for all your kindness.”

“My dear Everard, you make me feel ashamed of myself. What have I done?”

“Everything that could be done, and more than everything no one can do.”

“If you *will* have it so, you will make it seem so, whatever I say. But why need you go so soon?”

“Because, though we have been as brother and sister all your life, your mother has never allowed me to come here and talk to you, and it would not look well if I were seen to have done it the day after she left home. I came because I had no other means of knowing what had happened to the note ; but I have stayed too long. Good-bye.”

“You are always right”——

“About the note?”

“Don’t be so tiresome. Wait one moment. Can’t you stay for luncheon? My father is in.”

“No ; it would be awkward for him after what has happened.”

“There you are, right again ; but I *must* see you while they are gone.”

“Of course, only not in this way. Good-bye again, and thank you again for”——

“I will not hear that any more—but wait one moment. I have one more thing to say, that I

ought to have said before, and I must say it; indeed I must. Don't say anything about the note when you write to Ida; for my mother sees her letters, and if she were to hear about it in that way—you understand me."

"Too well," thought Everard. "I was not meant to know the change of plans, and Ida was not meant to know, and Elfrida found it out for her."

"But what am I to do?" he said. "I can't and won't leave Ida to think that I had the note and didn't come. There is a limit to endurance—I will not do that."

"Tell her that you would have come if you had known they were going on Wednesday, and leave her to make out the rest," said Elfrida.

"It required a woman to think of that," he said. "I will do it. But how do I know what she may be told?"

"Told! ah, no. My mother, you know, would never"——

"I wish I could feel secure about anything to do with her," he thought, as he hurried downstairs.

He found Sir Richard, talked to him for a few minutes about some local matters, and drove back to Freville Chase.

When the door had closed upon him, Sir Richard drew a deep breath and said:—

"That is as it should be. A sensible fellow, a sensible fellow. Sees things in the right light evidently, and knows that everything will soon come all right. Everything would do right enough if people wouldn't make such a row."

But this optimistic view was not shared by the

"sensible fellow," nor did he see things in the right light, as defined by Sir Richard. That "everything would do right enough if people wouldn't make such a row," he might have admitted in a general sense, always supposing "people" to mean Lady Dytchley; but that everything would soon come right, was what he neither knew nor expected. "How long?" was the question that racked his brain, made his heart weary, oppressed his spirit.

On his way home he had little leisure for thinking. The old coachman, who was in the dogcart, had been told of a lady's horse, and had much to say on the subject. The details were lengthened out till he fell in with the curate of the parish about half-way, and took him as far as the carriage entrance to the Chase, when he wished him good-bye, and turning in at the gate, at once forgot everything but the one unanswerable question. The curate, who had recently come into the parish, went his way, remarking to himself that he had never met a man with so attractive a manner. "He individualises one so," thought he, "and makes one feel at home with oneself as well as with him. I have never seen anything like it. There is something so solid about him too, something so remarkable in his countenance and in his voice and in his way of speaking. I can't make it out."

The curate summed up his cogitations as follows:—

That Everard was what he was "either by nature or through some mysterious influence of the most wonderfully organised system," &c., &c.

But no such influence was apparent either in Sir Richard Dytchley or the red-whiskered man; and they were two, whilst Everard was one: therefore religion had nothing to do with making Everard what he was. The worthy and intelligent young man came to this conclusion in perfectly good faith, believing that he had exhausted the subject. Had he asked himself whether the "mysterious influence" had the same nature to work upon in the three, and whether they had corresponded with it equally well, he would have seen cause to conclude differently; but the idea did not strike him, he was satisfied with his conclusion, and calling at a cottage, he thought of other things.

By that time Everard had reached home, and written a letter about the horse for Ida. While he was directing it, Mrs. Roland, who had followed him gradually, knocked at the door of his room in the tower.

"What can Moncalvo have done now?" he thought, as he recognised her personality in the respectful but decided tone of the knock.

"Mr. Everard," said she, opening the door wide, placing herself before it, and holding it in that position, "I hope you are coming down to luncheon after all the distance you have been this morning, and all the ——. It's past two."

"Very well," he said. "I had forgotten it."

"I knew you had, sir," said Mrs. Roland, "and that was why I came up. You must take more care of yourself altogether, you must indeed."

"I assure you that I do take care of myself"——

"Well, sir, I hope you do : but you don't look like it just now."

"I didn't sleep well last night."

"And not likely to do so, when you were in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament till past four this morning."

"And how did you know it?" said Everard, trying to look cheerful. "That accounts for the figure that I thought I saw in the shadow of the organ gallery. You must have been up there, losing your night's rest, to see whether I was behaving properly."

"To see how long you were going to stay," said Mrs. Roland. "I knew something was the matter by your inquiring about the note from Netherwood, and by your going into the chapel at that time of night. And there is something the matter, Mr. Everard; I know there is."

"There is. The marriage is put off, because the doctor has told Lady Dytechley to go abroad."

"The doctor? he ought to be sent to the treadmill for telling *her* that."

"Well, he has done so, and—they started yesterday morning; and, as you know, the note that said they were going to do so never reached me. So I heard the news when I went there yesterday to dinner."

"It couldn't have been anybody but that Marquis"——

"It was, but, I am convinced, not on purpose. He took the note from Tim, missed finding me, and then, no doubt, forgot all about it."

"And couldn't remember it last night when

everybody was talking of it before him," added Mrs. Roland.

"It would have been a disagreeable thing to tell, and the mischief couldn't be undone," said Everard.

"*You* would have told it fast enough before you could speak plain."

"I should hope so, brought up as I was."

"You are made of different stuff from him, Mr. Everard," said she; "but the luncheon is getting cold."

"I am ready," he said, taking up his letter. "You see I am going under obedience, for I really don't want it."

The luncheon was duly eaten, without appetite and without disgust. Everard left the dining-room, returned to the tower, and walking about his room, the favourite sitting-room that had always been associated with his day-dreams of Ida, began to reason with himself.

"Why do I feel this so extremely?" he thought, "What is the matter with me? Why can't I wait now with as much comparative patience as I did before? Because I expected to wait then, but not now, and because this trial is Ida's as well as mine. I have been grossly ill-treated by Lady Dytechley in every way, and the less one thinks of Sir Richard's conduct throughout, the better for charity; but all that is nothing in itself. The snub was public, and people will pity me, and to be pitied in such a case is anything but a dignified position in the eyes of the world, unless one resents it, which is out of the question. *Transeat!* I don't care what they say or think. What weighs me

down is, that Ida is abroad—at the mercy of a woman whose power of self-deception is so great that she is practically unscrupulous. After all, what can she do? Remain longer abroad: that is all she can do. But there is a limit to that; I have her own written promise that the marriage shall be directly after their return; and, if worst comes to worst, why then we must act for ourselves. Yes, but in the meantime I know not what trials and petty annoyances Ida may be exposed to; and here I shall be ignorant of what is going on, and helplessly entangled in the flimsy network, like a bumble-bee in a cobweb. It is useless trying to reason myself out of the fact: my position is horrible at present, and I can't bear it long. I *must* assure myself that Ida knows why I never came in answer to her note; and if I hear nothing about it from her, owing to her letters being seen, I must go after them, come what may. It is too much to bear passively. Will can rule actions, words, and voluntary thoughts; and that is the extent of what I can do with it now in managing myself."

He opened three or four books, pushed them back into their shelves, and hurrying downstairs, crossed the courtyard to a door beyond the chapel, which was the entrance to the priest's house.

Father Merivale saw him from a window of his sitting-room and opened the door. Everard walked into the room and said:

"I have come to ask you a strange question, one that probably you were never asked before, nor will be asked again; but you will not be able to give me an answer till you have heard why I

ask it. I want to know whether I am in my right senses or not, and the reason why"——

"I can answer that question straight off, whatever may follow," said Father Merivale decisively.

"I never knew a man with a healthier mind than yours, nor a more vigorous body. '*Mens sana in corpore sano*' would be an incomplete definition of you, but it would be most distinctly true as far as it goes. But what makes you ask the question?"

"Well, I ought to be ashamed of having to ask it"——

"No, not at all. I know you well enough to be sure that you would not have expressed yourself as you did without a good motive and a good reason. What is it that troubles you?"

"A trouble more serious than it appears. Lady Dytechley has put off the marriage, to go abroad by the advice (so she says) of the doctor, and insisted on taking Ida; and when I dined at Netherwood by her wish, to see Ida before she went, I found that they had gone some hours before. Ida sent me a note on Tuesday afternoon, to tell me they would start on Wednesday: it was given to Moncalvo, who forgot to give it, and so I lost the opportunity of seeing her. But that is not all. Lady Dytechley threatens to lengthen the delay if I follow them, and is quite capable of remaining abroad an indefinite time if I do; whilst, if I don't, I shall leave Ida to her tender mercies, which are the worse because she deceives herself so much, that she is unscrupulous without knowing it. That is my position, and I find it unbearable: it has got the better of my will—self-control is nowhere in the struggle."

"My dear Everard," said Father Merivale, "do you suppose that Our Blessed Lord, who wept at the death of Lazarus, sweated blood over the sins of mankind, and died, broken-hearted, on the cross to save the world, expects you not to suffer—requires you to be master of your feelings in such a trial as this? It is terribly hard to bear while it lasts, and the more so because the evil is out of sight, which makes it seem worse than it is; but you are doing your best to bear it, and you must not be discouraged if it seem to get the better of you at times. It is not really doing so, and will not: I am sure of that. Your will is right and firm, and by frequenting the Sacraments as you do, you take the best means of keeping it so. Commit your troubles to Almighty God, and He will give you strength to do what He requires from you. I don't wonder at your being maddened (so to speak) when you think of the position in which your dear betrothed wife is likely to be placed for a time. I should wonder if you were not; and in fact you would have to be some one else first, some one very cold and uninteresting, some one for whom I certainly could not have the great regard that I have for you. But don't forget your distinctions, you who are always so particular and correct in making them. When one talks of a man being maddened, one doesn't mean that there is anything wrong in his head, but that the intensity of his emotion has excited him to an abnormal degree. In that sense it is true that you have been maddened by what has occurred, for your feelings have been roused to an extreme pitch; but your mind is just what it

was—one of the healthiest I have ever had to deal with.”

“I see it now,” said Everard. “I should never have dreamt of asking such a silly question at any other time, or of so confusing things”——

“I know you wouldn’t; but don’t imagine that there is anything extraordinary in your asking it. When the heart suffers, the mind is disturbed, and the disturbance, if extreme, often feels like a disease. The same thing happened once to me, physically. I had palpitations from indigestion, and I fancied there was something organically wrong, till the doctor showed me how it was. The analogy is close enough, I think. Analogies between mental and physical conditions are sometimes useful.”

“And your case corresponds exactly with mine,” said Everard, rising to go. “In both the cause was external, and in both it seemed to be where it was not. But I see that you are busy.”

“Only with those tiresome figures for the school-inspector. Don’t let that interfere: I can do them to-night or to-morrow morning.”

“No; I won’t trespass on your kindness at the cost of leaving you in arrear with all those figures and dots; but I hope to see you at dinner at half-past seven. Do come, if you can: it will be an act of charity.”

“I will make a point of it. But I must ask you to give me a quarter of an hour’s law. In the meanwhile what are you going to do? You must try to keep clear of introspection and speculative thoughts just at present. When you have had a letter, and written one in return, you will be in a

position to see your difficulties in a different light. At present you can't, and I should be disappointed in you if you could. You had better turn your mind on something that will lay hold of it."

"I knew that I must, last night, and I prayed before the Blessed Sacrament."

"I don't advise you to do so now. You are accidentally in too excited and scrupulous a state. Don't attempt it. It would not be prudent. Read something stiff, intellectual, and cold—Aristotle's 'Physics,' for instance (you have it in Greek in the tower),—anything, I don't care what, so long as it fixes the attention, and leaves the feelings alone."

"I will," said Everard, leaving the room. "I shall see you, then, at dinner."

"Nothing but death or a sick call will keep me away. In the meanwhile be assured your sorrow is mine—that I shall offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intention to-morrow, and as often as I can, and make a memento for you when I can't."

Everard pressed his hand without speaking, and hurried away to his room in the tower, where, by an extreme effort of will, he forced his attention on the stiffest book he could readily find.

"He can do it, and he will," thought Father Merivale, "and it is the only thing for him; but he will have a hard struggle with himself to do it."

And he had a hard struggle—a struggle that nearly exhausted the strength of mind and body. When he met Father Merivale at a quarter to

eight he was like a man who had passed through the crisis of a fever, passive and weary.

"I have done it," he said, "and it accomplished what you intended: it took me in a manner out of myself for the time being."

"Yes; it was the only thing to be done then," said Father Merivale, "but it must not be repeated: it takes too much out of you. Your feelings are so tremendously strong, and your will so indomitable, that it is dangerous to bring them into collision. The will gains the victory, but at a cost that alarms me—and I am not easily alarmed. I wish you would walk with me to-morrow, after breakfast, to three or four places that I have to call at, and extend the walk indefinitely. Take sandwiches and a flask with you, so that we can stay out all day. I have no engagement for to-morrow, except one that will keep, and I can walk any distance. It is bad for you to be alone just now. You want some one at hand to answer your thoughts. You must think out your troubles aloud, turn them loose upon me, leave nothing inside that has anything to do with them. When the heart is sick we see spectres, and want some one to show us that the ghost is only a bush in the moonlight."

At this moment dinner was announced.

"Thank you for this and all your other acts of kindness," said Everard. "I shall be most grateful for the opportunity, and if you can only show that the spectre is a bush!—But I am afraid you will find that it is not."

"Please, Father, may I speak a word to you?" said Mrs. Roland, as they entered the dining-room.

Father Merivale turned at the sound, and saw her standing within the portière from which Anne had peeped at the Marquis.

"I don't like the looks of Mr. Everard, Father," said she.

"Nor I," said he; "but I hope that in a day or two"——

"There's a pack of them—her Ladyship, who ought to know better, and Sir Richard, who does know better, and has behaved shamefully all along"——

"And kep' away from his dooties for ten years," said Anne, advancing suddenly round a corner—("I beg your pardon, sir, but I couldn't help speaking)—kep' away from his dooties for ten years while her Ladyship was a-robbing the young ladies of the faith; and then that there Marquis, as took and stole Miss Ida's letter from a half-witted fellow that brought it, besides creeping about the place dressed as somebody else, and murdering the baby"——

"For shame!" interrupted Mrs. Roland. "He's bad enough, but he didn't murder the baby."

"There's plenty as says he did," said Anne, "and he ought to have been took up. Ain't I right, Father?"

"Well," said Father Merivale, smiling in spite of his anxiety, "you see it would be rather awkward if the police could take us up on hear-say. With so many gossiping people about, we should none of us be quite safe."

"Thank you, sir," said Anne, and making a low curtsy, she retired, greatly relieved by having disburdened her mind to Father Merivale, and

remarking to herself as she went, "Well, he didn't say as he oughtn't to be took up, and I'm sure he thinks he ought; only he's so good, he don't like to say it."

"It's all true, sir, about Sir Richard and her Ladyship," said Mrs. Roland, "and a great deal more besides. They're killing Mr. Everard, and will, if they're allowed to go on, for he's not the sort to be played these tricks with. Something ought to be done to bring them up short, or there's no saying what her Ladyship may be up to, for she never could bear Mr. Everard—he's too good and straightforward for her. Surely, Father, when the young lady has been promised to him all her life, and is of age, mayn't she have a will of her own about it? Her father wants it to be, only he'll never stand by anything or anybody, and her Ladyship never made any objection, and the wedding day was fixed and all. Her Ladyship will keep on putting off and putting off, if nothing is done about it, and Sir Richard will go on shilly-shallying, and hiding himself whenever she's up to some fresh game; and there it will be, if something is not done."

"Have you any idea why she is acting in this way," said Father Merivale, "when the engagement has been so long a one, and she has never objected to it?"

"I can't tell, sir, at all, unless she has some one else in her head with a great deal of money; but then, Miss Ida wouldn't have anybody but Mr. Everard, and her Ladyship would never find such a one as he is, not if she searched all the world through. She can't have the sense that she was

born with, not to see that, let alone *who* he is and the family, and Freville Chase—there isn't such another place anywhere. But, Father, can't anything be done at once?"

"No. Lady Dytchley has gone abroad in the plea of ill health, and has promised to return as soon as possible and have the wedding directly after her return. That is how the matter stands, and he would put himself in the wrong if he were to make any move in the meantime. But I am keeping him waiting for dinner."

"Thank you, sir, and I hope you'll be able to do something with him; for I can see the change in him, and he's not one to give way to himself—he never was from a child."

"I know he is not. You may rest assured that I will do everything I can. You see, the misfortune was, that by not getting the note, he missed seeing Miss Dytchley before she went; and what he feels so much is, that as she sent it by a very trustworthy man, she must wonder why he didn't come. When he has written and explained, the load will be off his mind."

"I am afraid, sir, it wasn't meant that he should know they were going a day sooner; and he mightn't like to mention it, for I know her Ladyship reads all the letters. But, to be sure, he *might* say that he would have ridden over if he could have known how it was"——

"That bit of natural diplomacy is worth all that I have said and thought about the matter," thought Father Merivale, as he hastened back to the dining-room.

About the same time that evening Lady Dytch-

ley, who, owing to the dentist's engagements or some other cause unexplained, had not left London on Wednesday, was stepping on board the Folkestone boat. Lady Oxborough, too, was there, notwithstanding her appointment, accompanied by her eldest son and two of her daughters. How it came to pass that their departures were simultaneous from Folkestone and from London, though Lady Oxborough, as we were told, had been obliged to leave town on Wednesday and Lady Dytchley obliged to wait till Thursday, is not known. They said nothing about it during their journey from London, nor did they now on board the packet. Perhaps Lady Dytchley, having a great regard for her friend, and desiring to return as soon as possible for the wedding (see her two notes to Everard), had taken the appointment in too strict a sense, and discovered her error on arriving in London; but as she said nothing about it, we have no right to affirm positively that such was the case.

The night being warm and clear, and the sea smooth as a lake, she and Lady Oxborough seated themselves in a convenient place not far from the man at the wheel, whom no one must talk to. The rest of the party dispersed themselves a little way off, wherever they could find room, but Ida, to avoid conversation, soon rose from her seat and walked about the deck. Had she overheard the conversation between her mother and Lady Oxborough, or, at least, the following part of it, she would have heard something that it concerned her to know; but, as their heads were approximated and their voices low, she did not.

The nautical sounds that give a foretaste of impending horrors to the sea-sick while a vessel is getting away from her moorings, made the first part of their dialogue inaudible, but when they were out of the harbour and the vessel was cleaving her way steadily through the pond-like sea without noise or motion, any one walking by at a slow pace and with interest to listen, might have heard from Lady Dytchley's lips the following fragment of an explanatory reply :—

“—— and, you see, when the time drew near, she began to feel what a dreadful step she was taking. But then there was the foolish engagement in the way—a silly sort of sentimental fancy as it was, to answer for a baby and bind her to it, like a godfather and godmother in baptism; and so she tried *not* to think, and thought she was bound to go on with it, religion and all. And then he came to see her when I was out.”

Lady Oxborough made a gesture of protest against concrete Popery as exemplified by Everard, but did not commit herself to a verbal expression of her feelings. Lady Dytchley, encouraged by the gesture, thus continued to open her grief :—

“Yes! when I was out (but it's just like them), and when he knew too that her father never wanted to interfere with her religion: and he worked upon her so—you know how cunning they are, and how they are taught by the priests to make Romanism look quite different from what it is—that I could see she was losing her health and spirits. So I determined to bring her with me abroad instead of Elfrida—I couldn't take both,

on account of their father being left alone. I daresay I shall be abused for it all round, and accused of ill-treating him and of breaking my word too, if it is broken off, but I really couldn't see her sacrificed in that way without giving her an opportunity of escape."

"And you were perfectly right," said Lady Oxborough, drawing up her waterproof cloak to a level with her ears; "but I find it getting chilly. I think I must go down into the cabin. Well, I think you were bound to act as you did. It is not fair to any girl (so beautiful as she is too) to let her be dragged into a marriage in that way; and *if* she really is doubtful about it, and has been influenced by his presence—*if* she has"—

Here Lady Oxborough rose from her seat and began to move.

"She *has*. That is just it," said Lady Dytechley, walking after her and speaking into the top of the waterproof cloak, lest Ida, who was not far off, should overhear her. She *has*. She has been drawn into it and kept to it so, and any one could see how it was preying upon her. That was why I brought her away, and I told him before I left that I considered them disengaged."

"Did you? That was a strong measure. What did he say?"

"Nothing at all."

Lady Oxborough gave a side glance towards her son, who was talking to Ida, and said:—

"Well, then, if she is tired of it, and he too, the thing may be said to be over"—

"And never was anything really on her part," affirmed Lady Dytechley, who had grown bolder in

her statements by degrees, as success, real or supposed, increased the demand on her imagination. "I have been thought very hard, and very unfeeling, and very foolish, and very unjust, and very flighty, and I don't know what besides, for acting as I have done ; but I know that I have done right."

"And every one will say so. We are all of us misunderstood for a while, at some time or other about something," said Lady Oxborough, descending into the cabin.

Her misjudged friend was about to follow, when a shadow crossed the light of the setting sun, and a melodious but melancholy voice, not unknown and not familiar, said :—

"How do you do, Lady Dytchley ? This is an unexpected pleasure for me. I thought you were in Paris."

It was the Marquis Moncalvo who, in consequence of the 10.50 train being late, had lost no time by his visit to Chase End, and was safe on board before Lady Dytchley's luggage left the station.

"I am very glad to have met you," said she, and her gladness grew as she rapidly reflected on the advantage of having a second man during the early part of the journey, to avert Ida's attention from the oneness of the other. "She might be set against him at first," thought that prudent and misjudged lady, "for he shows his feelings a little too plainly, poor fellow : and this will just make it right."

"And besides the pleasure of seeing you," she said, "this gives me the opportunity of apologising for my apparent rudeness in leaving home

when I had the pleasure of expecting you at dinner. The fact is, I was obliged to be a few hours in London, and Lady Oxborough was to have left town yesterday, which I only knew very late, so that I had really no choice. It was most provoking, for, as it has turned out, I might have stayed."

"Sir Richard told me that you had been called away suddenly," said the Marquis, "and I regretted the contretemps on your account as well as on my own; for it must have been very fatiguing to be hurried from home on so long a journey, especially as you were in delicate health."

"Yes, it tired me very much. I should have been knocked up altogether if I had not had four-and-twenty hours' rest in London. Did you leave Freville Chase this morning?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock; and Hubert Freville went to Beynham at the same time. Everard is quite alone, with no one to speak to except Father Merivale."

"Oh! as long as there is a priest," said she, looking downwards and folding her cloak about her, as if the remark were to herself.

The Marquis made a vague gesture of assent, and said nothing. Ida, hearing Everard's name, had approached by degrees. Lady Dytechley noticed the movement, and said audibly, "How was he? in good spirits?"

"Very good," answered the Marquis.

"I am glad to hear that he takes his disappointment so philosophically," said she, in a tone of astonishment. "But I suppose he felt it when he came to Netherwood and found us gone?"

"I did not observe any difference, but I think that Englishmen sometimes conceal their feelings, and can (so to speak) regulate them," said the Marquis.

Lady Dytchley shook her head, kept emphatic silence for a few seconds and changed the conversation. Ida drew back, glided away behind the funnel, and went forward among groups of people who knew her not. Lady Dytchley saw her go, and, thinking that a little quiet reflection on what she had heard would be good for her, looked the other way.

Ida was of course not aware of her mother's opinion, nor did she suspect such a view of the case; but hers differed from it widely. She passed through a small crowd of British and foreign men, who smoked wooden pipes or penny cigars according to their nationality, and stood at last where she could look down upon the now dark waters and the packet cutting its way through them. She looked down at the dark water and the sparkles of light that danced over its surface as it rolled away on either side; but she heeded it not. Moncalvo's words had laid a burden on her heart that she could neither throw off nor acknowledge. Everard was in very good spirits a few hours after she had been hurried away without seeing him. She had heard this accidentally from an eye-witness whom she had no reason to disbelieve, and it was confirmed by the fact that although he was at home when her note was sent, he did not come to see her. On the other hand she believed in Everard, and did not much believe in any one else personally known,

except Elfrida. At the thought of what Moncalvo had said, the hot blood mounted into her face, and she simply hated him for having said it, whether innocently or not; but the words rang in her ears, and the recollection of the unanswered note sent a chill through her heart, whilst every mile of the journey seemed to take her farther and farther into doubt and desolation. She remained there, looking at the dark water without noticing it, till the packet arrived at Boulogne.

While she was following her mother into the hotel and snubbing every one else who approached her, Everard, having accompanied Father Merivale home, was walking out of the courtyard into the Chase, trying without any hope of success to rouse himself from a state of depression so immense that it seemed to have no end. But he was not aware that Lady Dytchley, at the Hotel des Bains, was informing Lady Oxborough of his good spirits, and exciting herself gradually by the sound of the words to have a theoretical belief in what they represented.

The air was balmy and fresh, the sky clear, the stars large and brilliant. He drew a deep breath and said to himself, "This ought to clear away cobwebs from the brain, and would, if they were there. They are not. I should only deceive myself if I thought so." But the air was physically reviving, and he strolled on some distance down the carriage road. As he was walking back, he happened to notice a light in or against a window in the tower. The moon had now risen, and, from where he was, might possibly seem to be shining against the glass; but it was scarcely high

enough yet to do so, and the light was too red.

"It can't be on fire," he thought, quickening his pace to a run, and keeping his eyes on the red light: "it can't be, unless Moncalvo went there at night, as Mrs. Roland said he did, and dropped a match—people are so careless. I wish I had never seen him: his name comes across me like a shadow at every turn. But what is this light? It is too steady for fire, I think; yet who can be up there? It is—yes, it is the room below the hiding-hole."

He ran on till he was a few yards from the tower, when he stood still and looked at the window carefully.

"There is nothing on fire, I think," he said; "but there is the light, and there it ought not to be. I must go at once and see what it means. It is hardly possible that anything should be on fire; and if it is, there will be time to call people up, and if—I don't know what, I must be there alone."

By this time he was in the hall, and striding past the old butler, who wondered at his rapid entrance, ran upstairs to his bedroom for the lamp, and then to the tower. When he opened the door he sniffed the air critically.

"There is no smell of fire," he said, and went on to the panelled room behind the further staircase. Here he stopped and listened. There was a distinct sound as of hurried and muffled footsteps in the room.

"Some thieves have got in somehow, and mean to rob the house," he thought, as he set down the lamp on the stairs, "but I don't mean that they

shall. I had better have been armed." He stood for a moment, realising the rashness of what he was about to do, and an intense light came into his eyes. Opening the door softly he walked in, prepared to equalise the odds as far as possible by attacking the invaders before they had recovered from their surprise. But no thieves were there, nor any traces of them, except the light in the room, which came from a rushlight on a table.

"They must be somewhere, and they can't know the hiding-hole. But why is this light left here?"

He looked round the room and was still more puzzled. The bed was made, a brush and comb lay on the dressing-table, and there was a small leather bag in a corner. Who could the self-invited occupant of the room be? "Moncalvo aut Diabolus," thought Everard. "Am I to believe that he came here in the middle of the night, or that the room is haunted, as somebody has set about? I see how the ghost has been made, for my unknown friend evidently makes himself at home, and has lodged here some time."

He looked round the room again, and then stood looking at the dim, steady flame of the rushlight. A change came over his countenance. The light had died away from his eyes. The depression that had been taken off, for a few moments, by the thought of a hand-to-hand encounter against unknown odds, returned and possessed him again completely.

"But I must see this out," he said to himself at length. "I will search the hiding-hole first—but there can't be any one there—and then the rest of the tower."

He pushed back an invisible spring in one of the panels on the left, which opened wide enough for any one to go through. The panel was covered on the other side with thick planks of oak, to prevent discovery by sound. When it was shut there was just room for a big man to stand. A nearly perpendicular staircase went straight up for some distance parallel with the wall of the room. Up this he went in total darkness, till it turned at right angles and ended in a landing-place with a wall beyond and a large recess on the left, where apples had been stored in times of persecution, to suggest a use for the staircase in the event of its being discovered. The bottom of the recess was a little below the level of the landing-place, and the top about two feet above. He touched a spring at the bottom of it, when part of the floor became detached from the rest of the landing, and lifting up that part, like the lid of a box, he disclosed a wooden receptacle, in size and shape like a sawpit, ventilated sufficiently to keep a human being alive, and lighted by a small grated window that was not seen from the outside, owing to the thickness of the wall.

When he opened the lid he heard a cry of terror within, and looking down into the hiding-hole, which was about six feet deep, with some rudely-cut steps to descend by, saw a woman crouched up in a corner of it. He at once jumped in, and on seeing her face nearer by the light of the moon which shone through the grated window, thought that he had seen her before.

"Oh! don't," she said. "Don't look so. Indeed, it is not my fault—it is his. Don't send me away

from here : I shall die if you do. I will tell you all, Mr. Everard. Do hear me, and you will see how it is ; but don't drive me away. There is nowhere else where I am safe. Mrs. Roland will tell you, but I implored her not to say anything till *he* was out of the way."

"Don't be afraid," said Everard, "you are quite safe. But surely I remember you long ago."

"You do, sir, when you were a child. I should have known you anywhere, though it is so long ago and I have had so much trouble since."

"You must be Charlotte Wilcox."

"I am that unfortunate creature ; but for pity's sake, Mr. Everard, don't let any one know. Mine is such an extraordinary case. You would never imagine what I have gone through."

"Either most people are out of their senses," thought Everard, "and she in particular, or I never had any."

"Mr. Everard, you don't seem sure about it," said she, giving way to another paroxysm of fear. "Oh! do give me shelter here, only for a short time. If you only knew"——

"I will, indeed. Don't be afraid of anything. But why are you here in this uncomfortable place? You would be perfectly safe in the room below."

"It was only because I heard footsteps"——

"Well, now you know whose they were ; so come down and let me see you better lodged before I go."

"Oh! don't go yet, sir. Do let me tell you first why I am trespassing on your kindness in this way, and do let me tell it now at once ; for indeed I would have told you before, and only

begged Mrs. Roland not to say anything to you till he was gone."

"'He' again!" thought Everard. "What is coming next? Moncalvo, of course—*Siamo sempre da capo*."

"I mean, gone away out of the country," said she.

"Who?"

"That dreadful Marquis Moncalvo. Oh! Mr. Everard, you have no idea what he is. He tried to make out that I was mad long ago, only his aunt prevented him all the while I was in her service; but she died, and then I was obliged to come to England, with no one to protect me in a foreign country. The old Countess took me at first because I was unprotected, and I am sure she knew there was something wrong about the child's death; and when she died, I was so grieved that I could think of nothing else, and he got somebody to say I was out of my mind, and I found out that he intended to shut me up in a madhouse. Then I came to England, for fear of him, for I knew he would swear anything against me, and I hid about till I was nearly starved and had spent all my money. Then I remembered hearing of the hiding-hole when I lived here many years ago, and I begged Mrs. Roland to have pity on me, and"—

"But what object could he have in doing all this?" asked Everard.

"It was because I knew too much, though I couldn't prove it so as to take the law of him. I know he made away with the dear child, and I wasn't going to let him think I didn't and say

afterwards that I had said nothing about it at the time, in case I should be able to get proof of it some day; and so I told him that I knew he had done it, and he couldn't bear the sight of me ever after that."

"I don't wonder at that," said Everard. "But he has no power to get you into a lunatic asylum. It can't be done in England without two doctors and a magistrate, who must all of them have an interview with you; and as there is no magistrate but myself within six miles, you may set your mind at rest about that."

"Oh yes, sir, I know you wouldn't let me be wronged; but he is up to anything. He wouldn't mind about getting me away by force, if he couldn't do it any other way: and then, what could I do among strangers, with him swearing against me and bringing forward what I accused him of, to show I was mad. I can't prove my words, and the magistrate and the doctors and them would think of course that it showed I was mad."

"Such things have been done, I know," said Everard; "but the person who does it must be a relation, or at least show some better right to interfere than he could. The case would be too suspicious. Any magistrate would want to know where you came from, who your relations were, and who the people were that brought you. It would be too dangerous a game for any one to play who has a character to lose."

"Yes, sir, it would; but there's no bounds to what he would do. He would think nothing about swearing away my life, he wouldn't indeed."

"I may as well give in with a good grace," thought Everard. "One may as well try to move a mountain as an *idée fixe*."

"And he is *so* deep, there's no being even with him," she added, after pausing for a moment in expectation of some word or sign that might be taken for assent. "He wouldn't stick at anything to get me out of the way; and it's no wonder I am afraid to be seen out of doors, with him going about and pouncing down, nobody could tell when or where."

"To be sure. Well, then, make yourself as comfortable as you can in the room below, and when I hear that he is out of England, I will find some less lonely place for you. We will see about that in a few days."

Charlotte Wilcox thanked him in many strong words, climbed the steps of the hiding-hole after him, and returned into the rush-lighted room. Everard then said a few kind words, wished her good-night, and went his way. As he passed through the tower he said to himself:—"I have the English doctor's certificate that the child died naturally—a well-known English physician of high character. So much for that. It was Moncalvo's interest that the child should die, and he did die. Charlotte Wilcox told him that he was a murderer, and he showed that he didn't like it—no wonder, and since she left Italy, thinking he wanted to put her into a lunatic asylum, she has brooded over it till it has become a monomania. No wonder Moncalvo didn't like it. It cannot be pleasant to have a person going about saying that one has murdered a baby.

But I wish she had chosen some other hiding-place."

Just as he was passing the door of his sitting-room, Mrs. Roland opened the door of the tower, and said:

"It is very late, sir, I know; but I wanted to tell you something, and I have had no chance to do so all day."

"I think I know what you mean," he said. "I have seen her—Charlotte Wilcox, and heard it all. I went there because I saw a light, and I thought something might be on fire."

"I wanted to speak about it," said she, "because it looks so very improper of me to take her in like that, and say nothing to you about it. But I assure you I was afraid she would have drowned herself, or something of that kind, if I hadn't promised her to say nothing to anybody until the Marquis went away."

"My dear old faithful friend," said Everard emphatically, "you must always do what you think best. You are sure to be right, and I shall always think you are right. It would have been unlike yourself and against the old customs of this house, if you had not given shelter to Charlotte Wilcox. I would not have refused it to anyone in distress, much less to a woman born in the parish, and an old servant in the family."

"You were always like that, Mr. Everard; but it's an awkward business. What is to be done with her? She would take a place, but is hardly fitted for one now, and she won't go home, because she can't get on with her father's second wife."

"Well, I must provide for her somewhere. I can't let her go to shift for herself as she is. Did she tell you a long story about the Marquis Moncalvo?"

"Yes, sir, she keeps on saying, like some of the old women at Chase End, that he did murder your baby brother, and that he wants to put her into an asylum for saying so, but she owns she has got no proof. Of course he didn't do that, but I am sure there's something wrong about him. He ought to have told you about that note when it was spoken of. It wasn't straightforward, and I didn't like many other little things about him."

"I can't make him out," said Everard, opening the door of the tower; "but you must be tired. It is past twelve. Good-night."

"He tries to speak cheerfully, and make the best of things, but he looks so that it breaks my heart to see him," thought Mrs. Roland. "Lady Dytchley ought to be ashamed of herself, playing the fool, without any feeling for Miss Ida or for anything. A great strong thing like her, to talk about being ordered abroad for her health! It's all very well to say that the time is nothing, and will soon be over, but that is not it. It's the putting it off when everything was ready—having her taken away from him almost at the altar, as you may say. She don't care enough about Sir Richard (and who could?) to know what it is, but she knows she's doing wrong. Oh, dear! I hope he'll hear from Miss Ida soon, and then he'll be able to get on better."

He certainly was far from doing so then. The scene in the tower had passed out of his mind, or

remained there but as an unnoticed impression. He only thought of the lost note and all its possible consequences, whilst Ida, without any abatement of confidence in him, was crying herself to sleep over the report of his good spirits, and Lady Dytchley, seeing therein an opening for certain views of her own, was feeling more pleased with him than she had ever felt before.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Ovid put forth the opinion that we can laugh at false reports about us, if we are conscious of being innocent—

"Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit,"

he might have added, unless the hearer is one's betrothed wife, from whom one is unavoidably separated by land and sea ; but then he was not acquainted with Lady Dytchley, and perhaps had never met with any one so skilled in utilising other people's words. Everard was very much acquainted with her, and had, on more occasions than one, seen his own words undergo strange transformations under her care, so that when he began to analyse a little more accurately what it was that he had really dreaded, he found it in that utilising power. This discovery, or rather realisation of what he felt before without having a clear impression of it, brought him into a state of mind that made Father Merivale despair of any good results from the long walk and his own charitable efforts. They began the walk however, and continued it till about midday, when Father Merivale, after some hard thinking, proposed that they should return and take another and a longer walk instead, the next day.

"I had not thought," he said, "of an important matter that I ought to see to."

Everard turned back mechanically, not caring much what he did, and they walked home at an increased pace, of which he was not aware.

"Can the dog-cart be of any use to you?" said he, when they had returned to Freville Chase and Father Merivale was about to start again.

"No, thank you; your horse has been worked a great deal lately," he replied. "I shall manage very well."

He walked to a farmhouse about a mile distant, borrowed a cart and drove to Netherwood. When he arrived there he found Sir Richard in the stable-yard preparing to mount.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" he said. "I see you are going out, but I will not detain you long."

"I am so glad to see you," said Sir Richard in a non-natural sense, for he felt a sudden and quite unaccountable misgiving at this unexpected visit. "Why didn't you come to luncheon? we should have been so delighted to see you."

"You are always so hospitable," said Father Merivale, "and I should have had great pleasure in coming sooner; but the fact is that I came for another purpose altogether, for your sake as well as for that of a most dear friend."

"God bless me! what is coming now?" thought Sir Richard. "It can't be about *him*. It is always a great pleasure to see you," he said nervously, "and I only wish you had come earlier, for I am really obliged to start at once. I am very

sorry—and I see you so seldom too, but business, you know”——

While pronouncing the last words he had put his foot into the stirrup, mounted with exceeding nimbleness, and with a touch of the spur made his horse sidle away out of distance for private conversation, saying, “Good-bye, good-bye. I am so sorry. I wish you had happened to come sooner.”

But this manœuvre only removed him from the protecting ear of the groom, and brought him into a *cul de sac*, for in backing to avoid pursuit while saying good-bye so pleasantly, he found himself wedged into a corner of the yard, between the great open gate and the wall, with Father Merivale in front, and, as he was not prepared to ride over a priest, *suadente diabolo*, he was obliged to listen.

“I will not detain you,” said Father Merivale, “but I can’t go without saying what I came to say. I should be acting wrongly by you if I did. I have no right to spare myself a disagreeable office at the risk of helping by omission to entail on you serious responsibilities and perhaps bitter remorse.”

Sir Richard winced perceptibly, and made his horse fidget from side to side, ready to take sudden advantage of an opening; but Father Merivale kept his post, and said in continuation:—

“If anything really goes wrong about Everard Freville’s marriage, you, who approved and encouraged that marriage, will be responsible for the consequences. He is exceedingly strong in mind and body, but he will not be able to stand

that, I am certain. He can't be bent, but he may be broken, and if you allow him to be hard pressed in that point, he will."

"Really I have acted for the best about it, and done what I could. I think it is I who am hard pressed. Of course I have the greatest respect for your office, you know, but, really, it's going a little far, and "——

"I am not here as a priest, I am not speaking as a priest, I have nothing to do with you in any way as a priest; and, if I had, I should certainly not speak to you in that character about your private affairs. You know very well that no priest would do so. I speak as one man to another. I speak as a Christian and a neighbour, I speak because I cannot in conscience be silent. I speak in your own interest. You have been Everard Freville's guardian, you stand towards him *in loco parentis*, you have allowed him to be brought into the present painful and false position, which has already broken him down more than any one who has not seen him within the last two days would think possible, and you have the responsibility of any and every evil that may arise out of it. I am not in any way supposing that it will, but knowing Everard as well as I do, knowing all the circumstances of the case, and not knowing what might come out of so sudden and unprecedented a postponement, on the day fixed for signing the settlements and within three weeks of the wedding-day, it was my duty to tell you what you were evidently not aware of and could not know to its full extent. Having done so "——

"Thank you very much. It was very kind of you to mention it," interrupted Sir Richard. "You see as to what has happened"——

"What has happened is no business of mine ; and as I wish to mind my own business, I decline entering upon that subject. I should not have broken off a very important engagement to drive eighteen miles in a jolting cart, if I had not been impelled to do so by a motive that I should not have been justified in resisting. As I said before, I am not supposing anything more than what has happened, and is happening in consequence ; but you must see that I had good reasons for apprehension, and could have had no assurance that this apprehension might not prove a reality. Feeling as I do the peculiarly delicate position of a priest in such a case as this, I had to do battle with myself for some time before I could make up my mind to come here and speak as I have spoken. I felt that it was a duty towards you, as the person most responsible for the result ; but we are all poor weak creatures, and I must confess that I should have shrunk from coming here on that plea. I will be frank with you and confess my weakness. Nothing but my immense regard for Everard Freville would have made me come on such a business to this house."

Sir Richard fervently wished that the regard had been less ; "but it's coming to an end," he thought, and his head made frequent gestures of general assent.

"Perhaps you don't know Everard as well as I do," said Father Merivale. "I have had peculiarly good opportunities of doing so. He

is the noblest specimen of a Catholic layman and an Englishman that I have ever known, and I could not see, or fancy that I saw, the remotest chance of such a life being unjustly sacrificed without warning the person who would be responsible for it. I have warned you, and in case of possible difficulty your own conscience must do the rest. Good-morning, Sir Richard, I am sorry to have detained you."

He drew back, and Sir Richard, escaping from his corner, rode off, waving his hand in mute acknowledgment.

"I might as well have spoken to the stable door," thought Father Merivale, as he climbed into the cart; "but he may remember it, if another sharp fit of bronchitis or some other stimulant of the conscience happens to make him think."

The cart started with a jerk that nearly shook the seat out of its place, and, after rumbling and jolting over the cross roads for the space of an hour and twenty-five minutes, brought him at four o'clock to the farmhouse. He had then been walking, driving, and unsuccessfully talking more than six hours, and had to walk nearly a mile home, with an accumulated amount of work before him, including arrears of office, the books for the school-inspector, and the rumour of a probable sick call. "I have enough to do to-day, of all others," he thought, "but I must see Everard first."

He found him in the Chase, holding in his hand three letters, that had come to Lyneham by the second post and been brought by the old coachman, who had gone there to inquire about the carriage-horses. One of the letters was from Ida.

"Are you satisfied with it?" said Father Merivale. "But I see that you are."

"I am," said Everard.

"*Deo Gratias!* Then I will be off, for I have lots to do."

"*Deo Gratias!*" he repeated mentally as he walked away. "If she had written sooner I might have spared myself one of the most disagreeable employments that ever fell to my lot. But then I should have missed an opportunity of grappling with an extreme repugnance to do what was right. I never disliked anything so much in my life, either in prospect or in practice. I am very thankful on my own account for having been enabled to do it; and besides, it may be of some use in some way, some day or other, to Sir Richard. Perhaps he never gave any one a chance of telling him so many home-truths. Anyhow it has done me good, and the taste of the pill is gone."

Whilst Father Merivale was settling down to his arrears of work, Everard was reading Ida's letter again. As no one but himself and the writer has seen the inside of that precious missive, the character of its contents must be taken for granted. It satisfied him, and he was by no means in an optimistic state of mind when it arrived. The letter had been written in London and posted too late to be received in the morning. It may be supposed that nothing was said about the lost note, but the omission would not disturb him, seeing that he was aware of reasons for not mentioning it.

The other letter was from Lady Dytechley.

He read that, too, a second time, and was satisfied with what it said, which was this :

" My dear Everard,—What will you think of me when you receive this after my telling you I was leaving town yesterday ? I am full of business with dentists and shops for things I had forgotten in my hurry and doctors besides, having been quite knocked up with the fatigue of starting a day sooner, and the worry of being obliged to disappoint you of seeing Ida here, and after all, we were obliged to stay till now, I having in my flurry misunderstood Lady Oxborough's note about the day she would have to be in Paris. I am better now, and I fully expect and believe that the fresh sea-air in crossing on such a lovely evening as it seems likely to be will begin to set me up quite, and the change of air and scene will, I feel sure, take away the remains of my attack very soon. I quite think that I shall be able to come back by the middle of October, and then the wedding can be in a few days, for everything can be arranged beforehand. In great haste. —Yours affectionately

" Charlotte Dytchley."

It seems difficult at first sight to reconcile these comforting assurances with the statements made to Lady Oxborough on board the steam-packet and the confidential thoughts imparted to her inner self, from time to time, during that part of the journey ; but sea-air, after the reactionary consequences of an intermittent tantrum, has a tendency to encourage hopefulness, and the particular kind of hope thus aroused may be determined one way or another by accidental cir-

cumstances that would have no force in Paris. There seems to be no other way of explaining the discrepancy.

Everard, not being aware of what had passed on board the Folkestone boat, was simply satisfied with what was written; and when he had read Ida's letter for the third time, he opened one from Hubert.

Hubert's letter began with expressions of regret at leaving Freville Chase, and, after some strong abuse of the Marquis Moncalvo, drew to a conclusion thus:—

"My uncle desires me to say that he has often wished to see you, and never could manage to do it since you were a boy. He wants you very much to come and stay here as long as you can, and is saying so repeatedly while I am trying to write. So do come, whether you can or not. For every sort of reason I want you here, and to give you no excuse for not coming, I have told my uncle that you were very busy, and would probably not be able to come on short notice. So come on the 31st, if there is any difficulty about coming sooner, and you will be ready for the partridges, which promise well in these parts. The post is gone, so you will not get this till Saturday, unless some faithful retainer goes into Lyneham and brings it out. I have not begun to forget what you said to me on the most serious of all possible subjects, in answer to the rubbish that I talked about it. I said my prayers over it in the train as hard as I could, but nothing particular has come of it yet. Pazienza! as the Italians generally say when they are much excited. I suppose that by trying hard and wish-

ing to do right, one finds Truth at last if it is to be found. . . ."

Everard decided that he would go to Beynham on the 31st; read Ida's letter for the fourth time, and, retiring to his room in the tower, wrote answers to the three letters. First he wrote to Hubert, saying that he would be at Beynham on the 31st, then to Lady Dytechley, thanking her for her letter and distinctly-made promise to hasten the marriage by returning as soon as possible. This he expressed with the greatest civility, but in the plainest terms, as a formal protest against any loose interpretation of her letter. The distinctness of her promise was shown by her own words, brought in skilfully with due and undue acknowledgments; but want of confidence could not be inferred, nor did he feel any then. It may seem odd that he was satisfied with this third written promise, and not with the two others. The ostensible reason was this:—The first letter might have been written to keep him quiet till she was out of the way, and the second to ensure his not following them before they had left Paris and gone, he knew not whither; but when she was about to start for Folkestone, feeling morally certain that he was at Freville Chase, what possible motive could she have to commit herself in writing more distinctly than before, unless she meant what she wrote? That was the reason that appeared conclusive to him, and probably would to any one; but the sudden reaction inclined him to be more fully satisfied than he would otherwise have been. He wrote a long letter to Ida, skilfully contriving to say as much as Elfrida's warn-

ing would allow to prudence, and then he fell to day-dreaming.

About this time the landlady of the White Hart, at Lynnham, was aroused from contemplation over her accounts by the unexpected and unwelcome arrival of the woman of the "mid-dling countenance." That unpleasant visitor presented herself in an abrupt and bold manner. The landlady saw the apparition through the glass door of the room where she sat, and her dress became very tight at the vision.

"Please 'm, she won't go," said the waiter, in anticipation of a refusal. "She's a queer customer, she is, and walks about as if the whole place belonged to her. Hadn't I better fetch the p'lice?"

"No," said the landlady, drawing a deep breath, to loosen the accidental tightness of her dress. "She is half mad, poor creature. Show her into No. 1 sitting-room."

The woman was shown in, and the landlady followed, rousing herself to resistance as she went.

"Well! what do you want?" said she, standing square before the intruder, and jingling a large bunch of keys.

"I am come for twenty pounds," replied the woman, and her countenance looked more mid-dling than before.

"Then you *must* want it, for I haven't the money to give you, and wouldn't give it if I had," said the landlady in a bluff but uncomfortable voice.

"Well, my dear old friend! Hm! ha! I am

truly desolated, but—*che volete in somma?* I cannot be without bread.”

“Bread! you who have been living like a fighting-cock”——

“I have been fighting with my miseries, but I do not sing like a cock. It is you who do like that. Your big gown shakes while you talk so grand, like the wings of an old cock when he sings very big to another.”

“Do have done with that rubbish! I say that you have been living better than me, and spending money when I was working hard to save it.”

“What does that import? We are in the same boat—I can say so much English as that. I must have my money, or”——

“Well! what are you going to threaten now? It doesn’t signify to me; for if you bother me any more I shall sell off (there are plenty who will jump at taking the business), and go away to America.”

“Oh! if they jump so to have it, you must have more than twenty pounds.”

“I haven’t, I tell you. Can’t you understand plain words? How can I have it, with you sponging upon me in this way?”

“Sponging upon you? Without doubt you are drunk with your own bad beer and mixed cognac.”

“You are enough to provoke a saint with your nonsense—playing the innocent and pretending to misunderstand me. Now, look here. I haven’t got the money, and can’t get it. Do you understand that?”

“I understand that you tell me that, but I am

not so beast. What for have you that grand cameriere, and the man who carries the baggage on his shoulder, and the man who stands doing nothing at the door, if you have not the money to pay them?"

"You are a downright fool. Don't I want money to pay those fellows? How can I keep them and you too?"

"Ah! well! Hm! I will go to the old"——

"You great fool! what will you get by that? Do you suppose you will get money out of him? I advise you not to try that game. You'll get yourself into trouble if you do, *I* can tell you."

"And you too. It imports to you no less."

"Not a bit of it. What *you* say will be worth nothing by itself."

"Hm! will it not? You will be made to say, for I can find another who shall say something—you know who; and then what will you do—eh? eh? eh?"

"I don't care for your threats now: so there! And I haven't the money to give. How was it you didn't find him that must have given it to you? I told you where to find him."

"You told me to go where I could *not* find him."

"It was your fault if you didn't. And what have you done with the ten-pound note I gave you last week, when I hadn't another in the house?"

"I have some of it."

"I should think so, indeed."

"But I must eat."

"Go and get an honest living. Go into service

again. You *would* spend your money when you had it. Work for your living like a respectable woman, instead of cadging about in this shameful way."

The woman of the middling countenance made no answer except that of repeating her former statement: "I must have twenty pounds." The landlady became very red in the face, and breathed hard.

"I haven't got it," she said, "but I'll tell you what I will do. I will give it you at Christmas, if you will promise not to show your face here again for two years."

"No, no, my dear," said her persistent tormentor. "I must have it now—twenty pounds, lire sterline."

The landlady's dress nearly burst by reason of the excessive demands on its expanding power, but for the space of a few seconds no articulate sound was given forth by its occupant.

"I can't; and that's all about it," she said at last. "Do as you please, you nasty, idle, deceiving, revengeful, ungrateful creature!"

While she was pouring out this torrent of adjectives the middling countenance underwent a rapid change. It did not become less middling, but it brightened. An idea, not quite new, but put to flight by the strife of tongues, had struck her forcibly during the interval of silence, and she expressed it in a business-like way.

"Now, my dear, I love you very much" (here the landlady flounced and muttered), "so I will do the possible for you. What can we do without the money? I must have some, that is certain ;

but I will give myself the pain to find one other who *must* give me money if I can find him, and I know where I can find him. Now—well! give me twenty pounds, that I may have to eat while I am finding him”——

“Pish! Does he live in California, that you are to spend twenty pounds in eating while you are after him?”

“È un modi di dire. You know well what I mean. I must have clothes, and I must pay the tickets when I travel in the train. Then let me speak: it shall be good for you. I go to the other man. He would not love it if I—you know what, and you know who he is. Shall I say his name?”

“Any one you like. I can’t tell what’s in your head. Go and bother anybody.”

“Anybody? I know well who he is, and you know. Do not you remember when we were such very dear friends, eh? eh?”

“Do have done with that blarney, and say what you want to do straight out. We are *not* friends, and I wish I had never seen your ugly face; so don’t let us have any more of that. What is it you want to do? You’ve driven me into a corner, and I mean to show fight if you try it on any more. What is this dodge of yours?”

“What has a dog to do with my travels, and the money I shall get from him when he shall see me?”

“Mercy upon me! I wasn’t talking about a dog. I meant to say that I wouldn’t stand any more of your tricks, and I won’t. But go on—go on.”

“Now, my dearest friend, do be genteel. I say that I shall go to him and shall get much money

from him, and then I shall not come to get it from you. You understand that, I think?"

"Of course I do," said the landlady in a softer tone; "but how can I believe you?"

The woman of the middling countenance looked hard at the bunch of keys and replied:—

"You shall see. I have never told you this secret before, because I did not think of it. I shall tell it you now."

"I tell you I don't want to hear any of your secrets."

"But they are your secrets, my dear friend."

"I won't have any more of this. Will you go?"

"When you shall have given me twenty pounds."

"You thick-headed donkey! I haven't got twenty pounds to give."

"You shall find them when you shall know that they are the last sterling pounds that you shall give to me."

"Well, if they were, why, of course"——

"Give them to me, then, to pay the travels, and the hotels, and all this, that I may find him—shall I tell you who he is?"

"Bother the man! I don't care who you mean. Finish what you've got to say."

"I shall find him because I know where he lives, and he must give me much money, and then I shall never come to you no more."

"Well, if you can do that—why, of course"——

"I can do it. I know where he lives, and he must pay me much money; but the travels, you know, cost the money. You must give me

twenty pounds now, and I shall never ask money from you no more."

The landlady paused and reflected.

"If you wait a bit," said she, "I shall be able to give it you; but I really haven't it at present."

"What for are those keys, if not to open the box where is the money?"

"They don't open the money-box; and if they did, there is nothing in it but some silver."

"Then give me the silver"——

"Yes, and leave myself without a penny, when I am near run dry already."

"Well! Hm! then I must go and tell, and they will make you tell"——

"What! cut your own throat to spite me"——

"It shall be so. I am desperate. Give me twenty pounds, and I shall not trouble you no more. If not, you shall hear too much. I go now."

The landlady placed her portly figure before the door, and considered the case with all her might; but no practical solution presented itself, for twenty pounds were not in her possession at that moment.

"You could get the money," remarked the unpleasant woman, moving nearer to the door.

"Yes, and ruin my credit."

"That is not my affair. Give me the twenty pounds, and I shall never come to you no more."

The landlady was driven to desperation.

"What *am* I to do," she thought, "to get rid of this beast of a woman? I could get rid of her for ever by giving her twenty pounds—I see that—and I haven't it, and can't get it without ruining

my credit in a small town like this, where everybody knows everybody's business. There is *one* person, that queer old aunt of mine, who—why, there she is!”

There was a confused murmur of two voices in amicable dispute, then a smothered knock, a decisive push against the door, and old Susan of the Four Ways walked into the room, her head cannoning against the middling countenance as it was giving a last warning at the door.

“I ask your pardon, ma'am,” said Susan. “I were in such a hurry. I don't often see her (she's my niece, ma'am), because I live a good bit away for an old woman like me to walk.”

“Yes, it's a long time since I saw her,” said the landlady, addressing the Italian. “I have a word to say to her about some business. Don't go till I come back.”

The mysterious visitor assented, and old Susan followed her niece into the little room with the glass door.

“She's a queer sort of customer, that woman you saw,” said the latter, when the glass door had been safely shut.

“I knowed she were,” answered Susan, opening her eyes and looking forth into space. “Whatever could make you let such a sort as that into the place?”

“Well, you see, she has known better days, and I remember her then, a long while ago, and I don't like to give her the cold shoulder now when she's in distress.”

“That's right, in course, but lor'! she's got such a bad look about her!”

"She's a deal better than she looks. Trouble, you know—trouble makes people look different from what they *have* been."

"It do. I mind how Tom Simcox, as lived groom at Hazeley and got married to a drab of a girl from Rat-hole Street, and she wasn't no comfort to him nohow, and he took to drinking and lost his place, and the last time I saw him he were a-cadging about with Methodist tracts, and getting drunk when he could get the chance."

"Just so. She didn't get drunk, but she has seen trouble, and there it is. I *have* helped her once or twice, and this is the last time, for she has the chance to get on well if she can just turn the corner and pay what she has to pay. She has come to me to help her over the stile, and I would with pleasure, because I know it would set her right once for all; but I have had such a lot to pay out lately, with doing up the house that had got dingy, and one thing and another, and the railroad taking the custom away more and more year after year, and making new stables this year, that had got too bad to go on with: and so I haven't it to give her."

"That's a bad job, if she's what you take her to be," said Susan.

"She's just what I said, and she'll go to ruin unless I help her, and I can't help her."

"I don't understand them foreigners," remarked Susan; "but in course it's bad to see a respectable woman, as you've knowed before, a-going to rack and ruin for want of a bit of help. But lor'! some on 'em is that deceiving, as you can't believe a word of it all, and goes and does no good with it,

but takes and throws away what you've give 'em, and gets worse off than they was before. I mind lending Widow Perks five pounds—it's eight years come Michaelmas—to pay what she owed at the shop and get a sewing-machine as she said she'd make a living off. But, bless you! she never made nothing except it was fine clothes for her daughter to strut about in o' Sundays, and I never got paid, nor never shall."

"That's quite right: it's disheartening work in general to help anybody. But I know all about this woman, and I should be sure of what I was doing."

"Well, you had ought to know her best, but to me she's about the deceivingest-looking woman as ever I set eyes on. I wouldn't trust her with nothing no farther than I could see her, nor yet so far. But lor'! Eliza, whatever are you taking on about all of a sudden?"

"I can't bear it any longer, aunt," said the landlady, who had lost courage at last and was sobbing in a corner. "I'll sell everything off and go and hide my head in some place where nobody knows me. I've got to the end of what I can bear. I am broken down by it, and that's the truth."

"But whatever has broke you down like this?"

"It's that horrid woman there. Years ago she got me mixed up in a transaction of hers"——

"Them long words," remarked Susan, "never means no good. And couldn't you get out of it?"

"No. She dragged me into it"——

"Well, I wouldn't never be dragged into a transaction: it don't sound right."

"I was deceived about it: but there! she had got hold of me, and could say I knew about it, and she threatens to make it known, unless I give her twenty pounds to pay for her journey to where she will be provided for. But what with the extra expenses this year, and having given money to her twice before since Christmas"——

"What! she's kep' all on a-threatening, has she?"

"Yes, because she had spent the money and had nothing to live upon; but now there are those that will provide for her, and all she wants is to be helped on to the place."

"Is she a-going there with four post-horses and a man and a maid, as it's to cost such a lot?"

"It's the distance, you see, aunt. She comes from so far off."

"Where missis went three years ago, isn't it? Well, that *is* a good way, to be sure."

"Yes, and she can't go without the money. And if I don't give it to her, she will get so savage that she will do what she threatens, I know; for she is as revengeful as she can be, and won't believe I haven't got the money. I can't borrow it from the bank and have it all over the place, after keeping my credit and enjoying a good name so long. I must give up and sell the business for what I can get,—sell it for an old song, as it always is when you have to sell in a hurry, and go into service again, if any one will have me, with my bad leg that I can't stand on for half an hour together most times. But that's what I must do. It's a hard case to be sold up, as you may say, and ruined, and driven out upon the world when

one's past work, and all because I was too easy ; but there it is, and I must do it at once. I shall tell her that I haven't got the money, and she must do her worst ; and then I'll go and see the auctioneer about the sale. Wait a moment till I have been and told the woman."

She walked across the room, and was opening the glass-door, when old Susan stopped further proceedings by saying :—

"Don't do nothing of the kind. I've got the money. You must'nt go for to sell up because a nasty beast like her has been a-robbing of you."

"Well, since you are so very kind as to make the offer," said the landlady, "I don't know how to refuse. It *would* be a pity to be ruined in such a way, with this property and the business, and money coming in."

"Which it happens lucky as I've got it with me, what I had kep' a long while going on, and never come into Lyneham to put it in the savings' bank till to-day. So here it is. Now you go and get shut of that spiteful creetur. There was another on 'em about 'tother day, and come to the Four Ways, he did, and wanted to get inside to speak to a woman missis had give shelter to, who had seen better days, leastwise she made believe she had ; but he wanted to rob the house, as I told Muggles the p'liceman. It's a gang of them all together—but you go and give this one what she wants, and see her off the premises."

Her grateful niece needed not a second bidding. She walked with due dignity into No. 1 sitting-room, and said to the woman of the middling countenance :

"Here is the money. I had to borrow it from a person who has worked hard for it and was going to put it into the savings' bank. I shall have to go without winter clothes and many other things to pay it off, and I shan't be able to give you any more ever. If you come again you will get nothing, and I shall set off and go to America. You have told me that this money would take you where you can get what you want, and you have promised me that you will never ask me for any more. Am I to believe you, or not? If there is any doubt about it, I shall not give it to you, and I shall sell up the place at once and go away. Which is it to be?"

"Give me the twenty pounds, my dear, and you shall never see me no more," answered the woman, stretching out all her fingers towards the twenty sovereigns which the landlady held in a brown holland bag. "I go to *him* now, and I shall get money from him, I promise it to you. Shall I say one word to him, and make him give *you* some? You see I do not forget an old friend when I can render her a service."

At this suggestive offer the landlady was struck speechless with repressed indignation. Her ample throat made a convulsive effort, as if the affront were a potent liquid, and she labouring to swallow it decently. The middling countenance was exclusively directed to the bag, and the mouth, forming itself by degrees into an angular smile, put the action into words.

"Now, my dear," said that repulsive specimen of self-lowered humanity, "I have promised, and I shall do that what I have said. Give me the

money, and I shall go for my affairs, and you shall never see this poor face no more, unless you shall wish to see your dear friend. I shall come always if you shall wish to see me, but not till that time."

"Here they are, then. Where is your purse?"

"Here, here—this little thing shall hold it very well."

A small leather bag was held up, and the twenty sovereigns poured into it, after being carefully counted over in both languages: and then came the parting.

"Good-bye, my dear," said the satisfied levier of black-mail. "I shall always think of you."

"Good-bye," said the landlady. "This way, if you please, ma'am."

She opened the door and stood outside, pointing with her finger; but, while doing so, found herself suddenly folded in the arms of her persecutor and kissed violently on both cheeks.

"That will do, now," she gasped out, endeavouring to disengage herself with dignity.

"Now you be off," added Susan, who had appeared on the scene as soon as the door was opened. "We don't want such as you about. You're a pack of you, you and that chap as Muggles ought to have took up; and that tramp as took in missis. You walk off now!"

"Yes; I'm sure we've had enough of you and the lot of you," chimed in the waiter. "Don't you know as all vagrants found in the town will be prosecuted? That's law. You'll have the p'lice after you if you don't mind."

"You might, indeed, if they heard of it," whispered the landlady. "Extorting money is a pun-

ishable offence, and you might be sent to prison. *I* shouldn't have the power to save you."

This cautionary advice rid the much-trying landlady of her troublesome but successful visitor, and Susan was on the point of starting homewards in a baker's cart, when Sherborne and De Beaufoy, who had driven into Lyneham to see the hack recommended by the latter some days before, walked into No. 1 sitting-room, and looked out of the window for the dogcart.

"I don't exactly know why we came in here," said De Beaufoy.

"I do, as far as I am concerned," answered Sherborne. "I am fond of the room. I came here when I first went to Bramscote, and I came here when I was going there again, after all my troubles, to end them by the happiest of marriages. I always walk in here. But there is the dogcart."

He opened the door and saw old Susan coming out of the glass-door.

"You here?" he said. "I never saw you so far from the Four Ways before. Let me take you home."

Susan curtsied, and followed them to the house-door, where the waiter stood in readiness for all demands.

"What's the last news, John?" said De Beaufoy.

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "I don't know of much, only they've been and put off the wedding, and Lady Dytechley and the young lady is gone off to France, or somewhere. They went o' Wednesday morning from Netherwood."

"That's true, sir," said Susan, as she settled herself in the seat behind. "The lawyers was there last Monday, with their writings and all, to finish up, and Sir Richard he took hisself off when they was a-waiting for him to make it right, and the lawyers had to go away, and Squire Freville, and there were a awful rumpus about it, and her ladyship is going about telling 'em she were that ill she *must* go to foreign parts *immediate*."

"I thought Lady Dytchley would try it on," said De Beaufoy, as soon as the dogcart was in motion. "I saw it in her face, and gathered it from the tone of her talking. She means mischief, means this to be the beginning of the end."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Sherborne. "I don't see how she can carry it out, but she may bring them into a most painful and difficult position, if the poor girl's natural protector is to take himself off whenever she wants his support."

"Dytchley? oh! you may depend on his acting like a cur about it. 'A plague o' such backing;' but society will pull her up, if she goes too far. It would be too gross a case for people to stand."

"Not if she pleaded religious scruples, and worked them persuasively. '*C'était plus fort que moi*,' would be admitted, I think."

"No; it would be said that they ought to have been brought forward at first—not years after, as an excuse for making her husband break a solemn promise to a man of such high character as Freville. Society resents a gross breach of faith, as a danger to itself; for people know that, if unnoticed, it becomes a precedent and an ex-

ample that may bring the like on themselves in some form or other."

"Happily they do, as a rule," said Sherborne, "but not always. The case may be imperfectly known—and I suspect this is. Is it generally known that theirs is a positive engagement agreed to beforehand by the parents on both sides, and not a half-understanding between them, tolerated under conditions? I don't quite think it is."

"I do: for I have heard lots of people talk of it, and say what a romantic sort of thing it was for two fathers to make such an agreement. The thing is known well enough, and if there is any attempt at breaking it off, I will refresh people's memories in such a way that she will not find it advantageous. I can, and certainly will, if she does; but she won't. She might (and no doubt will) try to persuade Miss Dytchley out of it: but that is not to be done. Why here comes the liberal Catholic himself. I'll make him remember meeting me to-day — '*Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, that I will speak to thee.*'"

Sir Richard, who was jogging home comfortably from Bramscote, appeared to suspect some evil intent, for he suddenly increased his pace to a smart canter, and waved his hand in token of hurried recognition; but Sherborne, by an invisible movement of the wrist, made his horse swerve across the narrow road, and pulled him up on his haunches, leaving the captured horseman just sufficient space to keep clear of the ditch.

"I beg your pardon," said he in the most

natural manner imaginable. "I don't know what my horse could have been about"——

"Oh, well! they do sometimes—one can't help these things," answered Sir Richard, remembering but too well how the similar misbehaviour of Everard's horse on a certain occasion had caused the collision of two carriages, a fly, a curate, and a man lighting a pipe, whereat the latter swore, and the family coach drove off in haste, with Lady Dytchley and the impending tantrum in it.

"I have been to call at Bramscote," he said, while Sherborne was backing his horse to make way, "and to Hazeley, where I had the pleasure of finding them at home. Mrs. Atherstone was there, which was very pleasant. A wonderful old lady she is."

"She is a wonderful reader of character," said De Beaufoy.

Sir Richard, who had reasons for disliking that sort of literature, began to move onward.

"By the by," said De Beaufoy, jumping out of the dogcart, going close to Sir Richard, and speaking in a low voice: "when is the wedding to be?"

"Oh! very soon, you know. They will be back soon."

"The sooner the better for *your* sake. It's a serious thing for you, worse than it seems—a good deal. But perhaps I oughtn't to say so—only I have known you so long."

"Serious for me? why, what have I to do with"——

"So people say. It's the talk of everybody that you won't have anything to do with what you did yourself. All the waiters and chambermaids

and ostlers are talking about it. It's all over Lyneham that you ran away when the settlements were to be signed, and it's even known beyond here. People are commenting on it, and drawing conclusions of a most unpleasant kind. I tell you as an old friend what I know to be the case. You must do as you please."

"Well, you see, one can't always, as things go. Circumstances are so awkward."

"As to circumstances, we have as much to do with them as any one else has. No circumstances are strong enough to make a man break his word without his own consent."

"But who says I have? Really this is going beyond—what"——

"Beyond what most men would take the trouble to do. I know it is, but I am taking the trouble to do it for your good. The thing is very unpleasantly talked about already, and will be much more, if you don't mind; for, after what has occurred, people *will* think that the marriage is being surreptitiously broken off, and unless it soon takes place, they will always think that you wanted to break your solemn promise about it."

"But my dear De Beaufoy," said Sir Richard, fidgeting in his saddle and feeling very hot in both cheeks, "there is no wish to do anything of the kind, and never was—I assure you there is not."

"I am not supposing that there was. I am advising you, as an old friend, not to let it look so. You are in a false position about it now, to use the mildest term, and if any harm should come

of it (you understand what I mean), the whole responsibility will lie with you."

"But it's very hard, though," pleaded Sir Richard, "to shove it all on me—it really is."

"Nobody shoves it on you, my good friend. It is you who are trying to shove it off you."

"It's all very well to say that; but it's an infernally awkward position, mine is."

"I know it is; but you made it, and will have to answer, not only for making it, but for whatever may happen in consequence that you have the right, the power and the obligation of preventing, which you most distinctly have in this case. You can't shift your responsibility on another person. You may look away from it and try to persuade yourself people are hard upon you, but you will have to answer for it to God at last when you can no longer shove anything off. I am sure you will think of what I have said and act upon it, because you must see that I have told you the simple truth for your own best interests in every way. One often fails to see a very simple thing till somebody points it out, and then one wonders why one hadn't seen it. I feel sure that this is the first chance you have had of hearing it put plainly before you as it really is"——

"I wish it were!" muttered Sir Richard, taking advantage of a small space between De Beaufoy and the ditch to make his escape. "Twice in one afternoon! only Father Merivale was very considerate, I *must* say, and didn't tell me that all the waiters and chambermaids in the county were bawling it out all over the place."

"‘I could have better spared a better man,’" remarked De Beaufoy, getting into the dogcart. "It's no matter. Some of it will stick—perhaps as much as he is able to hold."

"Please, Squire," said Susan from the hind seat, "may I be took on to Hazeley? I wants to see Mrs Atherstone particular."

"By all means, and taken home too," said Sherborne.

Sir Richard trotted on, telling himself at intervals that he had a great mind to go and fish in Norway.

Old Susan sat bolt upright in the dogcart, saying to herself, "Won't missis stare to think of the woman a-coming like that? But I expect she's seen plenty such in foreign parts. It's a gang of 'em—this nasty impudent thing as began hugging and kissing (I'd have took and boxed her ears, if it had been me), and Jane Davis as come off the door-step, and him as kep' all on a-ringing at the bell. We shouldn't have heard no more of the lot, if Muggles had acted proper."

Mrs. Atherstone was not at home when they arrived, but Susan took possession of her room, waited there till she came into it, and began at once.

"Whatever do you think, 'm, I've heard to-day? It was when I went up to Lyneham to see my niece as keeps the White Hart and put the money into the savings' bank,—only I didn't get it in—all along of her coming cadging with a wicked lie against them as had been so good to her. No doubt but what she's one of the same lot as that Jane Davis and the chap as wanted to rob

the house, and would, if it hadn't been for me a-showing him the old blunderbuss. There's a gang of them. And that chap was a-hanging about t'other day to spy for this here woman; for he stopped at the White Hart, and ordered all manner of rubbidge for dinner (the waiter told me) to make believe he'd some business to be there, and then this nasty impudent thing come and"——

"I can't understand a word of all this," interrupted Mrs. Atherstone. "Who on earth is the nasty impudent thing? And what did she do?"

"Got twenty pounds out of my poor niece, 'm, just when she were short because of a lot of things as she'd had to do on the premises, and money given twice before since Christmas—a nasty, good-for-nothing creetur."

"More fool she to give it."

"Well, 'm, you see I wouldn't tell it to nobody else, in course; but that wicked woman as come there had got my poor niece into some kind of trouble as they called a transaction, and she had to be got rid of."

"I hope you didn't pay for it with the money you took to put into the savings' bank?" said Mrs. Atherstone.

"Well, you see, 'm, what could I do? The woman said positive she wouldn't never ask again; and if she hadn't been give it, she'd have took and made a blow-up. 'Liza would have had to sell the business and cut off, because she shouldn't be brought to shame by this here beast of a woman as had got her into a transaction. But I shall get my money all right. The business is

good at the White Hart, only she'd had such a lot to pay just now."

Mrs. Atherstone remained silent so long that Susan began to feel uncomfortable as to the legality of paying off the woman of the middling countenance. At last she said :

"My dear old Susan, whatever you do, never let yourself be drawn into paying for a transaction again."

"No, 'm, I won't," said Susan, preparing to return home. "I didn't never like them long words."

Old Susan went home to the Four Ways, and Mrs. Atherstone sat in her chair till it was time to dress for dinner, reflecting on what she had heard.

"This must be some cheating affair," she thought, "and the fat landlady has been let into it. But why did that man come and hang about the Four Ways? and why did Jane Davis, the woman I took care of when she was evidently starving, disappear as soon as he appeared, and write me a rigmarole about circumstances? I don't see how this man and Jane Davis can have helped the Italian woman to get the twenty pounds; for they were not at the inn, and the woman got the money by her own threats. But it seems that the man stopped at the White Hart apparently for no purpose, as he did nothing when he was there except ordering 'rubbidge' for his dinner. I can't make anything of it. If the three have anything to do with each other, which I doubt, Jane Davis must have been drawn in like the landlady and drained of her money by

black-mail given to the man. That accounts for her alarm and her flight, and the tone of her letter to me."

This solution did not quite satisfy the acute old lady, but as nothing better had presented itself when the dressing-bell rang, she laid the subject aside as one that only concerned the landlady of the White Hart.

CHAPTER XIII.

*"Ye Gods! annihilate both time and space,
And make two lovers happy."*

—COMUS.

IVERARD was satisfied indeed, but not contented, for contentment is satisfaction with what we actually have (*contentus qui continet quod animo satisfaciatur*), while he was only satisfied by anticipation, and during the next few days was made practically aware of the difference between present and future happiness, by finding that, in spite of his bright anticipations, the present was painful and unsettled. He read Ida's letter continually, carried it about, thought of it always; but the way of his life had been broken up in front, and he must wait till it was passable. He tried the stiff reading again, but its power to fix his attention had ceased with the necessity. Then he began to skim over light and miscellaneous books, thinking that by their variety they might at least distract his mind; and then he tried hard exercise. Both these attempts failed worse than the first. When stiff reading could not hold his attention, looser thoughts could hardly be expected to do so; and bodily exercise takes us indeed out of the spot we were last in, but not out of ourselves.

Finally he went into the chapel, and remained there till late at night. There alone he found peace, and there he passed a great part of his time till, ten days afterwards, he set out for Beynham.

Change of scene, like the characters of public men, is overrated and undervalued. The Lady Dytchleys assume it to be a panacea, and Horace's words,

"Cælum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,"

are sometimes taken too literally; but, exaggeration apart, change of scene is a great fact, if the fresh place is free from painful associations, and you are neither quite alone nor in the yet more lonely state of feeling yourself distinctly one among many. Beynham was a fresh place, free from associations of any kind, and Everard was not alone there in either sense. The guests were just what Lord de Freville's letter and Hubert's commentary had led him to expect. Their companionship was morally uncongenial and intellectually unsuitable; but what made it so was the result of habit and example rather than of bad intentions, and after he had been there two days, the tone of their conversation improved, they knew not why. Lord de Freville, who was more impressionable than his friends, felt the improvement, and being more inclined to think than they were, sought the cause, till he found it in the tone of Everard's mind, the strength of his character, and something besides that increased the effect of both. What this something could be, that set the rest going, he could not tell, though he was continually trying to find out the

trick ; but it so attracted his attention and roused his curiosity, that he pressed Everard to lengthen the visit.

The mode of life there whilst the other guests remained was monotonous, because the pursuit of amusement was unbroken. They were men who thought that they could make life availably longer by killing the time that measures it ; and, as Lord de Freville gave them all possible means of doing so, day after day rolled on like wavelets on the sands, leaving an impression of sound, motion and repeated endings.

They went their ways, then others came and went, and then there was only Everard. Hubert thought that he should now have an opportunity of having it out with him and settling the question—to be, or not to be ; but Lord de Freville thought the occasion no less opportune for satisfying his own desire to find out the trick that had metamorphosed the table-talk, and, as he was both inclined and accustomed to late hours, he kept them so long in the smoking-room at night, that there was very little spare time in the morning till he was up and active.

This state of things lasted three days, and the next morning's post brought two letters for Everard ; one of them from the Marquis Moncalvo, the other from Sir Richard Dytchley. The latter, being unexpected, and the cause of it doubtful, was opened first. It may be divided into two parts—a narrative and a request. The substance of the narrative was this :—Two days before, while shooting, a wounded partridge got up between him and a short-sighted friend. He hap-

pened to turn round at the moment, and, as the bird flew low, the shot struck him, inflicting a wound, not honourable but exceedingly painful. This unpleasant wound had laid him up in a state of great discomfort, and under the persuasive influence of the shots that were sticking into him like the heads of large pins, enlivening his conscience, provoking his memory, and stimulating his intelligence, he began to see his own conduct about the marriage in a strong if not a new light. Kept awake by pain and fever, and unable to lay the question aside, he said to himself aloud :—

“It was a pity, a great pity. I should like to see Everard. I am afraid I rather got out of his way before (the thing was so awkward), and tell him how soon it will be all right, and so on. Besides, he would be such a comfort to one when one is laid up like this—he’s got such a lot in him ; and poor Elfrida has no one to ride with while I am in this way. I must write him a line to-morrow,” &c., &c., &c.

The letter that he wrote was short, but its meaning could not be mistaken. Everard felt that he must go to Netherwood, and decided to go without delay.

The Marquis Moncalvo’s letter was long and elaborate, containing many gracefully-turned sentences appreciative of Everard and Freville Chase, many incidental anecdotes, and many abstract opinions derived from his experiences in England. He began with an apology for not writing sooner, and then explained what the impediment had been :—

"Though I write from here (Florence)," he said, "I have been obliged to make a much longer journey, with business to do in the intervals. Besides that, I have had an attack of my former illness, which was driven away by the invigorating air of Freville Chase, but returned in its native place, Rome, where it lives and will live with more or less vitality, notwithstanding the eucalyptus. It is wonderful that people do not see how ill-suited Rome is to be the capital of Italy. I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Lady and Miss Dytchley on board the steam-packet, and travelling in their company as far as Paris. Lady Oxborough asked me if I had seen the ghost in the tower at Freville Chase. I told her that I had not even heard of such a visitor there, but that I must be the ghost, if there is one; which is true. For one night, after I had left you at the door of your bedroom, I felt a great curiosity to know what was on the other side of the great door at the end of the corridor, and as I went in a little way, leaving the door open, the light of my candle and the echo of my footsteps may have been mistaken for something preternatural. She then said that a light had lately been seen in a window of the tower, but I annihilated that ghost by telling her that your private sitting-room is there. She shook her head, declaring that she would not have the ghost-story spoilt, and that there ought to be several ghosts there. 'Not a new one at Freville Chase,' said I—but as the train was then stopping at Amiens, we went to luncheon. And now I am going to make an open confession. I ought to have made it before I left your hospitable house, but I was so ashamed of the culpable carelessness of which I am going to tell you, that I deferred doing so till the next morning, and then there was no time. The note from Netherwood was lost through my fault. When I came out to walk with you in the Chase, after our return

from Hazeley, I met a man in the courtyard who said that he wanted to give you a note. I told him you were in the Chase, and offered to take it. The man said something about giving it into your own hands, but as he held it out, I thought he intended me to have it, and I took it. Whilst I was looking for you, I put the note into my pocket in order to light a cigar, and, after walking about a long time without finding you, returned to the house. You were not in, and I wrote some letters. When I dressed for dinner I had forgotten the note and the whole affair, and I never thought of the note again till I heard you speak of it on Wednesday evening. My first impulse was to tell you the whole story then, but I was so shocked at having inadvertently been the cause of so much mischief, that I really knew not what to say, and so I thought that I would wait till the morning. But nothing ought to be deferred that can be done promptly. In the morning I did not see you till we met at breakfast (though I might, if I had gone to Mass, as I ought to have done), and then, to say the truth, I was so ashamed of my worse than stupidity, my culpable forgetfulness, that I hesitated to speak of it before young Hubert Freville. Then the fly came to the door, and the opportunity was gone. I cannot find words to express the regret and vexation that I feel about this occurrence. It would have been bad enough at any time, and under the circumstances it is enough to make you hate me as long as you live. You are too good a Catholic to do that, but you might be fairly expected to go as far in that direction as charity will permit. I hope you will not do so, for I cannot afford to lose the most valued friendship that I ever had."

The rest of the letter was miscellaneous. Everard read it after breakfast, and left the room, motioning Hubert to follow him. They walked

into the shrubbery, and when they were out of sight, Everard said :

"I must go this morning. I am sorry for it, but it can't be helped. Read this."

Hubert took Sir Richard's letter, read it, and said :

"I am very sorry that you have to go, very sorry, for every kind of reason : but the shot was a lucky one. I hope the man missed the bird altogether and sent the whole charge into Sir Richard. The more the better. It will give him just what I want for myself, time to think, and something to drive the right sort of thoughts well in—only I should prefer a less material method."

"You shall have both the one and the other," said Everard, "when you come to Freville Chase, as much leisure as you like, and what little I can do to put you in the way of finding out the truth for yourself. But are you quite sure that you realise all the probable and improbable consequences of what you want me to do for you?"

"Quite. Whatever might happen, I must and will go on with it. I know too much to remain as I am. I don't expect my uncle will make a row about it."

"Nor I, since I have seen so much of him. My impression, from various things he has said, is that he respects the Catholic Church historically, admires it from an æsthetic point of view, is half-ashamed of the ancestor who apostatised, and would be a Catholic if he had any religious belief at all. He would not, I think, object to your being a Catholic. He might even envy you, and

say, 'If I could only believe it!' But human nature, without the help of the supernatural, is not to be counted on, and you cannot be sure about it."

"No. I have thought of all that, but it doesn't influence me in the least one way or the other. I know too much to remain where I am—and there is an end of it. Try to come back here in a week or two, and put me in the way of finding my bearings. Do you think my uncle will ever get beyond the appreciative state? He really is so good and charitable and honest."

"I don't know what to think. He is all you say of him and more, yet it isn't enough to start with. Still I should not be surprised. I half expect that he will, somehow or other, die in the Church."

"So do I. It seems odd that I should feel anxious about it before I am sure about myself, but I am. Perhaps I am surer of myself than I can account for. Anyhow, I am sure that if any one can influence him, you will."

"Possibly, for we have fitted wonderfully well—I don't know why—agreed generally, and agreed to disagree in a sort of provisional way that always holds out a vague possibility of agreement. He has been extraordinarily kind to me. I have enjoyed a very agreeable and interesting visit, and I have gained a valuable friend. And now I want you to read this other letter. Part of it may give you a better opinion of the writer."

"Moncalvo, of course," answered Hubert. "I shall be surprised if it does."

He read it through carefully, gave it back, and muttered, "Well! what of it?"

"Why, didn't you notice what he says about the note?"

"Very much; and I noticed that he doesn't say what he did with it. He says too much. If he had told you that he had lost it, the story would at least sound natural; but the pocket tells too much and too little. If it was left there he must have found it the next time he put on the coat. People don't travel about with a coat for every day in the week."

"No; but he had a good many, I think, and he went away two days after. There is no reason to suppose that he wore that coat again in the meanwhile."

"Why didn't he say then that he hadn't come across the note, because he hadn't put the coat on? And why didn't he look into the pockets of his coats and his breeches, and every pocket he had, when he heard you making a row about the note?"

"Well, no doubt because he was so annoyed at what he had done, that he forgot everything except what he had forgotten, and only remembered having left it in his pocket afterwards. His not saying what he had done with the note tells in his favour. If he had meant to deceive, he would not have forgotten to explain that."

"No; well, I never supposed that he forgot the note on purpose, though I should be sorry to go bail for his not doing so if it suited him. What I mean is, that when he was reminded of the note on Wednesday evening, he was bound to search all his pockets at once, and bring it to you; or, if he hadn't self-control enough for that, send

it by post. He has confessed the truth at last, simply because he knew that you would find it out; but he keeps the letter. There can't be any excuse for that, and it looks bad. There can't be any good motive for it."

"No; but there needn't be a bad one, for I can see why he"——

"I can only see that he has no business to keep your note. Why don't you write and tell him to send it?"

"I mean to do so, but I feel sure that he destroyed it on Wednesday evening, in disgust. If not, he would have sent it in this letter."

"Well! if he did that, he ought to be"——

"You don't make allowance for the pressure of sudden temptation. He was ashamed of what he had done, ashamed to own it, angry with himself, and therefore angry with the thing, and under a sudden impulse he got rid of it. But I must see when the next train goes, and tell your uncle how it is that I am obliged to go."

"There is none that will suit you before half-past twelve," said Hubert, "for you can't possibly be at the station by eleven o'clock. You won't find him now, for he is busy with old Barns the steward. He will be very sorry when he does know it. I never knew him take to any one as he has to you. He is civil and kind to everybody, but he doesn't care much about any. One of them does as well as another, unless a man is underbred or offensive."

"He is too good for the kind of men he has been thrown among," said Everard, "and he feels that they are uncongenial, but he goes on asso-

ciating with them from habit and good-nature. Celibacy, without a religious vocation or something akin to it, is apt to make a man gravitate into some awkward groove of life and stick there."

"That's it. He *has* gravitated into a groove of life, and there he is, with fine qualities of every kind thrown away—that is, to a great extent. It often vexes me, for he is so good, and has so much in him."

"Yes, he has great capabilities that have never been developed. He has strength of character not exerted, good abilities unused, and fine moral qualities lying comparatively idle. All the best of him is *in potentiâ*, and little or nothing in *actu*. There must be some reason for his being so unfinished, or rather stunted. Had he ever any disappointment—I mean of the kind that crushes?"

"Yes, he had, when he was about my age. He was a younger son then, and there was a hitch about the money, and it was broken off, and there it was, and there it is; and there *he* is outside the door. I suppose you will be some time at Netherwood. I wish I were you—I mean myself where you are going."

"Is that it?" thought Everard, as he went towards the house to find Lord de Freville. "I hope it will turn out well, but with his inclination to be a Catholic, and hers not to be, the prospect is not clear. She is exactly suited for him in herself, but if she cares about him and knows that he is inclined to be a Catholic, she will make it a point of conscience to go the other way, for fear of acting on human motives about religion. The

prospect is not clear at all, and I shall be dragged *nolens volens* into some of the responsibility. I don't mind that, but I should be grieved beyond measure if they were to make a mistake about each other."

He found Lord de Freville looking for him, explained the necessity of going to Netherwood, and promised to return, if possible, before the wedding. Half an hour afterwards he left Beynham.

"Then it will be in October?" said Hubert, as Everard was taking his place in the train. "After all you will only have lost six or seven weeks. But you have forgotten to put me off. November will never do."

"Come a little later, then," said Everard. "I will write and let you know. I shall be too glad to"——

But the guard whistled close to his ear, shutting the door of the carriage with a bang, and the sentence was cut in two like the last words of Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

The distance between Beynham and Netherwood was under fifty miles, but owing to local necessities and changes from one line to another, the railway mileage was nearly doubled, the trains did not fit into each other, and time, which has been very loosely defined as money, was lost in abundance. It was nearly seven o'clock when Everard arrived at Netherwood in an old yellow chariot that did occasional duty as a fly.

He went at once to the patient's room, and found him a good deal the worse for his accident. Sir Richard thanked him for coming, and then

began to talk about his ailments. Romeo's remark that

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound,"

was the substance of his lamentations, only he expressed the idea in less Shakesperian language.

"It's all very well," he said, "but nobody knows what this sort of thing is who hasn't tried it. I'll never ask him to shoot again. It was that fellow with the red whiskers who went with us to dinner at Bramscote. He was staying there when I asked him over. I mean to write and advise them to get hold of his cartridges and put blank ones instead. Can you imagine a man firing straight at one, like that? Some of the shots have gone in so far that I don't know, I am sure, how they can be got out. I shall lose all the best of the partridge-shooting, and I shall be kept from hunting the whole of November. And your wedding too! Fancy not being able to be at that. He ought to have his gun taken away from him—only it wasn't his—it was one of mine. I don't believe he ever had one in his hands before. I ought to have seen by the cut of him what he was. How is Lord de Freville? I remember him formerly—and the young one? a very pleasant young fellow he is too. Well! I am uncommonly glad to see you. It does me good to see your face, and particularly just now, after you have been so bothered about this unlucky foreign tour—confound it! I wish there were no foreign countries for doctors to send people to. It has been very hard upon you, and, upon my word, I did all I could to stop it:

only there it was, and I had made a mess of things before, don't you know? and that complicated it, because when Ida felt she ought to be a Catholic straight off, and said so, you see it put her mother up on account of my having let it all go wrong and left it so, and that made her more determined to have her own way about going abroad in the middle, and that's how the thing was. You see it wasn't altogether illness, and yet it was too. She was annoyed with the—the thing (you understand), and laid it all on you for talking to Ida about it. I don't mind telling you, but we had such a row as never was, coming home from Bramscote. I tell you because it's your concern, and I don't see why I should get the credit of it all when it wasn't my doing. The whole thing began then. It wouldn't have happened at all if that same red-whiskered fellow (I always forget his name) hadn't insisted on going outside just as we were starting. If he had been there it couldn't have happened, and the thing would have blown over; but, instead of that, he only kept on grinning and thanking me, and sticking where he was, and then the thing began—I am sure I don't know how, all about you talking of religion to Ida (as if you hadn't every right to do it, as I was going to say, only I was snapped up so); and she got into an awful state over it, and Ida spoke up, and there it was—about the worst drive I ever had. Then there was a feverish attack next morning, and no wonder, and the doctor came and said a lot of things that you might take as you fancied, and she took it in that way, and one couldn't get her

to see it in any other way. Upon my word I was so ashamed of myself and the whole thing on that black Monday when it all came out, that I couldn't stand it, and I rode about from one till past seven without any luncheon, and on a horse with a loose shoe. I don't mean to say that it wasn't my fault at the beginning, for if I had stuck to my duties properly and all that, the girls wouldn't have been left, as they were, to be educated out of the faith, and I shouldn't have had that row in the carriage, and the doctor wouldn't have been called upon to talk about going abroad, and the wedding wouldn't have been put off, and Elfrida wouldn't have been left without a chance of getting back into the Church after being baptized in it. It was all owing to my having grown careless. My wife has lots of good in her, mind that, and has been a very good wife, and a very careful mother; but, my dear fellow, mixed marriages are bad things: they make the worst of both. Marriage is a wonderful tie, you know, and if you are not one in religion, the Catholic is apt to lose his landmarks, and then the other thinks worse of his religion than she did before, and where there are children it's a bad business. Well! I wanted to say all this, for it weighed on my mind. By the by, Father Merivale drove over here before you went to Beynham, and spoke about it. I didn't much like it at the time, because I was bothered and was afraid of another row like the one in the carriage; but now that I am laid up here, having nothing to do but to think, I see things differently. I wish you would thank him for me. Suppose

you ride that way to-morrow with Elfrida. And now, do you know, I can't talk any more at present: I feel quite done up. Come and see me again by and by. Don't say anything now. I know you would say everything that is kind. It will be near dinner-time too."

Everard left the room and went to dress for dinner.

"How difficult it is to be charitable practically!" he thought. "I have known him all my life, and I never understood him till to-day. I seem to have mistaken defect for excess, weakness for want of principle. Suffering is a great preacher, but the sufferer will not be influenced by the preaching unless there is something within that responds to it. I have understood Lady Dytechley much better, and judged her, I think, fairly. I suppose it is easier to understand excess than defect—strength than weakness. The print is larger."

CHAPTER XIV.

*"Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles."*

—PARADISE LOST.

PROPE, being ugly and spiteful, informs us, on the authority of a lady whom he is addressing in one of his Moral Essays, that—

Most women have no characters at all.

His fair moralist must have followed too exclusively the oracle's advice, γνώθι σεαυτόν, and learned to know herself better than she knew other women; for the statement will not stand examination below the surface. But if she had said that the characters of many women are checked in their growth and never go to their natural depth, she would have told the truth, though it might not have fitted into the metre of the Moral Essays; and Elfrida, up to the day on which the settlements were not signed, was, in some degree, an instance of what the process can effect. Sir Richard's faculty of distinction was as weak as his character, but he spoke with perfect precision when he said that Lady Dytechley was a careful mother. Care however may be conveniently divided, for the present purpose, into three classes :—intelligent care, troublous care,

which, as the old adage tells us, killed the cat, and care that works on wrong principles. Lady Dytechley was careful in the latter sense. The principles that guided her carefulness could hardly be right as a whole, for they contradicted each other. She wished her husband to be a Catholic, and her daughters not to be. She wished to influence Elfrida, but, owing to the necessity of suppressing the contradictions, repressed confidence and checked her development.

Ida had suffered from the same cause in a different way. It was impossible to keep back the religious question from her, inclined as she was, and betrothed to Everard; therefore, in her case, Lady Dytechley's efforts had been limited to the time being, and the means restricted to dark commentaries on anti-Catholic books. But Elfrida was not betrothed, was not inclined to be a Catholic, knew nothing about the Catholic religion, except that her father made no objection to her being brought up out of it. She had been completely severed from the Church of her baptism, and was dealt with accordingly. Given the case and the intention, the course to be pursued was obvious. Freedom of mind encourages the instinct of inquiry; and as the general instinct might include the particular one, it had to be checked at all hazards. It was clear, first that affectionate repulsion must be practised; secondly that the process must be felt, but not understood. The result appeared to be successful, and had proved so. By a judicious choice of books, imperceptible reserve and habitual kindness, development of mind and

character had been checked, energy kept in abeyance, and religion brought down to the level of a *status quo*; but then those means depended mainly on the presence of the repressor and the absence of contrary influences. Now the postponement of Ida's marriage removed both safeguards. It took Lady Dytechley away, and it forced Elfrida to think for herself during the troublous days that followed its announcement. At first she thought in the interest of Ida and Everard only; but thought is prolific, especially when new, and from the lost note she passed on to circumstances, causes, possibilities, principles. The *status quo* had been disturbed and fixed ideas gradually unsettled. There was no distinct evidence of this on the evening of Everard's arrival, nor during the first half of the next day, though her marked silence was suggestive of something unusual within; but after luncheon they went out riding, and then the meaning of her silence discovered itself.

"Is Freville Chase too far for you?" said Everard as they passed the lodge. "I rather want to go that way, but another time will do as well."

"I should like a long ride very much indeed," said Elfrida, "and particularly to Freville Chase. Do go there."

They went on, and so did her silence, till they had turned a shady corner about a mile beyond the village, when she said, without introduction or warning:

"I want you to explain many things that I don't understand and must understand."

"What are they?" answered Everard. "I don't understand many things myself, but what little I do is at your disposal."

"Why are Christians divided about the meaning of our Lord's words, which He must have intended to be plain?"

"Because some of them revolted from the authority of the Church He had founded," answered Everard. "That is the shortest answer I can give, and the least likely to clash against your feelings on the subject."

"I only feel that I want to know the truth," said she. "I thought I did know it; but things have been forced upon me in a strange manner lately, that make me doubt, and I *must* have my doubts cleared up. Please, finish what you cut short."

"When they revolted," said Everard, "they were obliged to differ from it, in some doctrine or other, and say the Church had corrupted that doctrine, otherwise they would have had no cause to allege for their revolt; and they were obliged also to encourage private judgment on doctrine, more or less, for they had exercised it themselves and succeeded through the exercise of it in others. After a while some of their followers of course played the same game, for they had been taught it and given the principle. Others again revolted from them, individuals differed from individuals and from themselves at different periods of their lives, till, in these days, it is hardly too much to say that outside the Catholic Church there are more sorts of Christianity than there are people who profess it."

"Yes. I have often heard it said of people that they had such a beautiful faith of their own, and that the ideas of this person or that about one doctrine or another were so comforting. I saw no contradiction in it then, because I took for granted that there couldn't be any in what I had been taught ; but, when one thinks of it, how can one have a faith of one's own, or take one's own ideas as a guide about doctrine, without contradicting the Bible, which tells us that our Lord founded a Church and would be with it always, even to the end of the world ? The very words prove that the promise was not limited to the Apostles, for they are dead, and the world has not come to an end. How then, in the face of that promise, and of His promise that His Church should be built on a rock, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, can we suppose Him to have limited to the Apostles the promise that the Holy Ghost should guide them to all truth ? His Church is therefore permanent, and the Holy Ghost guides it to all truth, or our Lord's promise would have failed. What business then can any one have with a faith of their own, or ideas of their own about doctrine ?"

"What you say is unanswerable," said Everard. "Do you like to canter up this sandy bit of rising-ground ?"

Elfrida put her horse into a canter, but continued the subject. "Don't you know where I got it from ?" she said.

"No, I don't," said he. "I believe you to be quite capable of thinking out more than that for yourself."

"I got it from you."

"How did you do that, when we never spoke on the subject before?"

"Well, I didn't get it all from you, for I made up some of it, but I took the idea from what Ida said to me a month ago—the day after the dinner-party at Bramscote. I know it came from you. She would not have put it in that way."

"If it did, I can't claim (mind that bagman swinging round the corner), I can't claim any originality; for the thing is self-evident."

The bagman swinging round the corner, followed by an unattached dog that ran after them, barking at intervals, interrupted the conversation, and a piece of unenclosed turf on one side of the road continued the interruption by its convenience for prolonging their canter. When they pulled up in a shady spot where the road had been mended with sharp stones of curious forms and sizes, she said:

"I want to know then which is the Church that our Lord founded, and promised to guide to all truth."

"Ask yourself," said Everard, "which of them looks most like it, which of them looks most like the Church of the Apostles, which of them is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, as the Nicene Creed defines the True Church to be."

"There is my difficulty," said she. "I see that the Roman Catholic Church is one in Faith, and has one Head; but the Church of England is one with it in the most essential things, and believes in the Nicene Creed. How can we know that our Lord may not have permitted it to be as it is for some inscrutable reason—perhaps to keep

up fervour, which might grow cold if everything were smooth?"

"You will find this a short cut and pleasanter than the road," said Everard, opening a gate. "These two fields cut off a corner. They belong to what is called a Charity."

"But you don't answer my question," said Elfrida, her dark eyes expressing disappointment, surprise and annoyance. "I ought to have known better—I know I ought. I ought to have known that you wouldn't care to answer the difficulties of a poor uncultivated girl like me. I must find my own way as I best can, or refuse to listen to them, as you do, and take for granted that there is no essential difference—no true Church distinct from the rest. A one True Church is such a beautiful idea, so satisfying, so consoling, so perfect, that as soon as the possibility occurred to me, I longed for it, and believed it might be a reality. It was a beautiful dream, and I must think no more of it."

"It was Pilate who said, 'What is truth?' and then went away," remarked Everard, as he rode forward to open the next gate.

"I am not going away," she said, confirming the statement by the symbolical action of pulling up.

"But I hope you are coming through the gate," said he, "for my horse objects to keeping it open, and I am afraid of its going against you."

"I never knew you like this before," said Elfrida, as she passed through. "It is very, very unkind to treat me so. You wouldn't answer my question, and when I said that I had no means of finding out the truth without, you told me I was like Pontius Pilate."

"My dear Elfrida," said Everard, "I was only waiting to see whether you were in earnest or not, before I went any further and put myself into one of the awkwardest positions imaginable."

"I *am* in earnest—indeed I am—terribly in earnest; for if I cannot be made sure that the Catholic Church is the one true Church, I shall end in believing in nothing. I would go through fire and water to know it and act upon it."

"Then I will help you in any and every way that I can."

"Thank you, dear Everard, a thousand times; but nothing shall make me bring you into trouble: you have had too much already. I know the peculiar position you are in, and, if I say nothing more than that about it, it is because duty and affection keep me silent. I ought to have thought of you before I asked you to help me. You must help me through some one else when you are gone from here. I can wait, if you promise to do that, and"—

"No," interrupted Everard. "You shall not wait on my account. When a duty is evident, one must do it, and leave the consequences to Almighty God. You were baptized a Catholic, you wish to be a Catholic if you can be convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true one, you assure me that you do wish it and that you would make any sacrifice to secure what you desire. I must and will help you to the best of my ability. Where did we leave off? I think the question was this"—

Here a loose horse came after them from the other side of the field, and he had to drive him

away at short intervals till they reached the gate. When they were in the road again, he said :

“Your idea, I think, was that the Established Church agrees essentially with the Catholic Church, proves that it does by believing the Nicene Creed, and has probably been permitted to differ from it on other points for some reason that we don’t know.”

“Yes, I did say that, and I imagined a reason that I am ashamed of now that I think of it. I suggested that the differences were to keep up people’s fervour—as if divisions about faith could possibly strengthen the fervour that comes from faith !”

“Well, that was a slip : we all make slips now and then. Let us try the essentials. The essence of a thing is that, by which it is what it is, and not something else : therefore to say that two things are essentially the same, is to say that they are the same in what makes them what they are. Am I clear ?”

“Yes, I understand you perfectly.”

“Well, then, that is the meaning of ‘essential’ ; but the word is often misused in conversation, and made to stand for anything the speaker wants to guarantee as more important and necessary than something else. I am sure that you would intend to use it in its natural sense.”

“I do, indeed. I used the word ignorantly ; but please don’t let me talk nonsense. I did so, but I didn’t mean it.”

“Well, then, I don’t see how the Catholic Church and the Protestant Established Church can be said to be the same in what makes them

what they are. The Catholic Church is necessarily in communion with Rome, as St. Irenæus said, who lived in the second century: the Protestant Church of England owes its existence to having separated from it. The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of Transubstantiation: the Protestant Church of England distinctly denies it in the Thirty-nine Articles, which every Anglican clergyman is obliged to subscribe. The Catholic Church has seven sacraments: the Protestant Church of England has two. The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of purgatory: the Protestant Church of England declares it, in the articles, to be a 'fond thing vainly invented.' The Catholic Church teaches that God never did and never will permit her to err in matters of Faith: the Protestant Church of England teaches that she does err on the most vital points. The Catholic Church teaches that General Councils are guided in their decisions by the Holy Ghost: the Protestant Church of England says in her Articles that they may err and have erred 'even in things pertaining unto God.' The Catholic Church affirms the truth of our Lord's promise, that the gates of hell should not prevail against the Church He founded: the Protestant Church of England denies it by explicitly stating in the Second Book of Homilies, which the Thirty-nine Articles declare to contain 'a godly and wholesome doctrine,' that, laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of

all other vices most detested of God and most damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more. The Catholic Church teaches that the Mass is the unbloody Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, and that its intercessory value is infinite: the Protestant Church of England denounces both the sacrifice and the intercession as 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' I might go on much further, but probably you will think that I have said enough about that. I don't see how the Catholic Church and the Established Church can be said to agree essentially—to agree in that, by being which, each is what it is, when they disagree as to whether the Pope should be obeyed as the Vicar of Christ and the successor of St. Peter, or not; whether in the Mass the bread and wine is transubstantiated into the Body and Blood of our Lord, or not; whether Holy Communion means receiving our Lord Himself—Body, Soul, and Divinity—or a piece of bread; whether there are seven sacraments or two; whether the millions who die in the grace of God, but yet not fit for Heaven, where no unclean thing can enter, go to an intermediate place of purification, or straight to hell; whether our Lord kept His promise to the Church He founded, or let the gates of hell prevail against the whole body of Christians for 'eight hundred years and more.' Have I said enough on that point?"

"Enough to convince me," said Elfrida, "that my idea of the two agreeing in essentials has no meaning at all, and that the Catholic Church and the present Church of England are two distinct

religions, which cannot possibly be both true. What nonsense I have been talking! And it wasn't even my own; for, now that I think of it, I have heard the whole story, essentials and all (for that was the exact word), from Miss Pasteur, the Swiss governess; and I used to wonder sometimes how they could agree in that way, if one was idolatrous and the other not. But I supposed it must be right, and left it alone. She must have said so because my father is a Catholic, for she was very spiteful against what she called Romishism; but I have heard the same thing from others. The upshot of it was that certain people had a right to be Catholics by descent, but that those who became so would fall into something quite different and would be entangled in a sort of cobweb, with the Pope for the spider. But what were you going to say next?"

"That depends on yourself, on what you want answered," said Everard. "The only thing that occurs to me, on the point we have settled, is this: the Protestant Church of England believes, as you said, in the Nicene Creed, but not in the Catholic sense. I will leave the words, 'Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic,' for the present; but how about 'One,' when she has separated from the centre of Christendon, has produced innumerable sects, and is herself divided on fundamental doctrines? But let us go to an earlier creed still—the Apostles' Creed, and see whether believing in the words necessarily means believing in all that the words contain. Henry IV. of France, before he was a Catholic, told the Duke of Luxembourg that he believed in it, and the Duke said, 'Yes,

and you believe in God, but not in His omnipotence.' The king asked why he thought so, and the answer was, 'Because you don't believe that He can be present in the Consecrated Host.' The king was much impressed by the answer, and indeed it was and is enough to impress any one who thinks; for the usual Protestant objection to the doctrine is that, as our Lord's human body is in Heaven, It *cannot* be present in the Consecrated Species. If that does not implicitly deny His omnipotence, I don't know the meaning of words. People make the objection without seeing what it leads to."

"I have heard that objection often," said Elfrida: "in fact, I don't recollect hearing any other reason, except that the Reformers knew it wasn't so."

"And yet," said Everard, "their founder, Martin Luther, always maintained that it was, though, with his usual inconsistency, he suppressed the elevation after consecration in the Mass."

"I remember reading that," said she, "and being told that of course he couldn't be expected to see everything, brought up as he had been. I rather wondered at his not seeing the triumphant objection that our Lord is in Heaven, which was conclusive to me then, and has impeded me since, till you pointed out what it leads to. The answer was that of course I could see it, because I had not been brought up in prejudices and superstitions, but that it was dreadfully unjust to find fault with a man who had done more than any one to unmask the corruptions of Rome and

enlighten people who sat in 'darkness and the shadow of death,' merely because he didn't live long enough to see everything. As I believed then that he really had enlightened all the world, and the rebuke was administered in a sad and solemn tone, I fancied that I saw all those people before me sitting in the dark, loaded with sins they couldn't help, and I asked no more questions. Yet how very simple it is! It ought to be clear to every one that to deny transubstantiation on the ground that as our Lord's human body is in Heaven, it cannot be on the altars, is to limit His power, and in fact to deny His omnipotence."

"Yes ; particularly as He said, 'THIS IS MY BODY,' and 'THIS IS MY BLOOD,' when He gave what seemed bread and wine to the Apostles. The one miracle is as great as the other. Protestants tell us that He used these words figuratively, meaning, 'This represents;' and as the verb 'to be' would not bear such manipulation without endangering other passages, such as 'I and the Father are One,' somebody wrote a book many years ago to prove that in Syriac (which was the spoken language of the Jews at the time named) there is no word for 'represent,' and that therefore our Lord was obliged to say 'is.' Cardinal Wiseman proved that there were upwards of forty (about eight times as many as there are in English), and published the list, with examples from the best Syriac authors."

"I can't see," said Elfrida, "that our Lord's Presence in the consecrated Host is more wonderful than His being both God and man at the same time. They are both the most stupendous

miracles of power and goodness and mercy and ineffable condescension. I cannot understand how the Church of England can believe in the Trinity, which is not expressly taught in the Bible, and refuse to believe that our Lord gave His own Body and Blood to the Apostles at the last supper, when the Gospel tells us distinctly in His own words that He did so."

"You believe then that He did.?"

"I do, and I believe, too, that when those words are pronounced at the altar, He becomes present in what was before bread and wine, as He did at the last supper. It follows from what He said to St. Peter and to the Apostles; but I can't put it together properly. I wish you would for me."

"Well, it puts itself together simply enough. Our Lord told St. Peter that the gates of hell should not prevail against the Church founded on Him, which can only be the Catholic Church, because no other can trace a hierarchy from the lifetime of St. Peter and the other Apostles. Surely that is a sufficient guarantee against idolatry, which the Mass would be, if He were not really present after the words of consecration. Then He promised all the Apostles that He would be with them even to the consummation (the Protestant version says 'the end') of the world; but they are dead, and the world has not ended. It is inconceivable that our Lord should be with a Church that commits idolatry, or be with it without preserving it from error of so abominable a kind: therefore it is inconceivable that the Catholic Church should perpetuate what He did at the last supper and told the Apostles

to do in remembrance of Him, unless He becomes really present when the Priest pronounces the words of consecration. But there is old Sandford coming along, riding a strange horse. We must leave the discussion where it is, and start again. We shall remember where we left off. It must be a lady's horse that he thinks will do for Ida. I have been ransacking every stable in the county, where I could hear that there was or might possibly be one to suit her."

The horse was a dark chestnut, a little under sixteen hands. He was nearly thorough-bred, and had a light sloping shoulder, every muscle of which moved with evident power and freedom as he walked. Everard dismounted, looked him all over, and said :

"I like the looks of him very much."

"He is a downright good 'un, sir," said the old coachman. "I've had him these three days in the stable, and tried him in every way, and can't see no fault in him, and all as I have heard of him is good. But the man wants a long price."

"I don't care what he asks for him, if he turns out to be what I want," said Everard, as he lengthened the stirrups. "I don't give long prices, as you know ; but this is a different affair altogether. If he is the horse I want, I must have him."

He mounted, walked the horse nearly a mile, cantered him round a meadow, took him up to a thrashing machine, a blazing fire of burning weeds, and a heap of many-coloured clothes on a hedge.

"I like what I have seen of him," he said, when he rejoined Elfrida in the road. "Do

you mind going a quarter of a mile out of the way ? I want to see an old servant at a cottage just beyond that farmyard over there. We must take this bridle-path to the right, that goes from Chase End to Exbourne, and come round through two fields into the road again by Chase Wood."

"I should like it very much. Is it any one I know ?" said Elfrida.

"No ; she went away just before you were born, and has not long come back to this neighbourhood. She is not strictly speaking an old servant, for she was only three years at Freville Chase, but she has gone through a great deal of trouble in connection with the family, and she is a little odd in the head, I think : so I have put her into that cottage next the farm-house. I will tell you about her after we have been there. I have reasons for wanting you to know it."

The cottage was from two to three hundred yards behind the farm-buildings. There was an orchard at the back, a small but well-filled garden in front, and, about fifty yards beyond, a narrow lane with banks and hedges on each side. At the sound of their approach a woman whose age was neither apparent nor easy to guess came out of the door to meet them. She had no distinct feature except her eyes, which were not remarkable in themselves, but only in their expression of excitability. It was Charlotte Wilcox, who had at last left her hiding-place and been placed by Everard in this, the only available cottage. They dismounted, and leaving their horses with Sandford, walked into the garden.

"Thank you, Squire, for coming to see me," she said, "and for putting me here. Is this Miss Ida?"

"I wish it were, as it ought to be," thought Everard, looking involuntarily at the horse that was meant for her. "No," he said with an effort: "it is her sister. You don't remember her. She was born just after you left England."

"Ah! yes sir—just after that dreadful time. And would you believe it? The Marquis went and called at my father's the very day he left Freville Chase. He made the flyman drive round by Chase End, and he talked ever so long with my stepmother. I have been told it by several people from the village who came to see me when they heard I was here. It put me about dreadfully, for he could only have gone to find out if she knew where I was—but I was safe then, through your kindness, Squire. He wants to make me out mad, and you know, sir, why he does. He would give anything to get me into an asylum, I know. I am afraid to leave the house by myself, and I keep the door locked all day, for do you know, sir, that nasty servant of his has been seen about lately; and what good can that be for, with his master abroad, if he really is. But I don't believe he is abroad, for you can't believe his saying so, after his going round by Chase End instead of to the station, without saying anything about it, as he would have done to you if he had meant right, and might have gone there any time when he was riding and walking about with you."

"I know he is abroad," said Everard, "for I

had a letter from him yesterday with the Florence post-mark on it."

"Yes, sir, but he may come again. I know he wants to make me out mad."

"If he wanted ever so much, he couldn't do it without a certificate from two doctors and an order from a magistrate."

"But that scamp of a servant! He wouldn't mind about sticking a knife into me, *I* know."

"He would mind being hanged though. And how could he, a stranger, with such a marked face, get away without being caught? But are you sure that he really has been seen about here since the Marquis left? Have you seen him yourself?"

"No sir, not myself, but a person who knows his face, because she saw him at Chase End on the box of the fly, saw him get out of a second-class carriage at Ledchester, with a great travelling-cap half over his face, and push by her to get a fly."

"But how could she be sure that it was he, if his face was half-hidden, and he was pushing by in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, that was because he didn't want to be seen by her."

"But why? It is not likely that he would have noticed her face among the others at Chase End so accurately as to know her again and remember where she came from. And foreigners with black eyes and marked features are not so very uncommon at Ledchester. Most likely he was a music-master, or that teacher of languages who comes there once a week to give lessons to the daughters of the Rector of Puddlecombe-in-the-

Marsh and other people. But even if he is the man you suppose, his being at Ledchester wouldn't show that he was looking after you. He may have left his situation and taken one in England."

"Not he, sir. It's too good a place, and the Marquis can't do without him."

"Well, anyhow, no harm can happen to you; but if you feel nervous about going out, I will give you a bull-terrier that is doing nothing at the keeper's lodge. I engage that he will pin any one who molests you."

"Oh, please, sir, don't. I am very grateful for your kind offer, but I am so afraid of dogs."

"But you must go out sometimes—I tell you what I will do. I will send some one every now and then to take care of you, and bring you to Freville Chase and back again. But I must be off now, for I have things to do at home, besides riding back to Netherwood. If you would like to have the bull-terrier let me know."

Charlotte Wilcox followed them to the gate, thanking Everard again and again for all his kindness.

"Who is she?" said Elfrida, as they rode away. "And what is all that about the Marquis—Moncalvo, I suppose?"

"She was nursemaid after my half-brother was born, and was his nurse when Moncalvo, who was his guardian, took him to Italy. He died there, as you know, and she not only fancied Moncalvo had murdered him, but told Moncalvo so. He didn't like that, of course, and finding her very much excited about it, he suggested the idea that she was a little wrong in the head. She then

went into the service of an aunt of his—remained there till her mistress died, when she took it into her head that he wanted to get her into a lunatic asylum, and so she came to England, working herself up into such a state of panic that she came and hid herself in the tower. One evening (it was the day he and Hubert left) I saw a light in the window under the muniment room, and went up, thinking that some thieves had secreted themselves there. I found no one in the room, but a rushlight was burning. I then went up to the hiding-hole, and there I found this woman, Charlotte Wilcox, who had hidden herself there when she heard my footsteps. She told me what I have told you, only she made a much longer story of it, and begged me to let her remain. She stayed there nearly a fortnight longer, and then was persuaded to come here; but I should never be surprised to see her and the rushlight again in the tower. What can one do with a poor woman who has such an inconvenient monomania?"

"Are you so sure that it *is* a monomania?" said Elfrida. "She looks to me sane enough."

"God forbid that it should be anything else! Of course I have a very indistinct recollection of my little brother, for I was only seven years old when I saw him last; but the idea that he was murdered is too horrible, as well as improbable, to be tolerated without any cause for suspicion whatever. His death was certified by an English physician of note, who happened to be staying at the place, and saw him. I have the certificate, and can show it to you: the cause of death is specified in it."

"Yes, of course. I spoke without thinking. I *do* dislike the man so much. But why does he persecute her so, if he has nothing to conceal?"

"I have no evidence at all of his having done so—nothing but her own excited statement. He may have said that she had a monomania, and I think he did say so to me; but how can you wonder at his making that small anticipatory defence. Just consider what it would be to know or strongly suspect that a person was going about accusing you in holes and corners of carrying off your own sister's child to murder him in another country?"

"I see. You are always so just. The fact is, I can't bear the man, and I can only see one thing at a time. You must teach me to see further. Have you heard from him since his visit?"

"Yes, and he said in his letter that it was he who lost the note. I meant to have told you before. He met Tim, took the note from him, missed finding me, left it in his pocket, and unfortunately—forgot it."

"Yes. He knew you must find it out, and made a virtue of confessing it."

"You are as incorrigible about him as Hubert."

Elfrida made no reply. Her eyes turned from him to the meadow before her, and then towards her horse's withers, where they remained fixed till they had entered the wood in which Hubert had called the attention of the Marquis to the old tom cat poaching, when she said:

"I don't accuse him of hiding the note; I really believe it was an accident. But I must say it again—I can't help it—I detest the man more

than I can express. I can't tell why. There is a great deal in him that is very attractive, and he ought to be good, and might be; but (I can't tell why) I hate the sight of him."

"There is something wrong in him, I know," said Everard. "He puzzles me. I often wish I had never seen him."

They were now at the gate leading into the Chase.

"Has this horse been exercised much since you have had him in the stable?" said Everard to the old coachman.

"Nothing sir only walking exercise. I wanted to see whether he was quiet."

"Then if you will both of you go on, I will follow you and see what he does."

Elfrida and Sandford cantered on, and when they had gone about five hundred yards, Everard, who had been walking the horse up and down near the gate, turned him suddenly and put him into a gallop. The dark chestnut stretched himself out, and went over the grass in beautiful form, but did not pull an ounce or change his position. He then raced him a short distance, pulled him up into a canter about a hundred yards behind the other horses, and joined them at a walk.

"I must have this horse at any price," he said. "He is perfect. What does the man want for him?"

"Well, sir," said Sandford, "that's it. He says he won't take no less than two hundred and fifty; but, I think, if you was to wait a bit"——

"No. I can't wait a moment," said Everard. "I can't wait to bargain, this time. He is perfect,

and I see he is sound. I will send a cheque for him by this post. But there is one thing to be done. Have you tried him with a horsecloth hanging down like a habit?"

"I've done all that, sir, and put on a yeomanry sword. He don't take no notice of nothing, nor yet alongside of Thunderbolt when he was very fresh."

"Let me ride him part of the way back," said Elfrida. "Sandford could ride my horse, and we could change half-way."

"I should be very glad if you would. I am satisfied about his quietness, but I should like to see a lady on him. Your riding is about the same as Ida's, and if you find him suit you, as I feel sure he will, I shall have made assurance doubly sure."

"What were you doing when you stayed behind?"

"Only waiting to let you get forward, that I might see whether he would jump about or pull when I galloped after you with his head towards the stables. Nearly all the accidents and all the anxieties, fears, and disenchantments that so often make riding a pain instead of a pleasure to ladies who don't go in for being horsewomen, arise from two causes,—want of care in choosing the horse, or want of care in keeping him exercised, and generally from both. Many a lady has given up riding in despair, when it would be of more use to her than the doctor, simply because her father, or her husband, or whoever she had to do with, hadn't the sense to see that she was properly mounted."

"Yes; people don't think much. I have learned that in my small experience. If everyone were like you"——

"Everyone hasn't the same incentive to care that I have. If I were not careful about what concerns Ida, what in the world should I be careful about?"

It was half-past four when they rode into the courtyard. "You must have some tea," said Everard, "after your ride and all the talking and all the thinking you have done, and Charlotte Wilcox's wonderful revelations after it all. How long do you like to stay?"

"Oh! an hour at least. I have not been here since I was a very small child. You must show me all over the house. There never was so interesting a place. It really is like a dream. I wonder why I have never been brought here."

Everard thought that he knew very well, and so did Elfrida before she mounted her horse to ride home.

Mrs. Roland, who had peeped out from behind the portière on hearing the sound of the gate-bell, came forth to learn what had brought Everard home unexpectedly. When she heard the cause of his being at Netherwood, she inly rejoiced, thought, with Hubert, that it was a lucky shot, and, like him, hoped that the whole charge had lodged itself home. She also rejoiced on discovering who the young lady was, "for," thought she, "Miss Elfrida will learn a lot of him, and that will be a good thing for everybody."

Elfrida was no less pleased at making Mrs. Roland's acquaintance, and said, after she had left the hall :

"Why have I never seen her before? Everything here is so full of interest."

The tea was then brought into the library, and Everard went to send off the cheque for the dark chestnut. On his return, they began to go round the house.

"Where does that door lead to?" said Elfrida, pointing to the portière corresponding with Mrs. Roland's occasional place of observation.

"The passage leads on to the sacristy and the chapel; but on the left, just beyond the door, there is the state bedroom, called the King's room, and two rooms out of it."

"I want very much to see the chapel. Hadn't we better go there first?"

"Just as you like. It would be the most natural place to begin with, if you wish to see it, for it stands the furthest off, down that way."

"If I wish to see it! Don't you wish to take me there after the talk we have had?"

"I wish to do so because you desire it: otherwise I should have no wish either way."

"You rather disappoint me by saying that. Don't you wish me to be a Catholic?"

"Of course I do. I wish that every one in the whole world would be so, and you particularly."

"Then you can't believe that I am serious about it."

"I am certain that you are."

"Then why didn't you try to help me in that way, as you did in talking?"

"I should, if I had thought you would find it any help; but I don't think you are one to be impressed in that way by externals. You want to be convinced, not interested—to see the truth, not to admire its outward symbols."

"But I *am* seeing it. How tiresome you are."

"Yes, you *are* seeing it—gradually, I think."

"I don't understand what you are at. I begin to think you want to keep me back."

"Not to keep you back, but to keep you from hurrying over a most serious and solemn act, an act which must, at your extremest peril, be final. I am ready and anxious to help you in any way that I can, and at any risk to myself, but I will not encourage you to rush at it and land on unsafe ground like—

*Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side.*

Perhaps we shall talk out a good deal before dinner-time, and you will think that all has been done. It may be so—for who can tell how and when the Grace of God, which alone can settle the question, will come into the heart of any one? But you may have difficulties after that—queer, troublesome, unreasonable difficulties, cropping up at odd times, or hanging about you like a dead weight. I don't say that they will, but I must not take it for granted that they will not, lest they should do so for want of having been cleared off beforehand."

"Yes. I understand. You are so very wise about it. But still I do want to be helped on, for I feel sure that I do see it. Won't you take me to your priest here? I don't know his name."

"No. I will not have it said that a priest had 'got hold of you.' When you are in a position to take the final step, you may see Father Merivale, but not till then, if I can help it. I will take the whole responsibility on myself, if you will let me."

"Of course I will. I look to you entirely. But do be as quick as you can."

They went into the chapel, and he showed her all that was to be seen. She scarcely spoke, but observed attentively, and before coming out knelt down for some minutes. They then went into the sacristy, and afterwards visited the King's room, and the other two rooms belonging to it. Afterwards he took her into the gallery and the rest of the downstairs rooms, and then upstairs.

As they walked along the passage leading to the tower, she said,

"You must have thought it very odd that I said nothing about the chapel, and the King's room, and the gallery, and all that I have seen, but particularly that wonderfully beautiful chapel. It satisfies everything — imagination, taste, mind, devotion. I could say nothing at the time."

"Like the horn that Baron Munchausen's postilion blew in the frost," said Everard. "It will all come out by and by."

"Yes, for I really did observe everything very closely, and admired it beyond measure. There never was anything so attractive as this dear old place and everything about it. But one thing quite took possession of me, so that I could think of nothing else, and can think of nothing else now. When I went into the chapel I was immensely

impressed, of course, by all I saw—who would not be, so very beautiful as it is?—but I felt something more than that, something I could not explain. I felt a *Presence* there, that awed and yet comforted me. I have been puzzling over it ever since. Do explain it for me.”

“You didn’t expect any impression of the kind you speak of—did you?” said Everard.

“Certainly not.”

“And never heard of any Presence in a Catholic church, except that of the people who are in it?”

“Never.”

“Are you quite sure that you have never heard why Catholics genuflect in a church—why the Sanctuary lamp is lighted?”

“I am quite sure that I never heard a word about it.”

“Here we are at the tower,” said he, opening the great door.

“You won’t answer my question,” said Elfrida. “Why won’t you? You look so tremendously in earnest about it, and yet you put me off in that way. I don’t care just now whether this is the tower or the coal-hole. I ask you to explain, if you can, what it was that I felt while I was in the chapel.”

“I was thinking,” said he, “that it would be well to let your question stand over till we have been all through the house, and are ready to start. It is not one to be interrupted. There should be no distractions when you enter upon that. If you will take my advice”——

“Of course I will. I know I am very tire-

some and impatient, and you are so wise about it all, and so considerate ; but I really mean to follow your guidance entirely. I know it will be right."

"I hope so, and I prayed hard that it should be, when we were in the chapel. Well, then, shall we go over the tower, and finish up with this room of mine at the entrance? There are some books there that you might like to see, and, if you should like to read them, which I advise you to do, I can have them taken to-morrow in the dogcart. Suppose we begin downstairs—but I must get the key of the muniment room." He opened the door of his sitting-room, on the right, and brought out the key. She followed him to the staircase, down the stone stairs to the great vaulted kitchen and offices, which were on the ground floor, where Mrs. Roland pointed out to Elfrida all that was to be seen. Then they went down again, to the entrance of some curious old cellars. "I must bring a light, next time," said he, and they went up stairs again. The old banqueting hall was still partially furnished, with a few high-backed oak chairs, a long oak table, and some stags' heads over the large fireplace. "This was the original house," he said, as he passed on to the other rooms. "It was a hunting-place of my family up to the sixteenth century, but the later buildings were added before it came into the possession of the younger line that I represent. We must come here again when we have more time."

They went up another flight of stairs, and finally to the door of the panelled room behind the upper staircase.

"There is the room that leads to the hiding-hole," he said—"there, behind the staircase. That is the place where I went, expecting to collar a thief or two, and only found Charlotte Wilcox's rushlight."

He went in, pushed aside the movable panel, and mounted the narrow stairs, followed by Elfrida.

"Where are we now?" she asked, when they stood at the top.

He replied by opening the great lid of the hiding-hole.

"This is where, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I., missionary priests used to be concealed when they were in immediate danger of being tortured, hanged and cut in pieces alive for doing their duty to God and man."

"I have heard of things being conspicuous by their absence, but I never knew what it meant till now," said Elfrida. "I have read histories, and heard a good deal of those times; but the facts you speak of were never referred to nor hinted at. Who were the missionary priests?"

"Men who were trained at English colleges abroad, when the Church had been despoiled of everything in England and it was made high treason for a priest to say Mass or give the last sacraments to the dying—men who were trained for martyrdom, graduated in it by a life of extreme trials, and, in a great number of cases, gained the martyr's crown."

"What an awful place, and what a story to think of!" said Elfrida, as she looked down into

the shadowy depth, dimly lighted by the slit in the wall beyond.

"Very like a sawpit with a lid," said Everard. "A pleasant abode for a cultivated Christian, and particularly for a priest, obliged to shut himself up there, doing nothing, in order to do his work when he might."

"This is enough," said Elfrida, "to make any one a Catholic who has any appreciation of true heroism. People will not go on suffering in that sort of way for what is false—they can't."

"True," said Everard; "and solitude will find out weak points, if there are any to find. But you must not be led by enthusiasm. It would lead you in the right direction this time; but you mustn't depend upon it, or take it as a test of truth. Enthusiasm is a valuable friend, but a bad master. Shall we go on?"

They descended the dark stairs into the room below, and went up the others to the muniment room.

"This room," said Elfrida, "makes one fancy oneself in the Middle Ages."

"It does; and if you saw it by moonlight"——

"What is this curious inscription over the door?——

'When a Soule ys wounne by ye harte ytt hath ybrokenn,
and ye knelle ys herde of a dvinge race;
ye looste shall winne by ye stragngere hys tokenne,
and ye dedde give lyfe unto frevyle Chase.'

—Who wrote it? and what does it mean? Has it come true?"

"Nobody knows who wrote it. It was supposed

to have come true at the end of the last century, but I really forget how. Mrs. Roland knows more about it than I do. Now, shall we look at the books? we have not much time to spare."

They made their way down the steep staircase and on to the sitting-room.

"I have some books here," he said, "that you should read. They will help you to find your way, or rather to see that you are on the right road. I will just put before you, as we ride home, what the question really is, and what you will have to consider as essential, in the strict sense—not in the other, which, I think, we have disposed of. Then, if you read and reflect, as I am sure you will, the conclusiveness of the truth will penetrate your mind, as the grace of God has, I feel sure, penetrated your soul. Of course no amount of intellectual conviction is of any avail without His Grace; but He has given us minds to understand, and it is not safe to neglect means that He has given. It may seem to you unnecessary now, but you will find the advantage of it afterwards. Early training and natural affection are against you, and you must not be surprised if they show their influence at odd times, after you had thought yourself convinced."

"If I know myself at all, they will not," said Elfrida. "Of course it will give me great pain to act in opposition to my mother on the most serious of all subjects, and the more so because she taught me all I knew of religion till to-day. It will bring a great deal of suffering upon me, I know that, and trouble most likely in many ways—I expect that; but it will have no power at all to interfere

with conviction, in a matter that is between myself and God only."

"I believe you," said Everard. "You have a strong character. Still it is safer to do it thoroughly, and I want you to read what I am going to show you. We have seen that Catholicity and Anglicanism are two religions, distinct and incompatible, so that one of the two at least must be false. It remains to be seen whether either of them is true, and if so, which it is."

"But I am sure which it is. Why will you doubt it?"

"I am not doubting it; but let me go on. You then come to the conclusion that our Lord founded a Church which was to last to the end of the world, that He would be always with it, and that the Holy Ghost would guide it to all truth. We needn't repeat the reasons just now. The next conclusion was about the Real Presence; but that is included in the question whether our Lord has continued to preserve His Church from error, or not—which you have already decided for yourself. You have come then to this: That our Lord founded a Church, and that the Church He founded was, is, and will be divinely preserved from destruction and from errors in faith. But where is this Church? In the words of the Nicene Creed, which is read at morning service in every Anglican church and chapel, it must be One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic"—

"Yes, and there is no doubt which is the One—you have shown me that—and I have no doubt about the rest; but I should like you to tell me why."

"Not now," said Everard. "It is getting late.

Here is a book (Waterworth's 'Faith of Catholics') that takes those four 'notes,' as they are called, and all the marks of the true church, in succession, with the evidence from the Scriptures and from the Fathers who had the traditions of the Church handed down from the earliest times : for St. Clement of Rome knew St. Peter, St. Polycarp was appointed Bishop by the apostle St. John, and St. Ignatius was one of St. John's disciples. I advise you to read the whole book, or at least enough to show you how overwhelming the evidence is. Here are one or two things that will give you an idea of it. St. Irenæus, who had been taught by St. Polycarp, says (as you see in this second volume) that '*the pathway of those who are in the Church circles the whole universe, for it has a firm tradition from the Apostles, and gives us to see that the Faith of all is one and the same, . . . and, indeed, the public teaching of the Church, in which one and the same way of salvation is shown throughout the whole world, is true and firm. For to this was entrusted the Light of God, and on this account is the wisdom of God through which He saves all men proclaimed in the gates. . . . For everywhere the Church preaches the Truth.*' Now, considering that the writer of these words had been taught by St. Polycarp, who, he tells us (here it is, if you look at this page) '*had been instructed by the Apostles, and conversed with many who had seen the Lord;*' you have pretty strong evidence that unity was an exclusive mark of the Church founded by our Lord; and if you read on, you will find the same in the writings of the other Fathers of the first

five centuries. Again, St. Irenæus says (here it is) that *'where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and every Grace; but the Spirit is Truth.'* And he says furthermore, that *'the rest who depart from the principal succession, and assemble in any place whatever, we ought to hold suspected, either as heretics and of an evil opinion, or as schismatics and proud, and as men pleasing themselves.'* If that doesn't condemn separation from Rome, I don't know what language would; and here, a few pages on, he makes that passage, if possible, stronger, by saying, *'The greatest and most ancient, and universally known Church of Rome—founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul . . . to this Church, on account of more powerful principality, it is necessary that every Church—that is, those who are on every side faithful—resort, in which (Church) always by those who are on every side, has been preserved that tradition which is from Apostles.'* One more passage, and then we must be going. Here it is—an unmistakable prediction by the prophet Malachi, of the unbloody sacrifice of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Mass, and of its universality. *'From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts.'*"

"Unmistakable indeed," interrupted Elfrida.
"But go on."

"Well, then, the second and third volumes

give evidence and authorities about doctrine ; but I think you may leave them till afterwards, for if you see clearly that the Catholic Church is what she claims to be, it will be clear to you that her doctrines must be true."

"Certainly. The doctrines of the Church that is divinely guarded from error cannot teach error. Whatever you do, don't keep me back longer than you can help. I will read everything you want me to read afterwards."

"Well, then, just let me put out some other books to be sent ; and then we must go."

He took them from the shelves, carried them with the others downstairs to be packed up, and said :

"Shall we go into the chapel for a moment ?"

They knelt down at the nearest bench there, and after a while Elfrida said :

"I feel it now, as I did before—a Presence."

"You see that lamp," said Everard. "It means that our Lord is present in the tabernacle—there, below the crucifix. His most Sacred Body is veiled under the appearance of bread, as His Divinity was veiled when He came in the flesh ; but He is there. We had better come away now."

"Why ? I feel so happy and peaceful here."

Everard rose, and she followed him unwillingly. When they were outside the door, she said :

"Does every one feel as I did, when they are in a Catholic Church ?"

"No, and you must not be disappointed if you never have the same feeling again. It is not for me to give any opinion about such things ; but that

strong realisation of the truth, as it were a kind of interior sight, is sometimes given—that is, given when the case requires it. I know a lady, a convert, who experienced something of the kind when receiving conditional baptism. She told me that without it she should not have been able to bear what she had to bear, and did bear, in consequence of becoming a Catholic. She has not, as far as I know, had it since. We must not desire to have it; for, if it is good for us, God will give it. St. John of the Cross, one of the greatest masters of spirituality, says that invisible grace is better than sensible sweetness, and that to desire sensible sweetness is a very great imperfection.”

“I see. It brought into my soul what was only in my mind before, and gave me faith instead of mere intellectual conviction, which, of course, is not to be depended upon.”

“I believe she is right,” thought Everard. “Perhaps I was a little too cautious in giving her no encouragement to go into the chapel—only I felt sure she would.”

“And I wanted it too, no doubt,” said she, “to give me strength for what I have to do and to persevere in. I presumptuously thought myself strong enough; but the trial will be very great, brought up as I have been, and feeling as I do. I realise the trial and the struggle now.”

“I am very glad of that. One may carry the principle of not looking on the dark side of things too far. When a thing has to be done, and we don’t know how difficult and distressing it may prove to be, the sooner we accustom ourselves to the worst view of it the better. But I am not

afraid of your looking away, or turning away from a duty when you have seen it. I am sure you will not. Shall we get on at the stables? It will save time."

"Yes, and give me another sight of the courtyard, which I wanted. It is the only part of the house that I have a dim recollection of."

The side-saddle had been taken off her horse and put on the dark chestnut. As they left the stable-yard Everard turned to the old coachman and said:

"I have sent the cheque; so the horse is mine. Send the other back to Netherwood to-morrow."

"Well, I never!" remarked Sandford to himself. "I never know'd him in such a hurry about dealing afore. All as is, he's got what he wants. It would be hard to pick such another, give what you would—shape and action and all—and sound all over, and the quietest I ever see."

The merits of the dark chestnut occupied the attention of Everard and Elfrida till they had passed Foxhole wood and nearly reached the turning to Chase End.

"He is quite perfect," said Elfrida, as they went by the turning, "perfect even in colour. That very dark chestnut is so beautiful and so rare."

"And doesn't indicate being hot, which light chestnuts, particularly the reddish ones, generally are," said Everard. And that was all they said during the next twenty minutes or more. At last Elfrida spoke.

"I am as much astonished as the people in 'The Deserted Village,' that

One small head could carry all he knew.

You were more than ready for everything I asked you, and you told me much more than I asked."

"I had to answer things for Ida," said Everard, "nasty books that made me sick to read, full of lies and cunning. Happily for you they have not come in your way; so that you have only had to deal with the 'essentials,' that fell to pieces when you laid hold of them. I had to read several volumes of lies and blasphemy and disgraceful misrepresentations, for Ida, and I finished it up in—I don't know how many pages of foolscap, which I brought with me on that miserable evening when the note was lost and I came to Netherwood to find her gone."

"I saw it all," said Elfrida, "and I was not as yet in a position to be of any use to her: but she had no doubts at all. She spoke very strongly to me about it one day, before I could see anything."

"Yes. I only meant to show that these difficulties are of many kinds, and some more subtle than others. You had been put into a very old-fashioned groove. You believed that Luther was a sixteenth century apostle, sent by God to dig up buried truth; but all that has been exploded. Hardly any one believes in Luther now, except a few old women round a tea-table. General Protestants (I mean those who, whether Anglicans or Dissenters, have a more or less indefinite creed) find him too dogmatic: the advanced Broad-Churchmen find him out of date: the few Evangelicals that yet remain incline more to Calvin, who denied the Real Presence. All three make much of him as the Founder of the Reformation,

and admire his teaching in a general sort of way ; but neither his authority nor his contradictions would have any weight at all in argument with them, and still less with the extreme High Church party, who abuse him and all the Reformers in unmeasured terms."

"I have heard so, and I can't make out what they want to do."

"To be a body without a head, if one may judge by their way of going on."

"What are the other books that you want me to read ? Mayn't I read them all afterwards ? I believe firmly that the Catholic Church is the one true Church, and therefore I believe in whatever it teaches. I want that penny Catechism I saw Ida reading once. Do let me send for Father Merivale. Life is uncertain in the youngest of us, and I don't feel it safe to remain as I am, feeling as I do."

"Nor should I feel it safe to take upon myself the responsibility of advising you to wait," said Everard, after a moment's reflection. "I thought it prudent to do so before, but prudence points the other way now. I was not prepared for your ripening so rapidly, and I didn't believe in it. It puzzles me still."

"You see I was, in a way, ready for it," said Elfrida.

"I see : you were near, with a wall between."

"Yes ; and when the wall was down, I saw where I ought to be."

"But the wall came down so quickly" —

"As soon as you pushed it. I was astonished myself, but so it was. You see, I felt I could believe in you."

"Yes, but I can't take all the credit of pushing the wall. You pushed very well yourself, as soon as you suspected what it was made of."

"No, I only crept through the hole you made. I suppose that my having been baptized a Catholic made it easier?"

"Yes, and your seeing the possibility before you in Ida—seeing it dimly and as a forbidden thing, but still seeing it; so that, when you began to see further, the sight was not entirely new."

"But there was another thing," said Elfrida, "that did more for me than any other human power—much more."

"What was that?" said Everard. "I think you have named the only two things that could have been of any use at all beforehand."

"Much more," she repeated absently. "In fact; it was that alone—that made me long to know, made me ask, made me listen without prejudice."

"But what in the world was it? You have fairly puzzled me."

"It was knowing you" —

"When we never spoke a word on the subject till to-day? You must be dreaming."

"No! I am not dreaming!" she said, with a calm emphasis that compelled conviction. "I have dreamt a great deal in the course of my life, though it has been a short one—dreamt by day, dreamt when I was awake, at least awake to everything but the one Truth that leads towards the final object of one's life."

"I beg your pardon, dear Elfrida, for interrupting you," said Everard: "but how did you learn to express yourself in this way? I have noticed

it several times. You have greater power than I thought, though I gave you credit for much more than you believed yourself to have. You have had little or no cultivation, and yet you are beyond your age in mind and character. How did you do it?"

"I don't know," she said. "I have lived almost entirely alone, in a certain sense. My mother has been all kindness to me; but there was, as it were, a wall between us"——

"She was holding up the wall that has just been broken down," thought Everard in a parenthesis.

"And Ida has been shut out from me, till within three days of her going abroad, by being engaged to a Catholic. I have not been out in the world yet—and the visitors we have had at home were not of much use, to say the truth. I was thrown upon my own resources, and had to make the best of them, small as they were. And so I gradually took to thinking in my own uncultivated way, and tried to make something out of the books that were put in my way. That is all I have done with myself—and little enough it is—only you are so kind to me."

"It is not little. You surprise me by what you have done. I have had the best possible opportunity of judging to-day, and I tell you, without partiality, favour or affection, that you have thoroughly surprised me."

"It was you who drew out from somewhere—I don't know where—more than was in me."

"No. Whatever I may have done, or be supposed to have done, to bring it out, it could not have come out, if it had not been there to

come. But I have interrupted you. You were saying"——

"I was going to say that I was not dreaming when I told you who it was that prepared me to long for the truth, and attracted me to it; who it was that made me seek for it, and receive it when offered. It was you—not by anything you said to me, for you never mentioned the subject, but by what I saw of you, by the silent influence of your character, by what you are and what you are not. Haven't I known you all my life, and most since you were tried most? Do you think I didn't observe the force you put upon yourself so often, when everything was against it except—what is the word for a motive that comes from doing what the Grace of God tells you to do?"

"The supernatural motive; but please don't apply the term to the bare duty that I did, if I did as much as that. You forget that I had Ida to think of—which means the whole world, as far as it concerns me. It would have been odd indeed if I had not controlled myself."

"It is of no use to tell me all those things, for I know better. Don't I remember at the end of it all, that dreadful Monday, and how you bore one of the most unbearable trials that could have been put upon you? Do you mean to tell me that all this was natural—could have been done without a higher motive and the habit of always acting upon it? Do you expect me to believe that you are naturally calm, passive, patient? I have not known which to admire in you most"——

"You had better admire neither, whatever they

may be. There is nothing to admire in anything I have done or foreborne to do."

"But I know that there is; and you must let me go on, or I shall not be able to tell you what it was that influenced me without my knowing it. I say that I knew not which to admire in you most"——

"Please, don't. It isn't good for one, particularly when one doesn't deserve it. Of course I desired to act on the higher motive—I was bound to do so, and should have broken down if I hadn't; but carrying out is another thing."

"It's no use interrupting. You only make me repeat the words you don't like over and over again, instead of once. I knew not which to admire in you most—your strength to do, or your strength to endure."

"And what have you ever seen me do?"

"Never mind that: I know what you are, and I"——

"And what have you ever seen me endure that I could help?"

"You are not going to put me off by that, as if I didn't know the difference between not being able to help a thing, and bearing it extraordinarily well. The other day when I was out riding I saw a cart-horse tread rather heavily on a man's foot. The man couldn't help being trodden on, but he swore and made faces as long as I could see him, and for anything I know may be doing so now at intervals still."

"I see there is no stopping you: so I may as well be quiet, but only under protest."

"Let it be under anything you like, so long as

you listen to me. I am telling the simple truth when I say that your influence, unknown to yourself, has led me to be a Catholic. I know of course that the life and character of this person or that have nothing to do with whether our Lord founded the Catholic Church or not; but one does want something to make one begin, and the Catholic Church takes, as one can't help seeing, such very high ground, that one looks up to it in spite of oneself, in spite of believing it to be wrong, and one looks to the character and conduct of every Catholic as an example, one way or the other. I have hardly known any but you, and you have been the best witness I could have known. Without you, I should now be as I was."

"Thank God for the result, any how!" said Everard. "But that I should have had anything to do with the greatness of your effort and the immensity of the consequence, makes me think of the world standing on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise. Now suppose we talk of something else for a bit, something lighter. You have done a great work in the last three hours, with the prospect of much more to do; and the mind, like the body, requires rest after exertion. Even nuns in the most severe and contemplative orders have recreation; and we, who are not called to that sort of life, want it much more. Who is that red-whiskered man who means so well, and has done so much mischief? I have met him several times, but, somehow or other, I never caught his name."

"And I can't remember it either," said Elfrida,

"though he was staying with us nearly a week. It is a very peculiar name. He is some relation to Lady Oxborough. He is the most tiresome person I ever knew."

"Yes, he is, poor fellow. He is very conscientious, and proved it by giving up not only a good family living, but other good prospects as well, to become a Catholic and be shelved on a small allowance, without having at that time any apparent chance of being able to do anything for himself. I respect him very much, but he certainly is very tiresome. He has an incorrigible habit of saying and doing the wrong thing in society. He can't help it: he would if he knew how."

Yes, I could see that he was very good; but he really did a wonderful deal of harm in a short time. He contrived in the most ingenious manner to make Catholicity unpleasant and offensive by half-joking attacks on Protestantism and by extreme opinions of his own. It annoyed and excited my mother very much, made everything worse for Ida, and undid in me, for the time, nearly all the good that your example had done. If things had not happened as they did afterwards, to make me think more reasonably, I should not be a Catholic now, and perhaps never should be."

"No. It would only have been a question of time with you—I feel sure of that: but with many the mischief would have been serious, and very likely permanent. Converts may be divided into two classes, those who are as if they had always been Catholics, and those who are not.

Some of the latter class are occasionally very trying. They are like a parched pea on a drum : they can't be quiet. They seem, as it were, spiritually drunk. You would find occasional specimens of them in Rome, where they frighten away half-inquiring Protestants, and furnish illustrations for domestic arguments against Popery. They mean very well, and are very much in earnest, but they are a great nuisance. You will not be like that : you are too well balanced. But those little patches of sharp colour and cold shading are in strange contrast with the harmonious largeness that characterises the centre of Catholicity."

"One peculiarity of his," said Elfrida, "is, that he continually brings in Italian words to explain about religion ; which only has the effect of making Catholicity look foreign and new."

"Which is the modern English tradition," said Everard, "though we learned constitutional principles from the Benedictine monks and owe all our fine buildings and all our distinctly English customs to Catholic Englishmen."

"I know it is the modern English tradition, as you say, that the Catholic religion is a foreign importation. The Swiss governess used to tell me so continually, and I wondered, sometimes, how that could be reconciled with England's having been Catholic so much longer than it has been Protestant."

"There is no excuse for bringing in foreign words now," said he, "for it is not done in these days. When my father was a boy, and even later, it was the fashion to interlard conversations

with bits of French, not always of the best, and it seems that, in the days of Dr. Johnson, ladies used to call out '*caro*' at the opera when the primo tenore pleased them. One finds it for instance in Goldsmith's play, '*She Stoops to Conquer*'—

*The fourth act sees her wedded to the Squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher,
Pretends to taste, at operas cries 'caro,'
And quits her Nancy Dawson for 'che farò.'*

Whether the false quantity was made to agree with *caro*, or *caro* brought in to rhyme with Goldsmith's pronunciation of the words in '*che farò senza Euridice*,' I don't know."

"Now I think of it," said Elfrida, "a great aunt of mine (you must remember her at Netherwood when I was very small) used to talk in that way."

"Yes. I remember her very well, and I remember several people who did it when I was a boy. It was an affectation, though an unintentional one, and it spoilt their English; but mannerism of some sort appears to be an incorrigible failing in human nature, and those bits of French that came in without rhyme or reason were, at any rate, much better than the slang and sloppy sentences that one hears now in society. The English is worse and the affectation is greater, and the whole is offensive, which the other was not. There is another obsolete fashion of those and earlier days that I really regret. I mean the habit of bringing in Latin quotations and occasionally Greek. I remember about the last of it when I was a little boy. The two or three old

gentlemen who did it are all dead, and they were anachronisms then. It was sometimes carried to a tiresome excess, but it was on the right side and guaranteed a certain amount of mental cultivation in many men who, but for the force of fashion, would have had none at all. But I was going to ask you—hasn't your friend of the red whiskers succeeded to a property?"

"Yes, from an uncle. They say it is a very interesting old place, with a black and white timbered house; but the property is very much encumbered, and the house out of repair. I am very sorry for that."

"Yes, poor fellow. It is a very hard and difficult position, to have a property that brings a quarter of its nominal value and more than the whole of its full claims. But I hope it has been exaggerated. Those things generally are, one way or the other."

Here the conversation was brought to an untimely and abrupt end by the approach of a bicycle, surmounted by a man dressed in a blue flannel jacket, a blue and white cap, knickerbockers of no particular colour, and grey stockings that moved up and down in the form of a spider's legs when he is weaving his web. There could not have been a worse place to meet such a machine, for some heaps of stones, put ready for breaking, narrowed the available space. The road was exceptionally narrow at that spot, and the bicycle came suddenly round a corner.

"Just keep a hand on him," said Everard, riding up close to the dark chestnut, and watching him attentively, "for he may never have seen one

of those abominable things before. The roads are too hilly for them where he comes from."

The dark chestnut turned his head and looked at the movable treadmill with some appearance of curiosity, but showed no symptom of fear or resentment, though Everard's horse, which was furthest from it, shied resolutely and, but for a sharp dig of the spurs, would have turned round.

"What a darling horse!" said Elfrida. "I am sure he never saw one of those things before, by his looking at it so; and yet he went on just the same, though it passed close to him, and your horse was troublesome about it."

After this interruption they talked on various subjects, including after a while Sir Richard's accident.

"How wonderfully God brings good out of evil!" said Elfrida. "But for the postponement of your marriage and the awkwardness of the red-whiskered man, my father would never have understood you, and I should be still trying to satisfy myself with 'essentials.'"

"You must mark that off to the credit of your recent guest, against his misdemeanours at Netherwood," said Everard.

"I do; but he really was"——

"I don't doubt it; but De Beaufoy told me that Mrs. Atherstone gave him such a lesson when he dined at Bramscote, that I daresay he learned something. Didn't you find him less aggressive at breakfast the next morning?"

"Now you speak of it, I think I did. He went away directly after."

They were now coming to the sandy bit of

road, and they cantered on, talking in a desultory way. After a while, Elfrida spoke less and less, and then not at all, till they passed the lodge, when she said :

"What a change has come over me, and over everything connected with me, since I passed the gate four hours ago ! I feel so different, and yet so much more myself."

"Because you have found your whole self," said Everard. "The greater part of it was out of sight before, hidden up in a corner."

"It was you then who brought it to light," said she. "I couldn't have done it without you."

"I may have been an instrument, or rather one instrument ; but if I had not been here, God would have chosen some other if it was His will to make use of one ; or He would have dealt with you in some other way. Your disposition to correspond with His Will and His Grace would not be permitted to fail for want of sufficient help."

"Certainly : but unless I had had your help, or some other equally strong—and where should I have found it, circumstanced as I was?—I should not have had sufficient for the purpose. God must have made things happen so that you had to come here."

"I may have been made use of in that way : but you make too much of the instrument. Much more depended on you than on me, and would, even if I had been up to the work, which I cannot feel that I am. One may make ever so good a key, and handle it like a locksmith ; but if the lock doesn't fit it, the door will not open. The result

really depended on your own disposition, and might have been just the same, and have happened as soon, without any human instrument. People have been converted by the grace of God in their hearts, without any visible help at all."

"Yes; but as a matter of fact, I was not. You have been the instrument, most distinctly; for, as I said before, it was your example that prepared the way, before I ever spoke a word to you on the subject, or thought of doing so."

"My example! when I hear that, and measure it with what I have done, I feel how very much is wanting in me to complete even the outlines of the ideal example which your imagination has pictured."

They had passed the house and were turning into the stable-yard.

"By the by," he said, as they rode in, "your father must know it as soon as possible. When do you think of telling him?"

"I thought of doing so to-morrow morning," said she. "I am so tired now, after all I have gone through. I shall explain myself better in the morning."

"True; and your mother?"

"I shall write to her to-morrow, of course."

When they had dismounted, he said to the coachman:

"What do you think of this horse? I have just bought him."

The coachman stood square to his front, looked the dark chestnut all over, and replied:

"Well, sir, he *is* a good 'un. I can't see a fault in him. But you always had a capital eye for a horse."

"I didn't find him out," said Everard; "Sandford got hold of him."

It was now seven o'clock. Everard went into Sir Richard's room and amused him with a graphic account of the new horse, till he had barely time enough to dress for dinner. Elfrida, while taking off her habit, began to argue internally against his denial of her statements respecting himself.

"He may say what he likes about it," said she to her inner self; "but his example, the quiet evidence of his beautiful life, did prepare me to receive the truth—did attract me to it; and the way in which he answered my questions did make it clear to me, and what he said when we came out of the chapel did make me understand what I felt. I have read nothing about saints yet, and I have always supposed hitherto that they lived in caves and ate roots; but if they are ever to be found in ordinary life, he is one. What a wonderful expression there was in his countenance when he was explaining things to me, and again in the chapel, and again at the last, when he tried to make out that the example I spoke of was an ideal of my own. There was a far-off look in his eyes, as if his thoughts were at that moment out of himself and fixed on God. There was a strange light in his eyes, and, as it appeared to me, on his face too, that I never saw before in any one, and never could have imagined. His is a wonderful character! So strong to do, so strong to resist, so full of fire and vigour, and so self-controlled! So passionately loving to Ida, and so detached from the world they live in. Ida ought to be the

happiest woman living, and will be, must be—must be.”

By this time the process of dressing impeded her reflections, but when she was on her way downstairs, the last emphatic idea repeated itself:

“Must be—yes! must be, even now, in spite of all the troubles and delays—*must* be, even now, the happiest woman living.”

This very strong opinion occurred often in the course of the evening and afterwards. Everard, by the fact of being what he was, had done another work of which he was quite unconscious. He had given Elfrida an ideal of a husband, and, by causing her to realise Ida's happiness, changed her from a thinking child into a woman.

After dinner they went into Sir Richard's room. The wounded sportsman was very cheerful, for the doctor had told him that he was progressing very favourably, and would be in his normal state by the beginning of the hunting season. He joked about the red-whiskered man, laughing much at his real and supposed sayings and doings, asked many questions about Mrs. Roland and all the old institutions of Freville Chase, told them a long story that had something to do with Beynham, but had no perceptible point, and finally discoursed on what he had heard of the dark chestnut till the stable-clock tolled midnight, whereat he seemed surprised. Elfrida had long been exhausted by all she had done during the day, and was fast asleep in her chair.

Thus ended that eventful day, which however was but the beginning of others more eventful.

CHAPTER XV.

WE read in the "Lady of the Lake," that
... *Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;*

but Sir Richard was not of that opinion when he heard of what Elfrida had done and was about to do. In fact the hope of escaping an aggravated tantrum was so low in the horizon that it could hardly be said to have dawned at all.

About ten o'clock Elfrida came into his room, and after a few words of affectionate inquiry, plunged *in medias res*.

"My dear father," she said in a low voice, but with remarkable distinctness, "I have to tell you what will be very welcome news. I am now a Catholic in heart and in faith as well as by baptism."

Sir Richard made an involuntary spring upwards, descended as lightly as he could, and replied:

"God bless us all! My dear child—you know—don't you see? It *is* welcome news indeed, and a great comfort to me, who have had it in my conscience all these years; but it comes at such an awkward time. What made you think of it just now? It must have been Everard. Why couldn't he have left it alone till afterwards?"

"Because I asked him to help me now," said she. "I should have had no other opportunity."

"Well, no; that's true," said Sir Richard, adding in confidence to himself, "I know who would take care of that; and if she had come to me instead—Good gracious! what should I have done?"

"And I should hardly have liked, under the circumstances, to have asked you," said Elfrida.

"I am glad that you didn't do *that*," said he in a tone that would have convinced any one. "But, you see, there is the wedding to be thought of. There'll be such a row. Couldn't you put it off a bit?"

"I think you will see that it can't be put off," said she. "I am sure that you will not suspect me of any disposition to act in any way against your wishes, nor of setting myself up to know better than yourself"——

"No, no, my child, certainly not. I should never think that. You have always been as good as gold. Let us talk it over quietly, and see what is to be done. Where is the difficulty about waiting a little—just, you know, till the wedding is over?"

"If I do that," said Elfrida, "I shall stand convicted of temporising with my own conscience, and wilfully deceiving my own mother—in fact, of doing ill that good may come of it, which is just what Catholics are falsely accused of doing. I don't know how I could put you, myself, Ida, and Everard, in a more false position, or help more to justify people in their own minds for the calumnies they repeat about Catholic principles. I feel so strongly the right of parents to exact obedience

from their children, and the duty of children to obey, that I am prepared to wait till after the wedding, if you require it, trusting that Almighty God will accept my intentions and preserve me to fulfil them: but I implore you not to require it. Do not place me in the dreadful position of leaving all the responsibility with you. I am young, but life is uncertain, and death sometimes comes unawares. If I should die in the meantime out of the Church, it will be in obedience to you. Don't, I entreat you, bring upon me the grief of seeing you take upon yourself such a responsibility as that. I can't share it with you, as you know. It *must* be your own."

"*Donne, Donne! Eterni Dei?*" thought Sir Richard, moving about in his disquietude as much as his condition would allow. He had picked up those three words of Italian at the opera, and was in the habit of quoting them to himself on emergencies. Elfrida stood still and awaited his reply.

"What am I to say? What am I to do?" he thought. "I don't see any way out of it—I really don't; for the worst of it is that she is right. If she had only not put it in that way! Responsibility! Every one has been at me about that, and I see it—I do indeed. But in this case the other side is so awkward. She is right, I see, and she is so good, and so respectful, and so obedient—which hardly any one is now. She is right, but somehow or other I wish that she hadn't shown it before me so."

It is probable, that had he been given the power of choice, he would have preferred the tantrum in the family coach to his actual position.

"Well, you see," he said at last, "I can't take upon myself to interfere with your conscience, when you want to come back into the Church. It was bad enough to have left you to drift out of it before you were old enough to know better. I have enough to answer for without any more, and if my time were to come again—but it's no use—no use talking of what is past. 'What's done can't be undone,' they say; but the mischief I let be done has been undone as far as you and Ida are concerned, though I have had nothing to do with undoing it, I am sorry to say. Well, it's a great blessing, and I am sure I am very thankful for it; but the awkward part of it is that your coming all right just at this time may bring out some doctor or other to recommend more foreign travelling. I don't see where that sort of thing is to stop, eh?"

Elfrida remained silent for a while and looked very grave.

"I ought to have seen that," she said; "but now that I see it, I can see no farther. May I call Everard?"

"The best thing you can do. He is the most sensible, right-judging fellow in the world. Do bring him here, and let us hear what he has to say."

She left the room, and, guessing that he was not unlikely to be found in the neighbourhood of Ida's new horse, went to the stables, where she found him.

"Do come!" she said. "We are in a dreadful difficulty."

"What is it?" said Everard, walking back with her to the house.

"I must either do wrong or bring trouble on everybody."

"I daresay it will turn out to be nothing after all. One often fancies that things are very bad, when every one else can see that they are not. We are all of us bad judges in our own cause."

Elfrida tried to reply, but after repeating a few incoherent words, burst into a violent flood of tears.

"I am not used to crying," she said, making a great effort to speak intelligibly, "and I don't remember doing such a thing since I was a child. I have not had occasion to feel very much, I suppose; for it came upon me so that I couldn't help it. But it was too much for any one with any feeling, to think that what you have done for me should bring trouble on you."

"Is that all?"

"All! and isn't it enough, to have the alternative of deceiving my mother, bringing scandal on Catholic principles, temporising with the grace of God, or repaying all you have done for me by"——

"I see what you mean. In the first place you would not be temporising with the grace of God by waiting, if prudence required that you should wait; but, as a matter of fact, prudence does nothing of the kind. Stay a moment, and let us settle the question before we go indoors. A prudent act, in the higher sense of the word, which is the only sense in which it concerns what we are speaking of, means a judicious application of a right principle to the particular circumstances of the case that requires it; otherwise it becomes

mere caution, with a strong family likeness to trimming. Now prudence, in that sense, requires you to avoid giving the appearance of a bad example and false ideas of Catholic practice: it requires you *not* to run the risk of giving both for the sake of averting troubles that have come before without any such cause, and could as easily come again without it. When one sees what is right to do, one must do it as prudently as one can, and leave the rest to Almighty God."

"Yes, of course; but"——

"But what? you really may feel quite satisfied about it."

"Yes, and I know it is very wrong of me to have such a wish; but I can't help wishing, in spite of myself, that Almighty God had made somebody else help me; for then it would all come upon me, instead of involving you and Ida."

"You dear, simple child. Don't you know?—you make me say what I oughtn't to say—don't you know that Somebody would give me the credit of the deed, whether I had anything to do with it or not?"

"So you really think it makes no difference?"

"I am certain it doesn't."

"Then, in fact, I couldn't prevent anything, do what I would."

"Not without being in the wrong before God and man, which could hardly be expected to bring a blessing on me, if I were to advise it."

"But, if you could only have been married first"——

"In that case I should have been away, and consequently I couldn't have been of any use to

you ; and, as you wouldn't wish to remain as you were, you must either be satisfied with things as they are, or be dissatisfied with the means that God chose for you."

"God forbid! I only meant"—

"I know you didn't mean that, but in reality there is no other alternative. Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, quite ; thanks to you again. We had better go in now. My father wants to see you about it."

"There is another thing to be considered," said Everard, as they were walking upstairs, "one that has weight enough in itself to decide the question for you. Your mother, it is true, shows no disposition to be a Catholic, and I see no reason at present to expect that she ever will ; but who can venture to say that doubts and troublous questionings and undefined images of truth outside her experience may not, some day, come into her mind and heart as it came into yours? You tell me that my example (I can't imagine how) attracted you towards the Church ; which implies that a worse example would have repelled you. Who can say how much—how lastingly she may be influenced by your behaviour now, when everything you say and do will be attributed to the influence of your religion? What would be the effect on her, if she found that the very first thing you had done was to conceal your faith and deceive her? I know her well enough to be sure that nothing you could do afterwards would undo the effect of that. Have I said enough?"

"You have, indeed. How strange it is that I didn't see it all myself!"

"You would have seen it fast enough, if it had not been your own affair. One naturally takes a side in one's own case, and that makes one an advocate instead of a judge. Besides, your feelings were enlisted, and you were altogether upset."

"I was, but you have put me to rights. How do you manage to say the right thing always, and exactly in the right way?"

"You have posed me now," said Everard, opening the door of Sir Richard's room. "How can I explain what is not?"

"Ah! I am glad you have come," said Sir Richard. "I wanted to see you."

"I should have come before, only I couldn't help going to the stables to have a look at Ida's new horse."

"To be sure. I wish I could have gone with you to look at him. But we both wanted you about a difficulty that neither of us could see our way out of. Has she told you what it was?"

"Yes; we talked it out on our way from the stables, where she found me."

"And what did you make of it?"

"That she is not to think about me in the matter."

"I never made that out of it," said Elfrida, "and never would."

"Well, it was a way of speaking, a short cut to the upshot; but I was forgetting that we had not talked it out here."

"That is just what I want to do," said Sir Richard. "Let us talk it out."

"I beg your pardon for beginning with the end," said Everard. "The fact is that we finished it off just as we were coming into the room, and so I went on thoughtlessly with the end of it."

He then repeated all that he had said to Elfrida; and when he had finished, Sir Richard said:

"Very true and convincing. You have put it as straight as can be. I am sure I don't know what to say. There is no getting over what you have said. It all comes as clear as possible. But how about Ida, eh? You can go through a deal yourself, I know, for a principle—whatever that is, which I never could quite make out; but you wouldn't like to bring Ida into a scrape. Now supposing anything were to happen?"

"I don't quite understand," said Everard, not without a scruple as to the strict veracity of the statement.

"Well, you know, anything to bring bothers and a blow-up, and (mind I don't say such a thing would be)—but any sort of—there are doctors about, you know."

Everard groaned inwardly. "I did hope," thought he, "that the shots had driven in some notion of seeing justice done to his own child; but one might as well expect the leopard to change his skin. He can't help it."

"What do you say to that, eh?" said Sir Richard, raising himself up as much as his condition would permit with comparative impunity.

"That a doctor was very much about before Elfrida thought of being a Catholic," answered Everard, "and that (as you compel me to say

the truth) it would be difficult to find one ready for such hard swearing as the man was who ordered the journey to Baveno."

"It *was* going near the wind, I admit (if he quite said it all), but then there are so many ways of understanding things. For my part I don't see much use in language, for it goes into such odd meanings—doesn't it? Some other fellow might be found, you know, to make out something that would be very awkward for you and Ida."

"In justice to everyone concerned," said Everard, "there is a limit to the postponement of a marriage approved so solemnly by yourself and all who had authority to do so. You have the power to carry out your own voluntary promise, made when Ida was a baby, continued ever since, and known to every one who knows you. In case of any impediment or further delay, I shall claim the protection which your promise and your authority give me the right to demand."

"That's all very true," said Sir Richard, looking forth into space, while the expression that was or might be in his eyes grew less as the rounded expanse became larger. "It's all as true as can be, and you said it so well—you're a wonderful clever fellow. But I have got so many things to consider."

"I beg your pardon for questioning your wiser judgment," said Everard; "but with every feeling of respect and regard to yourself personally and of reverence to Ida's father, I must affirm that there is only one."

Sir Richard made no immediate reply, and

appeared to be considering some of the many things that awaited his final decision.

"Perhaps we had better leave you to think over it all," suggested Elfrida, with truly feminine tact.

"Just so," said he, settling himself more comfortably on the sofa that, a few weeks before, had held Lady Dytchley and her smelling-bottle. "I feel rather uncomfortable just now. I should like to think it over quietly. By the by, I had a letter this morning from Mrs. Sherborne, asking you to go to luncheon. Suppose you ride there and call at Bramscote afterwards. Your mother meant to have called before she went abroad."

They left the room, and he proceeded to reflect on the state of affairs; but his views on the question were of a purely subjective kind, as befitted the nature of his apprehensions.

"What a fool I was," thought he, "though he is such a comfort to me in many ways, to have brought Everard here! To go and bring all this down upon me, when he was enjoying himself at Beynham, and would have stayed there till close on the time of their coming home! Elfrida would have come into it all in good time—I am sure she would, and it would all have come right, and have been so much better than lugging everybody into it in this way. But who would ever have thought of her taking this sudden turn because Everard took her out riding? Fool that I was to send them out! But then, who in the world could have guessed what was going to happen? How on earth could she make it out so quick? She didn't see a cross in the sky, like Constantine the

Great. The worst of it is that I don't know what to answer—both of them put things in such a way. He made out his case as straight as could be, and so did Elfrida before. And there it is! Here am I, tied by the leg; and *she* will be coming back in another three weeks, and kick up a row, worse than the other. And I can't get away! It's all that red-whiskered fool—I never can remember his name, and I don't want to remember it. He brought on the first row by not coming inside; and then nothing would serve him but he must go and miss a wounded bird and send the whole charge into me, when he couldn't have hit a haystack if he had tried. And that made me send for Everard, and that gave Elfrida a chance of asking questions, and—there it is, there it is!”

Here the approaching danger of an aggravated tantrum with pathological consequences assumed a pictorial form, and his disquietude became too great for words. Whilst he was thus thinking it out after his own fashion, Elfrida was endeavouring to show cause why Everard ought to go forth without delay and return with Father Johnson. Everard objected to doing either, especially the errand.

“But you told me yourself,” said she, “not to wait”——

“Certainly”——

“And yet now you won't help me to go on.”

“But I will, very much. Father Johnson must first satisfy himself that you are properly instructed.”

“Of course: and you are going to do it for me. How kind and thoughtful, and”——

"Suppose we leave the third adjective and settle what is to be done. You see, there will be no loss of time—we shall avoid the appearance of undue haste before people who don't know the circumstances, and the credit of the work will fall on me, instead of where it would attract exceptional ill-feeling and complicate your difficulties."

"Forgive me, dear Everard, for being so impatient," said Elfrida, the tears welling up into her eyes at the recollection of all that he was, and all that he had done for her. "And there is that wonderful smile," she thought, "that tells one what one is, and without a word of reproach makes one reproach oneself when one is wrong, and yet shows one the best of oneself."

"But you were quite right to be impatient," said Everard. "'Bless us all!' as your old great-aunt used to say, what is to become of us if that is to be set down against you? If the end we were created for is not enough to make one speak up, I don't know what is. If there was any fault, it was mine for not finishing at once what I had to say."

"No. I interrupted you"——

"Simply because I didn't go on. You were quite right to make a row about it—you were indeed."

"Then you will teach me, and show me what I have to do?"

"Yes, I have more time for it than Father Johnson would have, besides the time when we are out riding. But we mustn't stand here any longer. There is that letter to be written, and you have to get ready for riding to Hazeley and

Bramscote, and we must set off about twelve o'clock. Will you ride the new horse?"

"Certainly, if you will let me ride him."

She retired to the old school-room, and began to think of what she should say to her mother, or, to speak more correctly, how she should say it. Everard was about to return whence he came, to amuse Sir Richard by desultory talk and readings from newspapers, when the latter made a sudden exclamation of joy, and pulled the string that carried on the bell-rope to his sofa. He pulled once, twice, and then tugged again. A happy thought had struck him, and if the wish was father to that thought, it was grandfather to the bellringing.

"I've got it now," he thought. "It will put everything to rights and please everybody. They have always been wanting Elfrida to go and see them at Hazeley, and there was always some difficulty made, but no objection, no objection ever. And now that she is left here, with her mother and sister gone, and me laid up in one room, and Everard here only by chance, it comes quite natural to let her go. And then—why, if she makes it right there, I shall have had nothing to do with it, nor Everard, as far as any one need know. Sherborne won't mind what any one says or does, and would rather enjoy the row. And she wouldn't mind it. I'll write at once. Why can't they answer the bell?"

At this moment Everard came into the room, intending to furnish amusement without instruction, in the shape of general talking and desultory readings from newspapers. Sir Richard jerked

himself round on the same sofa that held Lady Dytechley when she told him that "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and explained his plan in a few characteristic words. Everard was prepared to second the proposal, having already thought of it, and he expressed himself to that effect, suggesting, however, that the visit should not be immediate, but in a few days' time. Sir Richard caught at this apparent delay with much alacrity, failing to see that it was proposed in the interest of the penny catechism.

"Then I had better just write a note, and you can take it," said Sir Richard.

The note was written, and then came the general talk interspersed with readings from newspapers. In the meanwhile Elfrida was engaged in the painful task of revealing her faith to the mother who, up to the last few hours, had taught her all she had known of religion. The letter was short in length, but, when read, seemed rather long by reason of its completeness. The facts were stated simply and modestly in terms of great affection and reverence, but with due regard to what she was professing. There was not a shadow of apology, not a word of defence, not an expression that would suggest the idea of an alternative, or admit a doubt as to her sole responsibility.

"*No one persuaded me," she said. "I never mentioned the subject to any one till I had seen that I must go through with it and made up my mind to do so, as you most certainly would, under the same circumstances, without a moment's hesitation."*

Of Everard she wrote :—

"He came here from Beynham the day before yesterday, and has been a great comfort to my mother, who has been suffering very much from the accident I mentioned in my last letter. Lord de reville wanted him to stay till your return for the wedding, but my father was in great pain and nervous, and wished him to come: so, with his usual selfishness, he came at once. He never said a word about religion to me, either since he came here or before, till I told him what I meant, asked him some questions, and insisted on having them answered."

Then she went on to say,—

"I know, to my great sorrow, that you will at first think me mistaken, perhaps presumptuous and self-confident, but I feel sure that sooner or later you will approve of my act, however much you may regret it. You know how deeply it must grieve me to do anything that is in any way displeasing or painful to you, for I trust that I have always deavoured to prove the reverence and affection which I never felt more strongly than now. Therefore I need hardly say that, if I had any other alternative than wilful disobedience to God, nothing could make me act against your wishes. To be obliged to do so, with no alternative except that of obeying man rather than God, is a more severe trial than any one who has not been so tried could realise; but I have one comfort as regards you, my dearest mother, a comfort that so many others in the same situation have not. You may for a while think me

mistaken, in the wrong, presumptuous, self-confident; but you cannot think that I am following a false religion, or you would never have married my father. Do write as soon as possible, and let me feel that you have not and cannot misunderstand my motives or my feelings, especially towards you."

When she had finished the letter she put it into the post-bag and went to put on her riding-habit. At twelve o'clock she mounted the dark chestnut.

Their ride was not enlivened much by general conversation, for the penny catechism employed all the time till they had passed the Four Ways and were within sight of Hazeley. Then there was a long silence, and finally, as they were turning into the Park, she said :

"Tell me, why is it that you know so much more than other people?"

"I can't tell you why I do what I do not do," said Everard.

"Don't be so tiresome. You know what I mean, and you must know that what I say is true."

"Indeed I don't"——

"Yes, you do; but let that pass for the moment. What I wanted to say just now was that you explain about religion so satisfactorily, besides giving such a beautiful example."

"I do neither; but if I know something about it, and if I act at all like a decent Christian, it is because I have had extraordinary advantages, though my mother died, as you know, when I was only three years old. I have only a dim

recollection of her teaching me to make the sign of the cross; but what she would have done if she had lived was carried out faithfully. Mrs. Roland is a very remarkable woman, and if all Catholic children were brought up by women like her, we should not see the wretched specimens of nominally Catholic training that do more harm to the faith than any other impediment that I know of in England. Then, later on, I had a very exceptional advantage in Father Merivale, who is not only a model priest, but a man of varied knowledge and deep intuition. Besides, as you know, he is a Benedictine, so that I have had the advantage of being trained, as it were, under the shadow of St. Benedict, and of studying as much of that marvellously perfect rule as an ordinary Christian in the world can aspire to. If I had not tried to do something after all these advantages, I should be bad indeed."

"Yes; but other people have advantages, and don't profit by them, and"—

"Stay a moment. I forgot to tell you of your father's note, which I have in my pocket. The penny catechism put it out of my head. He wants you to come and stay here with Mrs. Sherborne, instead of sending for Father Johnson, which would create an unpleasant feeling—I need say no more."

"And Mrs. Sherborne," said Elfrida, "has often asked me. In one respect I had rather not."

"You mean that your mother appeared to dislike your staying here, and that, being obliged to go against her wishes in the one thing that has a

higher claim on your obedience, you would, more particularly than ever, avoid seeming to do so in anything else."

"Yes; how you read one's thoughts"—

"It was not difficult to read that, knowing your principles as well as I do. You are right in principle, of course. There can be no question about it in the judgment of any one who has any idea at all of duty; but your mother has not expressed any objection to your coming here, and as your father has now very strongly expressed a wish that you should, I don't see how you can hesitate. The arrangement happens to be prudent in every way; but the way for you to look at it, as regards what you ought to do, is that your father wishes it. That should decide you."

Just then Sherborne cantered up and joined them.

"I am so glad you have come," said he, giving a rapid glance at the dark chestnut. "That is a horse. Where did Sir Richard get him?"

"He is Everard's. Isn't he a beauty?" said Elfrida; "and as good and well-behaved as he is beautiful. He is meant for Ida."

"She couldn't be better mounted, if he had searched all through England. I have lately got hold of a really good hack, which is the most difficult thing in the world to find. De Beaufoy spied him out one day, and told me of him—the day we rode over to Freville Chase and held sweet discourse about cathedrals with an Italian Marquis, who thought he had seen a function at Ledchester."

"And De Beaufoy," said Everard, "reduced it

all to a minor canon and some choristers working away out of the Book of Common Prayer. It was my stepmother's brother."

"That man must have known very well what it was, by the look of it," said Elfrida.

Sherborne noticed the decisive tone of her voice, and turning instinctively, saw something very like a pout on her expressive mouth.

"You don't like him?" said he.

"No, I can't bear him, and I am sure you would not, if you saw more of him."

"I only saw him once. He appeared to me to be two men rolled into one, without being well mixed. The good and bad popped out at odd times, each on its own account. He reminded me in a way of a man I once knew, but have lost sight of, whose face had different meanings on the two sides of it, only the contradiction didn't seem to sit so comfortably on the Marquis Moncalvo as it did on my double-faced friend. How is Sir Richard going on?"

"Very well now, thank you. But only think of a grown-up man shooting just where he was and (the keeper says) less than twenty yards from him!"

"He shouldn't be allowed to have a gun."

"I don't know that he has. My father was shot with one of his own—which was too hard."

"You must ask Mrs. Atherstone about him. I believe she bullied the poor fellow out of his life at Bramscote, and puzzled him too, which was the worse for his improvement."

"We have been talking so agreeably," said Everard, "that I was forgetting to give you Sir Richard's note. Here it is."

Sherborne read the note and said :

"This is a very great pleasure that we have been deprived of so long. When will you come?"

Elfrida looked at Everard, who suggested in a whisper, "This day week." She answered accordingly, and the day was fixed.

They were now at the house. Elfrida dismounted, and Everard led the dark chestnut to the stables. As he left the stable-yard Sherborne said :

"I am glad we took the horses ourselves, for I wanted to tell you a thing you ought to know."

Everard turned very pale, and the smile that no one saw without feeling its attraction, stiffened into fixed lines that simply expressed indomitable courage.

"There is nothing the matter," added Sherborne quickly, "and perhaps it is old news to you ; but letters are often a long while on the road when people are moving about. I believe I had better have left it alone"——

"I am sure that you have a good and kind reason for speaking," said Everard. "What is it?"

"Don't let the abruptness of the answer make the thing seem more than it is," said Sherborne.

"What is it?" repeated Everard, standing still in front of him, and unconsciously grasping his riding-stick with both hands, twisting it to and fro as far as it would bend.

"My cousin Exmore, the eldest, knowing no better, gave himself leave to propose to Miss Dytchley."

Everard made no reply, but the riding-stick

broke in two as if it had been a dry twig, and his eyes flashed out a light never before seen in them, a light that seemed to say for him in its mute expressiveness, "If I were to let nature fail in its obedience to Grace, I should be dangerous."

"He must have been deceived about it somehow," said Sherborne, "for he is a very honourable man."

"So I thought. I don't understand how it could be."

"However it may have been, he was so snubbed for his pains that he went off by the first train, and Lady Oxborough bundled away with her two daughters as soon as the millinery could be got into the boxes. My wife heard of it from her sister, Winifred de Bergerac, who was there."

"But what could have made him? What a fool he must be—I beg your pardon—to put himself into such a position."

"Well, no, he's no fool: he is a very sensible fellow; and that is what makes me sure that he was led astray about it. You know what Lady Dytchley is, and I have known her since I was a small boy. She has certain prejudices and a diplomatic imagination, and she doesn't understand you at all. It is more than probable that she deceived herself and him without exactly intending it, and ran the chance of what might turn up. I have put myself into an awkward position by volunteering to speak on such a matter, for you will naturally ask yourself what business it is of mine"——

"To do a kind and friendly act? I was just going to thank you for it. Of course what

you suggested to account for this extraordinary occurrence must be very painful to me, considering who Lady Dytchley is ; but it would be sheer humbug in me to pretend that it isn't as you say, when I know that it is so, and know that you know her as well as I do."

"My reason for telling you what has happened," said Sherborne, "was that I thought you might possibly hear a wrong version of it before you heard the right one; for half-true reports are generally beforehand."

"It was very friendly of you to tell me," said Everard, casting a penitent glance at the broken riding-stick, "and all the more so because it was a disagreeable thing to do."

They then went into the house.

"I am sorry to say," said Sherborne, as they went, "that your old friend De Beaufoy and his charming wife left us yesterday; but you will find Mrs. Atherstone, who, I must say, is worth meeting."

By this time they were in the library, and Mrs. Atherstone followed them immediately afterwards.

"Freville wants to hear what you said to the discreet convert you met at Bramscote," said Sherborne.

"There is remarkably little to tell," answered Mrs. Atherstone. "He talked nonsense, and I took the privilege of an old woman to tell him so as civilly as I could."

"I daresay most of us kick over the traces a little at first," said Sherborne. "One feels so fresh."

"You never did," said Mrs. Sherborne. "So don't make your public confession of it before me."

"I am sure he never did and never would," said Everard; "but there is a great deal to be said for the '*enfant terrible*,' whose name nobody seems to remember. Balance of mind is perhaps the rarest quality to be found, and it isn't fair to expect in every convert what one seldom sees in any one."

"You are quite right," said Mrs. Atherstone; "and when one comes into the Church out of—no matter what, one wants extra ballast to keep one's newly-born sense of freedom within the bounds of sobriety. Plenty after starvation must always be a trial to judgment and self-control."

"Besides that," said Everard, "the effort of taking such an awfully important step, at the sacrifice of so much—of everything indeed sometimes, naturally inclines a person to zeal rather than discretion at first. What surprises me is that converts find their level as well as they do, considering what they have to get rid of, and the confusion of tongues all round them in these days of perpetual motion."

"I know that I have been immensely edified by a convert," said Mrs. Sherborne—"this husband of mine, who was going to make himself out, I don't know what, if I had let him."

"When I think," said Everard, "of the difficulties and struggles and sacrifices through which converts have found their way where I was placed by the accident of birth, without any act of my own, I ask myself what I should have done if I had

been in their position, and, as I can give no answer, except that I don't know, I feel very small."

"As if the first step were everything, and one's whole life nothing," interrupted Elfrida, who till now had been silent and rather reserved. "If you could only be made to compare other people with yourself as you are, and not as you make yourself out to be"——

"That's right," said Mrs. Sherborne. "Reginald is as bad, and if I didn't call him all sorts of names, he would persuade people to think of him as he does of himself."

"I have no doubt he deserved all the names, and was much the better for them," said Everard; "but what have *I* done? How can I be so presumptuous as to feel sure that I should have found my way into the Church if I had been brought up out of it? Now I can show you, without leaving this room, a young lady just out of the school-room, who has done so—who began to inquire and make up her mind to go through with it before she had spoken a word to any one on the subject, and who called me all sorts of names for not answering her inquiries as quickly as she expected."

"And who," said Sherborne, turning to his wife and putting Sir Richard's note into her hand, "has promised, I am proud to say, that she will make her first Communion here."

At this moment luncheon was announced.

"You have brought with you the only news that could increase the pleasure your visit will give us both," said Mrs. Sherborne to Elfrida as they rose to go into the dining-room.

"Very well and gracefully said, and just enough," thought Mrs. Atherstone. "That will do for everybody."

As they were people of tact, it did for everybody. The conversation changed by tacit consent, and it is not saying too much to add that it was kept up brilliantly till, about an hour after luncheon, the horses were brought to the door.

"I am very sorry you have to go so soon," said Mrs. Atherstone, who had been studying Everard intently all the time, and was thoroughly satisfied with the result.

"You see poor Sir Richard is laid up," said Everard.

"Serves him right," said she in an undertone to herself.

"You must look at the new horse, all of you," said Sherborne, as they were walking to the door. "He is worth looking at, I can tell you."

"And that beautiful, gentle creature is to be for your wife only," said Mrs. Atherstone.

"Yes; that is to be his occupation," answered Everard.

"You must have worked hard to find such a horse."

"I did; but I didn't find him after all. My dear old coachman" (here he put Elfrida up and settled her habit), "whose judgment about a horse is as sound as his Catholicity, found him out."

"And she will have the advantage of going about with you—you, just as you are, and not any one else, instead of being with you at intervals, as the fashion is."

"The advantage is mine. The country about

Freville Chase is made for riding, and, in many parts, is bad for driving. I object strongly to the idea of going out alone and leaving Ida in the flower-garden picking the dead leaves off the rose bushes."

He was now in the saddle. Mrs. Atherstone looked at him for a moment as one who had read him through, and was contemplating what she had read.

"Well, good-bye," she said. "Think sometimes of a poor old woman in your prayers."

"Miss Dytchley will be, or ought to be, the happiest of women if all goes right," said she, as Everard and Elfrida rode off. "*If* all goes right," she repeated after a pause. "I *hope* it will."

"Why not?" said Sherborne. "The marriage has only been put off because Lady Dytchley ate too much *suprême de volaille* at Bramscote on a hot evening and, being bilious, got out of temper, and being out of temper, thought herself ill, and thinking herself ill, made the doctor think that he had better order her abroad. There must be an end to that soon, and, as for attempting anything further—ask Exmore how he liked it when he proposed."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Atherstone, "she snubbed him without measure or mercy: it would have been strange indeed if she had not. There is no reason that I can see, why everything should not turn out as well as possible. I had no reason at all for laying stress on the 'if,' but only a kind of feeling, or perhaps a sentimental superstition that I ought to have been ashamed of allowing, and that I can't account for or ex-

plain except by my having lived so long at the Four Ways by myself, dreaming over the sad experiences of my own early life and reading a great many books of all sorts, good, bad and (worst of all) indifferent, without discretion or guidance. But I must go in, for I want to go out."

Everard and Elfrida were at that time on their way to Bramscote, devoting their time, as before, to the penny catechism. Sir Roger was not at home when they arrived there, and they went on, continuing the course of instruction till they dismounted at Netherwood. Elfrida then noticed that Everard had neither whip nor stick in his hand, and asked the reason why. He changed colour and said :

"It came in two somehow in my hands. I heard that Exmore had—(it wasn't his fault, I believe, but he did—) do you understand?"

"Yes. I hope she snubbed him tremendously."

"She did, and they all packed up their traps at once and made off."

"But what could have made him think that he might?"

Everard made no reply. Elfrida understood the meaning of his silence too well, and she asked no further questions.

"And now you see," said he, as they came into the house, "how much the self-control that you credit me with is really worth."

He said this to rouse her from a painful conflict, in which justice was at war with filial reverence, and she rose to the bait immediately.

"What do you mean?" she said. "When

did you lose your self-control, I should like to know?"

"I did though, or how could that strong cane have broken while I had it in my hands? It couldn't do so of itself."

"Simply because your feelings and the self-control that made you speak calmly (don't tell me you didn't) were stronger and harder to manage than the cane. I *do* know what you are, and you mustn't provoke me to scold and call you names, as I shall, if you try to make out that you were not in the right. I won't stand it. You will only put me out of temper, and you will be answerable for it by provocation, as the catechism says. You shouldn't have taught me that, if you meant to talk in this way. Doesn't the breaking of the stick show how much you had to control, and what an effort you made to control it? and what would you think of yourself, if you had found nothing to control after what you heard? One would think you had broken the man's head."

"Perhaps I might, if he had been near," said Everard dreamily, as he opened the door into the hall. "Life is a great struggle, it seems to me."

They found Sir Richard in high spirits over the idea of transferring the responsibility of Elfrida's first communion to Sherborne, who would value it. He told her all the anecdotes he could remember, and even took pleasure in describing, for the twentieth time, how the red-whiskered man had missed every shot except the last and biggest. This lasted till seven o'clock, when Everard went into his room to dress for dinner. On the writing-table were two letters, just brought

in, from the second delivery, by a groom who had been sent for fish or some other articles of domestic use.

One was from Ida, the other from Lady Dytechley. They had, of course, been directed to Freville Chase and re-directed to Beynham, "which makes three days' difference," he thought, as he tore open the envelope of Ida's with unrestrained eagerness. It was long: three sheets were filled with expressions of her intense desire to come home and her belief that they would be at home by the middle of October. She made no direct allusion to the proposal, but only said that she had been much annoyed by something which had just occurred, and wanted to tell him about it, but was afraid of committing it to the post.

"Only three weeks and then a few days," he thought, as he put the letter gently into its envelope and locked it up. Then he opened Lady Dytechley's note, and read as follows:—

"My dear Everard,—

"It really is too provoking to be obliged to disappoint you again, and I am sure it has worried me beyond everything, and kept me awake all last night and upset me altogether, and I seem to be followed by one thing and another to do away with the good of our stay at this lovely place, which had set me up wonderfully, and I did hope and believe we should be at Netherwood by the middle of October, and had written to order everything to be got ready that you might not be kept waiting after it all, and now this comes upon me! You must know that poor Mr. Exmore fell into a very unfortunate

mistake. He has been away so much you know, that it really is not at all surprising his not knowing how matters stood, and he unfortunately for us all proposed to Ida, and she poor dear child! was so vexed and angry that she is quite ill, only she will not I am sure say anything to you about it till she sees you, for fear of giving you pain, but she really is so completely upset, though I know she will try to make it appear that she is well for your sake, that I have been obliged after the best advice to give her change of scene, so that we may be detained longer than I told you in my last letter, but as short a time as possible. I will write soon and tell you how we are getting on. You must not be cast down by this contretemps, for only think of all the worry it is to me! I can assure you I have no wish to stay abroad a moment longer than I can help, and shall be thankful to come home, and will certainly come as soon as I can do so prudently. What a dreadful accident! I wish I had never asked that horrid man. Have you been at Netherwood since? But I am sure you have and done everything that is most kind.

"Yours affectionately,

"Charlotte Dytchley.

"P.S.—Just as I was going to send my letter I heard that poor Mr. Exmore had gone away in such despair that Lady Oxborough was in the greatest uneasiness about him, and then it came upon me like a thunderbolt that I ought to have seen and prevented it, though how could I have imagined for a moment that he was not aware of it like everybody else? and I was made so ill by it


that I was in bed two days and have only got up now to write this and send it off. The doctor, a very clever man, says that the only thing to make me fit for coming home at the soonest possible time, is to have as much change of air and scene and as much distraction as I can, and Ida too who has been made much worse by it, of course, and so we are again thrown back, but, I do trust, not for long. One comfort is, that there CAN be nothing more—and I DO wish we had not happened to join Lady Oxborough, which has been the cause of all this. But how could I have guessed that it would turn out so? We start for Venice the day after to-morrow, as neither Ida nor I have ever been there, and there is so much to see that it will do us more good in the way of driving this dreadful catastrophe out of our minds than anything else. I am terribly afraid that we may not be home in consequence of this coming as it has after all the rest till late in November, but you may depend on my returning as soon as ever I can. I will write again soon and hope to be able to give you better news, for I still cling to the belief that a little change will be found sufficient, so that after all we may be back not only sooner than I thought at first but within three or four weeks of the time I last named, and I still believe we shall, so don't worry yourself about it, do not I beg of you. It is very annoying, and I do feel for your disappointment and Ida's, but I really cannot help it. I am doing my best, do believe that, but I am sure you will. Please burn this scrawl as it would not be right to keep what I have been obliged to tell you about Mr. Exmore."

"I might have expected it," thought Everard; "for she never meant to come home as soon as she said, but only to smoothe over the got-up scene in the library: and this has given her the chance. As the last move it is not so very much more to bear, and at least the dates will show Sir Richard that Elfrida had nothing to do with it."

He dressed and then took the letter to Sir Richard, who listened attentively to his remarks upon it, but seemed unable to understand that the further delay had been an accomplished fact in Lady Dytchley's mind before Elfrida had even begun to ask what the Catholic Church is. He shook his head slowly to and fro, rubbed the top of his right ear with a vigour that had no analogy with his habits, and said in an oracular tone:

"I always said there would be a doctor about."

CHAPTER XVI.

IR RICHARD'S mind opened gradually to the fact, that Lady Dytechley's intended visit to Venice and other places unnamed had preceded the important ride to Freville Chase by at least seven days; and when, on the appointed day, Elfrida was fairly on her road to Hazeley, bearing the present of half his responsibility, as an offering of graceful homage to Sherborne, his spirits rose with the occasion, till he felt so comfortable in his whole being, that he forthwith began to joke pleasantly about his accident, relating the circumstances again, with a running commentary on the manners and customs of the red-whiskered man. Elfrida, who had been making the fullest use of her strong intelligence, and working at high pressure, was found to be so well instructed that she made her first communion three days after her arrival at Hazeley, where she remained a week. Sir Richard rejoiced much at what had taken place, and still more at being able to remember that the scene was not at Netherwood. When Elfrida returned he patted her head, felt as if his conscience had in some mysterious way or other been vicariously lightened, and, hoping that he had contributed something to the result by pro-

posing the visit to Hazeley, put off all further rejoicings to a future day.

A day or two afterwards he received a sudden, though expected shock in the shape of a letter from Lady Dytchley. He opened the envelope in a delicate manner, as if afraid that it would explode. There was however nothing explosive there. It only contained the information that she could not possibly come home before the end of November. The reasons given were the same as before, but the style of writing was yet more diffuse and involved. He read it over two or three times, began again at the end, and then tried the middle.

"I can't make head or tail of it," said he to himself, "except that it can't be on account of Elfrida, for she doesn't allude to it. Her letter must have got to Baveno after they went away. What a kick-up there will be when she comes home. I think I shall go and stay with somebody till the day before the wedding—I shall be right before then, and go away again after it for a bit. Why shouldn't I get hold of a doctor to recommend change of air? I have been on this beastly sofa much longer than she was. I am sure *I* was 'born unto trouble,' as she said that evening. I don't know about sparks flying upwards; but the shots flew point-blank at me pretty sharp, and here I've been, and here I am, like old Prometheus, ready to be pecked at. I am sorry for Everard, uncommonly sorry, but I shouldn't like at all to be come down upon here, whichever way the sparks might fly. I don't believe that Ida wants any change of scene at all,

except to see Everard. It's all the fault of that double-distilled booby for sitting there on the rumble, grinning like a Cheshire cat, instead of coming inside like a gentleman, when I asked him. If it hadn't been for that, we shouldn't have had the row going home, and the doctors with a long face, and the smelling-bottle, and sparks flying upwards, and the foolery over the settlements, and the starting off when she had asked them all to dinner, and Exmore making an ass of himself, and another doctor sending them farther out of their road, and a row to come about everything."

As the greater part of this fervid complaint was thought aloud, Everard, having come into the room to say good-bye before going home on business for two days, could do no less than hear it. But he did something more: he formed on it an opinion and a resolve.

"The line taken or accidentally traced out," he said to himself, "has been just what his fears have excited him to detail. I am afraid Lady Dytechley is playing false, and yet with what ulterior motive I am unable to judge; but whatever it may be, there is a limit to it in justice, in right feeling, and in duty. Since the first postponement she has promised me twice in writing to return by the middle of October for the marriage—and to-day is the sixth; she then put it off to the middle of November, and now she says 'not before the end of November.' I will not stand any more of this. That she may have nothing to complain of, I will remain quiet till the end of November, and then, if any further delay is attempted, we shall see

which of us has the strongest will. To the world I should be justified in acting now; but not to myself. She is Ida's mother, and for Ida's sake I must bear it till then—till the fact shall have been made evident that we had no right alternative. I shall wait till then, but not a day longer."

"Well!" said Sir Richard, who had relapsed into his normal state of defensive optimism. "So you must be off home for a couple of days, eh? Quite right. Business must be done. But come back as soon as you can. Good-bye. The dogcart will be ready for you. Come back, and stay till they come back, won't you?"

"The difficulty is," said Everard, "that I shall be expecting Hubert Freville, for he was to come in November, and as this last—I really don't know what to call it"——

"Nor I either," said Sir Richard. "Do the best you can. Anyhow, I shall hope to see you the day after to-morrow."

The dogcart was at the door, Elfrida in the hall, waiting to see him as he went out.

"The day after to-morrow, then," she said.

"If I can; but I am afraid that I may be detained. I must be off now, or it will be pitch dark before I get home. It's nearly half-past five now. You will ride the new horse, I hope, while I am away."

"Yes, and begin one of those books you lent me. I am ready for them now. Which of them shall it be?"

"The 'Ecclesiastical Discourses,' by Doctor Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham. But before you begin to read them all from the beginning, and then begin again (as you certainly will), read

the three on Science and Wisdom. They were originally one lecture, I believe, delivered to the clerics of his ecclesiastical seminary, and I can't show better what I think of your mind than by recommending you strongly to read them. I wouldn't do so to any other girl of seventeen that I am acquainted with, I can assure you. And always remember what he says in the first of his lectures on Science and Wisdom: '*The difference between a philosophic and an unphilosophic mind is this, that one thinks by principles, and the other loads itself with undigested details. A principle well gained and well applied is like a fixed star in the mind that illuminates many things.*' Read the first of the three now—get it well into your mind, and then tell me what impressions it has left there. One impression will be that you had no idea of being able to understand so much. I shall expect you to tell me, when I come back, what he says about light."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed in me," said Elfrida, following him to the door.

"Shall I? why do you believe that the post-man will bring the letters to-morrow and the next day and this day six months? Because he has never disappointed you—isn't that it?"

"Yes. I don't know of any other reason."

"Then why should I expect you to be stupid now for the first time?" answered Everard, as he sprang into the dogcart and drove off.

The shadows of an October evening had closed round him and dimmed the outline of the horse's ears before he passed the turning to Chase End. He drove on slowly and pulled up at the gate

leading to Charlotte Wilcox's cottage. "I may as well look her up," he thought, "and see how she gets on. I shall be too busy after to-day."

The bridle-road was but just wide enough for a dogcart, and the grass on either side more than uneven. His progress was very slow, and the darkness had increased perceptibly when he came near the farmhouse, where he got out. Taking a short cut through the farmyard, where a sheep-dog had a great mind to fly at him, but thought better of it, he crossed the little orchard, and stopped at the cottage. He knocked, but no one came, knocked again and again with the same result. Lastly, he tried the door and found it unlocked. There was no one inside. One of the chairs lay on the ground, the table was out of its place, and the lattice window hung by one hinge. At this moment his ears caught the sound of wheels in the lane. It was not the sound of a waggon, nor of a farmer's cart, yet no other kind of conveyance ever passed along it. He rushed out of the cottage, ran in the direction of the sound, and, jumping down from the bank above, saw three men carrying a woman to the open door of a pair-horse fly.

"What are you doing here?" said he, pushing his way between two of them, and finding, as he had expected, that the woman was Charlotte Wilcox.

"What the devil is that to you?" answered the biggest, a singularly ill-looking ruffian, whilst another held a handkerchief round the struggling captive's mouth, and the third, who appeared to

be the director of the proceedings, said impatiently :

"Come, be quick. Do you want to wait till the policeman comes this way? He knows both of you very well, I think."

While he was saying this, with a quick distinctness of articulation that suggested Italian birth more than his accent could betray it in these few words, a much quicker succession of images passed through Everard's mind.

"This is Moncalvo's man," he said to himself, "sent by Moncalvo, who kept Ida's letter, and is untrue to God and man, and now sends this scoundrel to persecute a poor woman who knows too much about him, beard me on my own ground, and then go fawning on Lady Dytechley for the sake of"——

"You get out of the way, or I'll see about you," said the biggest of the two ruffians, who had evidently been hired for the occasion by the man who had undertaken the enterprise.

"Do you mean to let that woman go?" said Everard.

The man replied by dropping his burden and coming towards him, while the other ruffian pushed Charlotte Wilcox into the fly. The driver sat still on his box, pretending to be half asleep, as in fact he was morally, having taken a soporific, in the shape of a five-pound note with the promise of another at the conclusion of the affair. Everard drew back cautiously, waited till the big ruffian was within a convenient distance, and then "put in with his left." The man staggered, and paused for a while to swear, while the blood

trickled from his nose ; but before Everard could follow up his advantage, the other ruffian tried to close with him. Everard, whose blood was thoroughly up, made no attempt at defence, but simply hit out right and left, bringing his antagonist heavily to the ground. He had hardly done so, when the big ruffian, having sufficiently recovered from the effects of the blow, attacked him in front, while the head of the expedition tried to pinion his arms from behind. He swung himself round, threw his wily foe backwards on the stony lane, and sent both fists, with almost electric quickness, between the eyes of the giant who was rushing upon him.

. . . . 'Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit,'

muttered Everard, with a grim smile, as he looked on the prostrate ruffian and thought of Ida's note.

But his work was not done. The head man had already picked himself up, again pushed Charlotte Wilcox into the fly, and jumped in himself, telling the flyman to drive on as fast as possible. The fly had begun to move, and the second ruffian was on his legs again, guarding the approach.

"Now, or never!" thought Everard. "There is no time for caution." And making a desperate spring at the man whose head was still singing its complaints of the recent blow, he seized him by the neckcloth with a grasp of iron, threw him down, and, shaking him to and fro, as a dog shakes a rat, said :—

"You scoundrel! If you don't be quiet, I'll throttle you."

"I will, Squire, I will, I say," gasped the discomfited bully. "I've had enough of it, and only got five shillings and a quart for it all."

Everard let him go, and ran after the fly, which, notwithstanding the roughness of the road, was nearly a hundred yards off. The driver, disliking the aspect of affairs on his own account, pushed on as fast as the ruts and other natural inequalities of a farm-road would permit, and, finding himself hard pressed, endeavoured to retard the pursuit by striking at the pursuer's face with his whip. Everard, who was on his guard against this likely style of warfare, avoided the blow, and, appropriating the weapon, made it convey a strong persuasion to desist from further annoyance. He then stopped the horses, turned the fly across the road with the horses' heads against a bank, and opening the door collared the man inside.

"Be quick!—I will make room for you," he said to the captive, pulling the man out and giving him a monitory shake.

Charlotte Wilcox descended slowly, almost paralysed with terror; but the end of her troubles had come. The two fighting ruffians had made off across the fields, the driver was rubbing his cheek, over which the lash of his own whip had been neatly laid, and the chief rascal was imploring in several languages to be let off.

"I can't, you scoundrel," said Everard, dragging him away several yards and suddenly propelling him the other way by a vigorous kick

that sent him back to the carriage door. The man took the hint and scrambled in, while the fly-driver put his horses into a hard gallop, regardless of ruts and darkness.

"*Hic cæstus artemque, repono*, I hope," thought Everard: "only I never had occasion to practise the noble art of self-defence before in earnest. There they go, and there let them go! There was nothing for it but to give him the chance of a good kick to scramble away by, or bring him before the bench and bring forward a horrible scandal about my father's brother-in-law; for no one else could have any interest in kidnapping her—and I feel almost sure that was Moncalvo's servant in spite of his disguise. But what am I to do with her now?"

Charlotte Wilcox answered the question in a manner that left him no choice.

"Oh sir! Mr. Everard, you won't leave me at the cottage for these wicked creatures to come again as soon as you are gone? Do, for pity's sake, take me to Freville Chase to-night, and I will" —

"Don't be frightened," said Everard, with a gentleness of voice and manner that reassured her even more than his words. "I will take you to Freville Chase. All I bargain for, is that you stay there openly, not hidden up in the tower. You had better stop at the cottage as we go by, to put on a cloak or something of the sort and a bonnet or hat."

"What can I ever do, Mr. Everard, to show my gratitude for all your kindness?" said she, as they were walking towards the cottage. "I can do

nothing except work, but I will work at anything. Do, sir, let them set me to any sort of hard work."

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind," he said. "You must rest after all you have gone through this evening. Besides, I can't forget that I am in a manner responsible for all this. Your troubles have come upon you through your having been entrusted with the care of my baby-brother, and this last affair would not have happened if I had really believed in the danger you told me of. You have every right to my protection, and I am very glad to be of any use to you. You may rest assured that you will be welcome."

"I will, Mr. Everard: I know your kindness so well. And see what you have done for me! There must have been a dozen of them at least, and you knocked them all down, one after the other, and made them all run away, except the one you kicked right into the fly—and he was that wicked servant I told you of before. But are you sure that you are not hurt?"

"Not at all: I was not hit. But the dozen men were only two. The other was of very little account, and the flyman only wanted to take care of himself."

"But Mr. Everard, only think of your doing all that to help a poor forlorn creature like me! and who could ever have thought you would be there!"

"It was very simple. I called at the cottage on my way from Netherwood, saw that something was wrong, and heard a carriage in the lane.

Here we are at the cottage. Get a bonnet and a shawl, or something."

She went in and presently reappearing, walked on, repeating her assertion that he had knocked down at least a dozen men. As soon as they could distinguish the dogcart moving slowly along the bridle-road, he stopped and said :

"Whatever you do, don't say a word about what has happened this evening to any one but Mrs. Roland. It is bad enough to be driven to suspect my father's brother-in-law of such a deed, without having it told all over the country."

"O Mr. Everard! I hope you don't think I could"——

"Not intentionally, I am sure; but you can't be too cautious. A word or a look might be enough, if anything had got about; and something is sure to get about in some way or other. Somebody, you may be sure, either heard the row, or saw the two men making off, and somebody else wondered what the fly was doing in such a place, and somebody else will wonder why you have left the cottage, and the old women in Chase End will put two and two together. That is sure to happen, and you are the only person who can put them off the track."

"That I will, sir," said she. "I can easily say it was your kindness, because I felt so lonely there—which is as true as gospel, I am sure. I put the lattice back on its hinges before I came away, and brought the key in my pocket."

She then mounted into the hind seat of the dogcart, where she began at once to practise her discretion on the groom, telling him that the

Squire had "been so kind (and just like him) as to fetch her away from her cottage, because she was frightened at being all alone, with nobody near, and no labourer with his family to lodge there and be a protection."


It was now pitch-dark, and they had to make their way very slowly, by the narrow bridle-path, back into the road. About eight o'clock they arrived at Freville Chase, and Everard, transferring his charge to Mrs. Roland, went to dinner.

Whilst he was devoting his time to what the old evangelicals used to call creature comforts, the heroine of the plot was giving a graphic, not to say exaggerated description of the combat, for the information of the only person entitled to hear it. Mrs. Roland listened with condescending dignity, and showed no surprise at the number of men knocked into the next parish by the Squire, though they had by this time become fifteen or sixteen. In the meanwhile Anne the housemaid, having privately compared the mysterious arrival of Charlotte Wilcox with the light in the tower and the appearances of foreigners without names, was saying to herself at intervals :

"They may talk as they please, but I know he murdered the baby, and will be up to something now, I know he will. He had ought to have been took up, as I said."

CHAPTER XVII.

..... "Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils."
Comus.

ITHER these lines, or their equivalent in the practical prose of every-day life, occurred to Everard in the early dawn, when he remembered, between sleeping and waking, that charity and the traditional customs of Freville Chase had forced upon him for an indefinite time the half-responsible charge of a woman apparently

Troubled with thick-coming fancies,

who, while sincerely professing unbounded respect for the family, maintained without ceasing that his father's brother-in-law had committed unjustifiable homicide after the fashion of King John.

"Well! I can't help it," he thought, as the story of the Marquis and the nurse passed in quick review, with all its dramatic incidents, including the fight in the lane. "I can't help it," he repeated aloud, opening his eyes, and sitting up in bed to contemplate the question. "But what a fool he must be—besides the cowardly ruffianism of the thing—to go and try it on in such a way as

that, and set the risk of being found out in it against the improbable charges of an odd, half-hysterical maid-servant and the gossip of a remote village. I shall write to him and tell him that she is here, and that I have been obliged to protect her after the—&c., &c., &c.,—I shall put that very plainly, — which has almost frightened her out of her senses. He can make what he likes out of that ; but I think he will take the hint, and keep away from here, without forcing me to say in so many words that I don't mean to see him."

Having settled that point Everard jumped out of bed, declining to enter upon the "uncertain evils" of knowing too much and too little about a man who might possibly be or become unscrupulous.

The business he had come home to do was finished in two days ; and then, after writing to Hubert, asking him to come as early in November as he could, he returned to Netherwood, where he found that the news of his exploit in the lane had preceded him. How it became known is a mystery ; for Charlotte Wilcox was faithful to her promise of keeping silence, and neither the head man, nor the driver, nor the two ill-fated roughs who had been so roughly handled and only got five shillings and a quart for it, were likely to be loquacious on the subject ; but known it was, after the loose manner of such reports, with various readings and marvellous additions. He heard of it first from the coachman, next from the head keeper, then from the woman at the lodge, and afterwards from various people about the place. They all spoke of it with pride, and felt a personal interest in the

story. It reached Elfrida's ears at last, but not till a week after his return.

"Why have you never told me of your adventure in the lane beyond Charlotte Wilcox's cottage?" said she, as she was going to Mass. "I heard of it just now by chance, and every one supposed that I knew it. Why wouldn't you tell me?"

"We have been so busy with the Bishop of Birmingham's discourse on Science and Wisdom," said Everard, "and we have been taking such long rides, and diving into so many deep subjects, that the little incident got itself hidden up in a corner, in spite of what may hang upon it, which is supposed to concern"——

"The Marquis Moncalvo, of course," interrupted Elfrida. "I knew it all the time."

"I am afraid he has something to do with it, but how much I don't know, and don't seem likely to know."

"Do tell me what really happened."

"I had a row with two vagabonds who were trying to carry her off somewhere in a fly, and as they were slow, lumbering fellows, I had the advantage of them. That was all."

"That was not all: but I can't expect the truth from you about yourself. In the first place, there were more than two."

"Only the driver, who did nothing except cut at me once with his whip, which came out of his hand when I laid hold of it, and another fellow who strutted about and gave orders, and collapsed as soon as he was tackled."

"A very amusing account," said Elfrida, "and

just what I should have known you would say : but I must respectfully decline to believe it."

"Won't you take my word for its being strictly correct?"

"No, I won't, though you taught me the catechism. I am ready to believe your figures, but not your facts. There may have been only three men besides the driver, but I am certain that it was not the trifling affair you describe."

"But I never said it was a trifling affair."

"No, but you so implied. Now tell me the truth."

"You are as bad as the old woman who wouldn't stand the flying-fish at any price, but believed in the mountains of sugar and rivers of rum. All I can get the story up to, without telling lies about it, is that the two men were big powerful fellows, who would have been more than a match for me if they had known how to use their natural weapons, and that, owing to their incautious way of rushing, I had the best of it. The other was really of no account at all. He tried once to get hold of my arms from behind when I was looking out for an attack in front; but he did me no harm. The whole affair didn't last three minutes."

"And you call it nothing—to get the better of two great savages together, with another fellow helping from behind?"

"Not together. They were up and down like two buckets."

"One after the other then—two great savages rushing at you."

"Their rushing was my advantage: for it con-

verted their eyes and noses into targets, for me to practise upon without hindrance. That was how they were persuaded to retire."

"But are you sure you were not hurt in any way?"

"Quite sure. I was never touched."

"Have you any idea who they were—who the head man was?"

"I am afraid I have : at least I have a strong suspicion. But here we are at the church-door."

"Promise me then, to tell me all about it after Mass. I *must* know."

"Of course I will. I should have told you before ; but you have kept me so close to the 'essentials,' that I haven't had a spare corner for it in my memory."

"They went into the church, and the question waited outside. When they had come out, and were clear of the outcoming congregation, Elfrida said :

"Who was the head man ? Was it the Marquis Moncalvo ?"

"No," said Everard : "he would have shown fight—at anyrate better than that fellow did. Besides, the man was not at all like him. I think it was his servant ; but I can't be quite sure, for he was disguised."

"Where do you suppose he was going to take her ?"

"There is the puzzle. How was he to get her out of the country ? The only plan would be to have a yacht waiting off Everidge Bay, which is about eleven miles from there : and then I don't see how he could get clear of the coastguard."

"Worse and worse. He must have meant to murder her. I daresay he was a brigand before he was a servant."

"No: he doesn't look like a cut-throat. He may have had a boat a few miles further on, where the coast is flatter in places."

"Anyhow, his master must have sent him."

This end of the conversation, short as it may seem, took up their time, with pauses and interruptions, till they had reached home. Then they went up to see Sir Richard, who was rejoicing in the prospect of coming downstairs in a day or two, and then they went down to breakfast. The letters claimed their attention first, and kept it. Everard saw one from Ida, and before he could open it, another from the Marquis Moncalvo. There was one for Elfrida from Lady Dytechley. Everard ran his eyes over Ida's letter, to satisfy himself that all was right, and laying it down before him, opened the other; but he had not read many lines when Elfrida interrupted him.

"Look here!" she exclaimed. "What an immense comfort! You were right. My mother has had my letter, and this is what she says:

"I have but a few minutes to write, as we are just starting for Florence. My darling child, what would you have me say? Your letter was an awful shock to me of course, and so unexpected! I never could have believed it of you, brought up as you have been and so sensible and right-minded as you used to be. I can hardly believe it now, and my only comfort is in the conviction that you will

see your error by and by when you find out what the Romish religion really is, and not as it pretends to be to catch people. I should never dream of doubting your having acted conscientiously, I am sure you would always do that. And I am sure that Everard would act honourably about it and mean to do right. I impute no blame to either of you, I only lament the DREADFUL DELUSION you are under which has blinded you for a time. We shall be home (D.V.) by the end of November at latest. I am longing to be at home again and see you. Has your father left his room yet? How providential his escape was! It makes me shudder to think of it." . . .

"That will set your father's mind at rest," said Everard. "Now let me read out—at least the important part of this letter. It completely exculpates him, if he is telling the truth."

"Who? the Marquis Moncalvo? I wouldn't believe him, if he kept on swearing from now till next Christmas that it was true."

"I can't go so far as that. He is not what he ought to be, and I shouldn't wonder if there were pages in his life that would not be at all edifying to read; but I am bound to say that he has been open with me. He spoke of Charlotte Wilcox's charge against him on the very first day of his visit, at the evident risk of my saying to myself, *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. That was not like concealment. Then again he volunteered to make the disagreeable confession that he had taken the note and lost it, though he had no reason whatever to imagine that I suspected him"—

"Yes, but he knew you must find it out."

"How? The only witness was a man who looks like a gibbering idiot. He had no idea that Tim's facts are more to be relied on than most people's. And now listen to this."

"I am listening with all my ears; but I don't believe a word of it, whatever it may be."

"Don't be so sure of that. Here is what he says :

"I have just heard a thing that gives me more pain and annoyance than words can express. When I was at Freville Chase I asked you to make inquiries about Charlotte Wilcox, and you kindly did so, telling me that her father kept the village shop in Chase End. On my way to the station I made a détour, by which I nearly lost the train, and calling at the shop, I asked the man's wife to let me know as soon as she should be able to learn where her stepdaughter was. Soon afterwards she wrote to say that Charlotte Wilcox had returned and you had kindly placed her in one of your cottages. Feeling that it was my affair, not yours, I asked myself how I could best relieve you from so unfair a burden, and hearing that a cousin of mine, who is a great invalid, wanted a servant like her, I sent my servant (the same who was with me at Freville Chase) to England, with a letter for her, and orders to escort her back if she should decide on going. This would seem to have been a very simple order, and one that left nothing to his discretion; but he contrived nevertheless to bring me, by means of it, into as painful and questionable a position as can be imagined. How the question was put before her,

and what sort of escort was sent, you know better than I do, having shown on that occasion qualities worthy of a Paladin——

“Nonsense!” remarked Everard, turning to the next line.

“Well, he goes on to say :

“But you probably did not recognise, through his disguise, the leader of the party—Yes, I did, and gave him a good kick for his pains—that man was my servant, who came with me to Freville Chase: and you may imagine what I felt when he told me what he had done. And now that I have told you the fact, I must, in justice to him, explain the cause of his insane act. When he went to Chase End to inquire where she lived, he found that she had openly accused me of nothing less than murdering my own nephew, my dearest sister’s child. I knew very well that she had done so formerly, and pitied her, for the delusion arose from her having been delirious through fever at the time; but he could only think of his master, and he was so maddened by it that he lost all sense of right and wrong. He has been with me nearly all my life, and is the most faithful being I ever met with; but he is as simple as a child, and any injury or affront to me blinds him to everything beside, so that he is like a madman for the time. I shall take good care never to send him anywhere again to say or do anything, for I see that when his feelings are excited, he is dangerous.

“I didn’t find him so at all,” thought Everard.

"Is there much more of this?" said Elfrida.
"The tea is getting cold."

"No, we are near the end of it. Here it is :

"He thought that, if he could bring her among people who knew me well, she might gradually lose her delusion, and, at all events, could do no harm, and as he had travelled with me in wild, lawless countries, and has no idea of distinguishing one foreign country from another, he persuaded himself that this abominable outrage would be a meritorious and prudent method of enlightening her views and defending my good name. I have enlightened him in a more reasonable and effectual manner, and he begs me to express to you his sorrow for what he did."

"The tea is quite cold," interrupted Elfrida.
"Do finish your breakfast, and read the rest of this tiresome letter afterwards. He reminds me of Henry II. and the murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury. He gave his servant a hint, and the man took it."

The letter was laid aside till after breakfast, when Everard, who had been looking all the while at the outside of Ida's, and longing to disappear with it into a corner, read out again as follows :

"If he had only done as I told him to do, and given my letter, she would now be in a place that would suit her exactly, with a lady who remembers her and was a great friend of my aunt, with whom she lived so long. You would do me a great favour by explaining all this to her; and if you

could persuade her to accept the place that is offered, you would do a true work of charity, not only to her but to the lady, who has written to me again this morning, begging that I would do all I could to persuade her to come. Were it not for the intolerable outrage perpetrated in my name, she would have had the letter I sent, and I am certain that she would have gladly accepted the place; for she wanted to have it when my aunt died, only then it was not vacant. Of course I can do nothing about it now; for naturally she must think that my servant was sent by me to do what he did, and I cannot blame her or any one for thinking so. But she has confidence in you."

"And so he wants you to be answerable for him," said Elfrida, gathering up her letters. "Pray don't do that."

"I can say that he may have had nothing to do with trying to carry her off," said Everard, "for I believe it; but I am not going to find servants for invalid ladies at the cost of poor Charlotte's peace of mind. Wait a moment, and hear the rest:

"And I must ask you to take the trouble of explaining to her first how the thing happened"——

"With nothing but his word for the truth of the explanation," interrupted Elfrida, rising from her chair and walking about the room.

"How the thing happened," repeated Everard, reading on, "and then she will be able to look at the matter fairly. I hope that you will do your best to persuade her to take the place. By so doing you will not only benefit her, but you will confer

an immense personal favour on me. Imagine yourself for a moment in my position, and ask yourself how you would feel if you knew that a person, sane on every point but one, was going about in perfectly good faith telling people, as from her own personal knowledge, that you had murdered your own nephew. Would you not wish that person to be where you had friends who would laugh at the delusion and help to remove it, rather than among strangers who believed and repeated and spread it about ? ”

“Very pretty indeed !” said Elfrida, “and a very good imitation of truth. He ought to have been a lawyer. Now I really must go. I positively will not stand any more of it.”

“You are as hard as the nether millstone,” answered Everard, “not to pity the sorrows of a poor middle-aged man who assures you he couldn’t help it.

E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli ?

as the Conte Ugolino said to Dante. Won’t you give me another cup of tea, after my reading all this out for your instruction ? I really wasn’t going to give you any more of it. The exculpatory part is ended.”

“And doesn’t exculpate him a bit from anything.”

“But you surely don’t believe in Charlotte Wilcox’s wild story ? ”

“I didn’t mean that : it would be too horrible. But don’t tell me that the servant hired a carriage and two fighting savages to carry her off by force, without having been given to understand by his

master that it would be acceptable. Of course he is sorry for it now, when the attempt has failed and the thing is known. Here is your tea—I am afraid you will find it quite cold. I hope you won't be long over the rest of that rubbish. I want you to come with me to my father, and help to explain that the letter I had this morning really is comforting. He will believe it if you say so, and it will comfort him very much."

Everard thereupon began reading to himself, and this is what he read :

"But I have another and far stronger reason for urging, and (if I may venture to do so) advising that you should do all you can to persuade her to take the place. Perhaps you will think it an impertinence in me to offer advice at all. I shall be very sorry if you do; but if I were sure that you would, I must still give it. I cannot see you risking your character in a way that would be so ruinous to your prospects of happiness, without warning you of the danger. Other people besides myself must have seen a light in that part of the tower supposed to be uninhabited, but they could not guess, as I did, who it was. I implore you for your own sake, for Miss Dytchley's sake, to remove such a conspicuous occasion for evil reports. It is not pleasant to give advice unasked in so delicate a matter; but as I understand that she is again concealed in the house, I should not feel justified in closing my letter without fulfilling so obvious a duty towards my sister's stepson. . . ."

"You have overshot your mark, my worthy

friend," thought Everard. "The peroration has spoilt it all. It was natural that you should try to persuade me to send Charlotte Wilcox away from a neighbourhood where she was likely to spread such unpleasant reports about you; but to put forward my interest as your strongest reason for wanting me to persuade her, is going a little too far. And so he must have noticed the light in the tower before I did—and never mentioned it to me—but guessed why it was, and no doubt tried to find out more. And that was how Mrs. Roland saw him going into the tower one night. He forgets that he told me a different story about this in the letter I received from him at Beynham. But what is this postscript about?"

"*'Kind regards to Sir Richard,' and 'how is he going on?'* and the rest, and"—

"Are you coming?" said Elfrida.

"Give me one moment. There is news for you in the postscript."

"I don't want to hear it."

"Not about your friend the red-whiskered man?"

"What mischief has he been doing?" said she, walking off with her letters.

"None, I hope," answered Everard, putting his own letters in his pocket, and following her out of the room. "He is going to be married. But I read it in such haste and trepidation, with you scolding me all the time. I must show it to you presently; but the account is rather too long to get through on the way upstairs."

"But what made the man write about him?"

"The gun-trick, I suppose."

They were now at Sir Richard's door. Elfrida went in, to read Lady Dytechley's letter and show forth its comforting qualities. Everard followed as a support, but his persuasive assistance was not needed. Sir Richard was exceedingly comforted by it, and said in the strictest confidence to himself:

"I shall have no more of the smelling-bottle, and the doctor looking as if one had done something, and the arrangements turned upside down, and the 'sparks flying upwards.' I can't bear those sparks, they always mean a row."

He then talked and joked in his own mild and cautious fashion, on such a variety of subjects, that it was half-past twelve o'clock before Everard could seize a fair opportunity of retiring with his two letters, which he was about to do, when he heard a cheerful voice from the once ill-omened sofa, saying:

"By the by, I wish you would ride into Lyneham this afternoon, and see Sharpstone about a bit of land he is in treaty about for me — four acres that run into my land by Grumley Gorse. I want you to stir him up; he has been such a time over it. Elfrida will like the ride, and if you could manage to come home by Dripley and through the Ford, you might look at that young horse up the road that goes by the mill on to Chillingale Heath. He belongs to a man who lives in a red-brick house with high chimneys: I forget his name, but I have seen him out hunting — a sort of half dealer—you know that sort of thing. I should be glad to hear what you think

of him (the horse, I mean), and you might just get on him."

"I know the man," said Everard, hurrying to his room.

"Directly after luncheon, then."


After he had read Ida's letter a sufficient number of times, there remained for writing to the Marquis Moncalvo just five minutes, which he employed in expressing his views and intentions. With regard to Charlotte Wilcox, he said:

"I am sorry to disoblige you, but I cannot use my influence to persuade her to return to Italy, nor can I send her away. Looking at her past history, I can only see that she has a right to my protection as long as she claims it. That protection she shall have."

"Certainly, '*in great haste*,'" he thought, as he signed his name, "with the bell ringing for luncheon, and the lawyer to stir up at Lyneham, and the roundabout way home by Dripley, and the horse to try, and the horse-dealing process to be gone through. I hope that I have expressed what I meant. I have scrawled over a whole sheet and part of another in my hurry. Stay, I had better take a copy of it, for fear of—mistakes. The letter is cold, but I meant that. Charlotte Wilcox's delusion is harmless, and I said so."

But the old women in Chase End continued to believe that it was not a delusion, and the Marquis Moncalvo was quite sure that it was not harmless.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RAY, in his "Progress of Poetry," speaks of

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,

both being scattered from the friendly urn of bright-eyed Fancy. What business bright-eyed Fancy has with an urn, whether it contains the ashes of a dead pagan or hot water for a tea-pot, it is hard to say ; but certainly there are occasions when the breathing of the thinker is represented in his thoughts, and words leave an impression of vital heat, like the touch of a feverish hand.

Such an occasion was made with unintentional exactness by Lady Dytechley at Florence, three days afterwards, when, having laid down a letter, taken up some work, and heaved a sigh, she said in a dreamy voice to her self inclusively :

"What a sad world this is !"

This was not the occasion, but only the way up to it. Ida, who had a modified and temporary belief in the statement, looked up for further information, fearing some practical example in the shape of retarded convalescence and more change of air.

"My dear, there is always some trouble, if one looks round," said Lady Dytechley in answer to

the unspoken question. "But one must not worry oneself about"——

"Oh! but what is it? I really can't bear any more of this. I have nearly been driven out of my senses, as it is, by all I have gone through in the last two months."

"My poor child, you have indeed in—so many ways, and—at the same time too, which was so very provoking—I mean so unfortunate," said Lady Dytechley, sighing again, and repressing the sigh suggestively. This was a delicate hint that Everard might as well have put off the definite religion 'til the honeymoon or thereabouts, and Ida understood it in that sense; but before she could reply, Lady Dytechley repeated with emphasis and unction, "*so* unfortunate," adding, as if in a parenthesis, "not that I was referring to that or to anything you could have—exactly prevented"——

"Prevented!—what could I have ever prevented?"——

"No, my dear, I didn't mean that you could. I meant that—I was not thinking of you when I said that there was always some trouble. It was foolish of me to refer to it at all."

"To what? If it doesn't concern me"——

"Well, it would be painful"——

"But what? Don't keep me in suspense."

"My dear child, there is nothing to alarm you. It was only the—that letter that mentioned—you know how broken-hearted poor Mr. Exmore is."

"Broken-hearted!—nonsense—rubbish—humbug!" exclaimed Ida, her eyes flashing fire for the first time in her life, while a flush of uncontrollable

resentment mounted into her cheeks and in a moment, gave place to a paleness that expressed her anger yet more strongly. "He ought to be ashamed of himself. It was the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of. He *must* have known about Everard. I shall tell his sisters what I think of it, the first time I see them."

"My dear! you mustn't think of doing that, whatever you do," said Lady Dytechley, colouring up to the roots of her hair, and feeling an excessive degree of heat among the roots. "You *must* see that it would not be right or proper in any way."

"Why not?" said Ida. "He had no right to act so: he knew better. I ought not to bear it. I can't be expected to bear it. I have no right to bear it, and I won't bear it."

"But, my dear, just consider what you would be doing. It would make a quarrel and"——

"Only with me. I don't care whether they speak to me or not, nor what they do, or think, or say. It would be wrong to myself and to Everard if I were to take no notice of it. Who would believe that any man in the world would have done such a thing without some sort of encouragement?"

Lady Dytechley felt uncomfortable in her mind, and wished that she had not begun to moralise on the ubiquity of trouble. She had not read Gray's "Progress of Poetry," but Ida's last reply breathed and burned, though it was not scattered by fancy, neither did it come out of an urn, friendly or otherwise.

There was silence for a while, emphatic and

self-prolonging, successive rather than continuous, and stretching out like the shadowy line of kings before Macbeth. She remembered indeed that the sisters of the man who "would not have done such a thing without encouragement" were beyond speaking distance; but then there was the post, which commits people in a more lasting manner.

"How difficult things are!" she said at last, as if reasoning with herself. "How difficult it is to act wisely for another, and how much more difficult when that other is one's own child, and when one is most anxious to do for the best."

"But how could there be any acting for the best, or the worst, about that?" said Ida. "How could *you* have anything to do with it?"

"Well, you know, one has to do with things without meaning it," said Lady Dytchley, holding her words in readiness and the needle pointing to the spot where she had left off. "I think it must have happened through my over-scrupulous care—or fidget, if you like. I wouldn't for the world do anything to interfere with such an engagement as yours. I have always looked upon it as a settled thing. But I have known such misfortunes come from people thinking themselves bound by engagements they had not made themselves, that I thought it right to make yours your own, and I told Everard the last time I saw him, that I considered him perfectly free and disengaged—I mean, of course, while we were abroad—and therefore he *may* have—but you mustn't distress yourself—you really mustn't. If you had lived as long as I have, and been disen-

chanted as I have been! I am not complaining; I am only stating a fact which the experience of other women would confirm. We are all disenchanted, and no doubt it is better for us to be so."

"I am not disenchanted. I can't be disenchanted. I won't be disenchanted. What do you mean about Everard? He *may* have—what?"

"Well, he may have said something that led people to think the marriage had been broken off. People are so stupid, and make such mistakes."

"He never did, would, or could, have said anything of the kind; and whoever has said so has told the most false and wicked and abominable story that ever was invented."

"Nobody said that he did; but he might have mentioned what I told him to some one in confidence."

"No, he would not; for he never could have taken what you told him as anything but words that pained him to hear, but had nothing to do with him."

"He appeared to think that they had something to do with him," said Lady Dytchley, replacing her needle and beginning to work steadily.

"Why? How? What if he *did* think that a horrible suggestion meant some fresh trouble for him and me, after all we have had to hear? You are my mother, and I have always felt and shown the greatest love and respect and obedience to you; but you have nearly driven me out of my senses about Everard, and if you make any more difficulties"——

"Make? you surely ought to know that I have not made them. You know how it all happened."

" Yes, I do, too well ; but duty keeps me silent. I say that if you make any more difficulties, you will be sorry for what you have done, when it is too late. I have heard these things, in one shape or another, from the day we left Netherwood—one thing after another, continually, without cessation, direct and indirect, told, hinted, suggested, left to be inferred, and all pointing the same way, all with one evident object, all calculated—yes ! there is no other word, unhappily—all calculated to loosen the tie that has bound me to him all my life, with your own consent and my father's, and now binds me more than ever, heart, soul, will, with all the strength that is in me. Nothing can, *nothing shall* loosen that tie. No power on earth shall induce me to break an engagement which you and my father made, which you have no right in justice or in prudence or in any way whatever to prevent, and which I have confirmed with the fullest consent of heart and soul. But you *may* wear me out, body and mind, by this continual pressure, this continual conflict of duties and obligations and affections ; and you will do it if you go on as you have. The strain is too great, placed as I am, away from him, away from all (I *must* say it), all protection, hearing all day long the same maddening story in different shapes. Simon killed the Dauphin by giving him no rest, and I am being worn out (whether body or mind will go first I know not) by the same treatment. I am practically, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner while I am out of England, and as much at your mercy as he was at the mercy of Simon. The difference of intention will

not affect the result. Now, at least, you know what you are doing. It is for you to decide whether you will continue to do it or not."

Lady Dytechley decided that she would. Her temper, which had been enlisted in the cause, excited by a failure she would not accept, and embittered by Elfrida's conversion, as well as by Ida's open resistance, now became stiff and cold. She shut her mind against evidence, her heart against natural affection, and persuaded her conscience to "prophesy smooth things" of the object she had in view.

"I don't think I have quite deserved all that," she said, looking down closely at her work, "nor that it was right of you to think so and say nothing to me about it till now. I wouldn't for the world say anything to give you pain, if I could avoid it without helping to bring worse upon you. You felt hurt, I could see, at what I said about Everard; but how could I do otherwise, in justice to you and with any regard to truth? I told him that I considered him disengaged—that was a fair trial of him, wasn't it? Well, he said nothing, nothing at all. Would you have me conceal *that* from you? I am not giving any opinion, or suggesting anything. I simply tell you what happened. You are old enough to judge for yourself. Now do let us talk of something else, or go and see something to distract your mind. I have enough anxieties, without having to feel that every word I say for your good is misconstrued."

The conversation ended there and then. They neither of them talked of "something else," nor

went anywhere to see anything. Lady Dytechley was satisfied with her reply, thought it better to leave well alone, and having told the truth about Everard strictly, dismissed the suppressions, or rather left them to take care of themselves among worn-out scruples, whose edges had been smoothed away gradually since the occurrence of the tantrum in the family coach. Ida was not in a mood for talking on any subject. Those little poisonous words, "He said nothing, nothing at all," rankled in her heart, excited her will into a state of morbid restlessness, disturbed the balance of things in her mind. She rejected the inference against Everard passionately, and determined on the spot that, at any cost, she would not submit to further delay, however short; but the poisonous words had stirred up two questions that indignation would not silence:—

"Why did he say nothing?" and "why did he take no notice of the note?"

Lady Dytechley saw, perceived, guessed, inferred, speculated, and remained silent. The silence had lasted about three-quarters of an hour when the door opened, and the Marquis Moncalvo was announced.

Lady Dytechley, who was beginning to find the silence embarrassing, had no available means of shortening it, and would even have welcomed Sir Richard's little song, which had seemed so inopportune in the family coach, received him with evident marks of satisfaction. Ida, who was not aware of any cause for disliking his presence more than that of other people, and felt grateful to him for having shown, rather than expressed,

much respectful sympathy, was disposed to think that he might as well be there as not. Moreover, she had become accustomed by degrees to his presence. He had been with them at Baveno, living in the same hotel, walking among the same vineyards, helping them to see what was most worth seeing, and since their arrival at Florence he had devoted part of every day to their service in the same way. She was used to meeting him frequently, and he had the great merit of never showing the slightest admiration. Altogether she was not otherwise than glad to see him there and then, particularly then, for the silence had grown oppressive and unmanageable. They talked of pictures and churches within the limits of Lady Dytchley's general principles, till another visitor came. When he had gone about his business, if he had any to go about, Lady Dytchley remembered that a letter must be written before they went out, and Ida, having had enough of art strictly limited, retired to write. As soon as she was out of the way Lady Dytchley, whose temper was up and stirring, began to unfold her grievances.

"It *is* hard, very hard," said she. "I haven't deserved it!"

"What has happened?" said the Marquis in a tone of broad sympathy. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"You are always so kind," said she, "and so large-minded, and see things in such a right way; but you can do nothing for me in this miserable affair, which has upset me more than anything that could have happened."

"I hope that you will be able to see it in a more favourable point of view," said the Marquis in a tone of tentative sympathy.

"I don't see how that can be," she said, "unless Elfrida changes her mind; and she won't do that after having once got herself into it. They won't let her out when they have got her in. I know their ways."

"Pardon my stupidity. I cannot quite understand"——

"Not at all. You had not heard of it, and I oughtn't to have spoken of it in that way to you; only you are not like—like the rest of them. The fact is that Everard, who, as you must know, is as bigoted as he can be, has got hold of Elfrida and persuaded her to be a Roman Catholic. She pretends that she did it herself; but I know better. I know how those Ultramontanes teach people to deceive, and give them indulgences to make it right. And then she tells me as an excuse that she was baptized in that way—as if that made any difference, when I have taught her everything since!"

The Marquis failed to see how Elfrida could have forfeited her baptismal rights by being deprived of them in her infancy, but not knowing how to reply without either rejecting Lady Dytchley's view of the case or putting off his religion more than he was prepared to do, he made a gesture of general sympathy and said nothing. Whatever his Catholicity might be in practice, he had not lost his faith, and if he allowed other people to speak against the Church before him without let or hindrance, he never did so himself.

Lady Dytechley ought to have observed this, and in fact had observed it; but when temper rules tact retires, and she went on with her story, regardless of everything but the fancied grievances whose local habitation was at Freville Chase.

"I knew you would feel for me," she said, "and see how very hard it is." (The Marquis knew that he did nothing of the kind, but he bowed again.) "How very, *very* hard it is, to be treated so after all I have done for her, and Sir Richard (I *must* say) never interfering, and all this after he had done the same about Ida almost before my face, under the pretence of his being engaged to her, which I wish she never had been, and she shall *not* be now, whatever happens, I am determined. I have always hated this marriage, and now that he has defied me in this way, and deceived poor dear Elfrida, who *never, never, never*, gave me a moment's anxiety before, and destroyed her prospects and her happiness, for, of course, she won't marry a Protestant now, even if his uncle would allow it—just the match I could have wished most in every way, and just after he has made Ida refuse one of the best matches in England, and an admirable man too—quite a pattern—for the sake of this nonsensical engagement that I never could endure. He shall not marry Ida, whatever I have to do to prevent it. I say he shall not. I don't care what any one says, what the whole world thinks. I don't care what happens to me, I say she shall *not* marry him. But I needn't take that trouble. He is disgusting her enough by showing so plainly that he doesn't care for her. Why you yourself told me

that he was in high spirits when he heard that we had gone away, and didn't care the least about finding her gone when he went to Netherwood, and "——

"Not exactly that," interposed the Marquis. "You asked me whether"——

"No, I didn't, and I won't have it made out so, when you know better. She is getting disgusted with him, and I want you to help me to make her feel it more."

"Pardon me, dear Lady Dytechley," said the Marquis, turning pale and fixing his eyes on the ground. "I cannot do that. I am ready to do anything for you that a man of honour can do; but you will see, I am sure, on reflection, that what you ask is impossible."

"I don't see it at all, and I think it very unkind of you."

"I think you will see it, if you consider the case dispassionately. Shall I put it before you as it would appear to every one?"

"For goodness' sake, no! If you won't, you won't. But I daresay you are right in a way. It doesn't matter. He is cutting his own throat by his conduct and everything. She is finding him out, I tell you. Would you try to prevent her? There now! don't say any more about it. I won't hear anything in his favour or in favour of the marriage, nor any nonsense about engagements and all the rest."

At this moment a parcel was brought in, and soon afterwards Ida reappeared. The Marquis remained a few minutes and then went away, meditating much on what Lady Dytechley had confided to him when her temper was up.

CHAPTER XIX.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.—PARADISE LOST.

IF the Devil said this to the rebél angels, as Milton says he did, and Milton ought to know something about the hero of his own greatest poem, he must have felt satisfied, after his fashion, as to the tempting properties of the advice; for he has repeated it ever since whenever he could find anyone disposed by circumstances and a disordered will to receive the same.

It seemed that the Marquis Moncalvo was listening to suggestions of this kind between ten and eleven o'clock the next morning, if we may judge by what he said to himself in reference to Everard's letter, which had arrived by that morning's post, and which he had just read. He opened his mind to himself thus :

"So it is, and so it must be ! Will it ever end, except with my own wasted life ? One false step has led to another, and the way back is closed. Everard Freville has closed it. Had I but listened to my good and wise sister, and barred my soul against the evil influence that is poisoning the youth of Italy wherever it can enter, I should now be in the Grace of God, as I once was, and my life would not have been as I have found it to

be, a dark dream, with just sufficient light here and there to mark the extent of the darkness. Yet I had not quite abandoned hope ; and when I came to Freville Chase, a way of escape opened out before me—in imagination, and might in reality. Everard Freville might have opened the way, but he would not. He has made me feel more acutely what I have lost, and long to regain it, but he will not save me. He might have been the means of reconciling me to the Church eventually, by helping me to save my reputation now : but he has refused to do so. Instead of helping me to regain the only way of escape, he has set an impassable barrier before the entrance. He had it in his power to save a reputation and a soul, by allowing me to place that woman where she would be harmless ; but he would not. And now I must go on to the end—whatever and whenever it may be—hopeless, reckless, despising myself, hating the whole human race for the sake of those who have ruined me in this world and for the next. Hating all? No! It were better if I could ; for that one exception is driving me to an act of black treachery. Treachery? To whom? what do I owe to *him*—to the man who has refused to save me, who has closed the way back, who has made penitence impossible? He *must* have known what he was doing, for I expressed it so strongly—I almost begged him to do it. He *did* know. He does know. But then he is so nearly connected with me, and I have felt and do feel, even now, the wonderful attraction of the most perfect character that I have ever known in a man of the world. I

know it well. I know what he is: I know it all—all that will, that must be; but I seem fated to wrong all whom I love or venerate or wish to serve. So it is, and so it must be, and so it *shall* be: he has told me so in this letter. He is a saint in the midst of the world, with power and genius and passions that would have led any other man to be of the world. I know that; but he has driven me to this—I say driven me. What has right and wrong to do with me now? He is strong, and can defend himself: he is saintly, and he can bear what I cannot resist. If he is a saint, *orel pro nobis!* This letter has torn us apart, as I tear the paper it is written on.”

He tore the letter down the middle with such violence that the two halves were divided, as by a paper-knife, and remained separately in each hand, so that he could not at once destroy the whole.

“It is well!” he said. “I shall want to read it again—often perhaps—to remind me that he had the power to save me and would not. I will keep it about me in token of having cast myself loose from every obligation whatever towards him—every possible obligation.”

He then put the letter into the tail-pocket of his frock-coat, and went out, saying as he went:

“What can I find to show them to-day? They have seen all the pictures, and Lady Dytechley would rather see anything than a Catholic Church—and so would I now. I feel there like a man exiled from his father’s house. Exiled—by whom? Finally by Everard Freville. Here is his letter. Must I take it out of my pocket every minute, to

remind me that he might have saved me, and would not."

In this frame of mind he continued to affirm false conclusions from false premises, for the space of an hour and a half, when he returned home and did likewise till past two o'clock. He then went out again, to call on Lady Dytchley, repeating to himself, "He might have saved me, and would not," till he entered the room where Lady Dytchley had opened her heart, and suggested to his mind possibilities that had not entered into her own.

She was not in the room, nor was Ida there. A letter was on the table, ready to be posted. It was from her to Everard. He took it in his hand, looked at the handwriting for an instant, and threw it down.

"If I could be good, or thoroughly bad!" he thought. "But something seems to hold me back from being the one, and how can I be the other now? The time for that is past, irrevocably past. I cannot retreat now. The good that clings to me yet—I know not how—and the evil that is making me its own, together forbid it. I cannot. I will not. Will not? I have no will now, in the true sense of the word. It is too late, too late."

"Yes, I am afraid it is, unless we start directly," said Lady Dytchley, who had overheard the last words as she entered the room. "Where did you think of going to-day?"

"I must apologise for coming so late," he said, with a smile that had some of its old charm, but was too evidently unfelt within to exercise its

former influence. Lady Dytechley, however, was not in a humour to notice the difference, nor did she want to go anywhere, except for the purpose of filling up time and interrupting the course of Ida's thoughts.

"I have had enough of pictures for the present," said he.

"Yes, one is confused by so many. One requires to wait and see them again, two or three at a time."

"Well, to say the truth, I am tired of them. How can I enjoy such things, worried as I am? And the churches are worse, for it was all that sort of thing that put it into their heads to marry Ida to Everard Freville (but it shall *not* be), and set Elfrida up to think she must do the same."

"Perhaps you would like to drive out into the country," suggested the Marquis. "There are many"——

"Yes, yes—by all means; you are always so kind and thoughtful. We might go at three, or half-past."

"Shall I order the carriage then?" said he.

"Thank you, so much; but I need not trouble you to do that."

"It will be no trouble at all. Can I do anything else for you?"

"Yes: there is that letter on the table. I hate the sight of it, and it *must* go. Do take it away. They ought to have posted it, and forgot, of course, just because it annoys me so. But, about the carriage, I think we might as well start sooner. I am so tired of sitting here, and the day is so

very fine. Would it suit you to go in half-an-hour? Here is the thing."

In catching the letter up to put it into his hand, she knocked a small vase of flowers down. The Marquis quietly took out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped from the table two or three drops of water that had been spilled, and went to order the carriage.

"He sees that I am right," affirmed Lady Dytechley to herself; "and he is a man of the world. His opinion is a good test of what the world will think. I knew it was so; only people are so interfering."

"Sir Richard must have had a taste of purgatory with *her* before his time," thought the Marquis. "It is well for him, and well for me too. Well for me? Yes! It may, it must save me in spite of Everard Freville. How can a soul that loves as I love be shut out finally from the Church? It must save me in spite of him. Why should I have scruples about him, when he has had none about me? He has done his best to drive me to despair. Am I to renounce my only hope for his sake? He has refused to do what would have cost him nothing. Am I to sacrifice everything for him? He refused to do for me what he *could* have done. Am I to ruin myself for ever by attempting for him what I *cannot* do? I have no power to *help him*. Whatever I say or do, she is not to be allowed to marry him. Her mother says so, said it over and over again. I am therefore doing him no harm. It has been coming to this ever since Lady Dytechley stopped the signing of the marriage settlements. One thing after

another has been done by her in the same sense, and has not been resisted by—by either. If he had loved her, and if she had—accursed be the idea! She does not, she does not. Lady Dytchley told me so. There is no tie between them, except the idea that they ought to love one another because their two fathers wished them to do so. Am I then to sacrifice everything for that? Everything? Yes! everything; for by that connection Charlotte Wilcox's stories would be made innocuous in the only neighbourhood from which they could spread. It would then be *their* wish as well as mine to hush up the thing: and by that fulfilling of the immense human love that has never before met its true object, I shall have taken the first step back towards the faith, which I have so long neglected, but never lost."

He ordered the carriage and thought of Ida's letter.

"I can post that afterwards," he thought, and turned back, repeating his conclusions till he was on the staircase that led up to Lady Dytchley's apartment, when he suddenly remembered that in his fit of hopefulness, he had forgotten the most important element of success. Assuming that his passionate reasoning was sound hypothetically, what would Ida say to it in practice? He turned deadly pale, said to himself, "It is my only hope," and went on.

When he entered the room Lady Dytchley confronted him with two half-sheets of Everard's letter. An irascible flush lit up her cheeks with a glow that might almost be felt: prickly sparkles were projected from her eyes: resentment and

triumph contended for the mastery of her mouth ; every feature, every expression of attitude and movement excluded questions, doubts, and scruples.

"I am ruined for ever," he said to himself with the morbid calmness of despair. "I must have pulled it out with my pocket-handkerchief when she upset the flowers, and the breeze from the open window must have carried it into a corner. She is too quick not to guess that the affair in the lane was contrived by Giacomo in my interest, and she is so curious that she will never rest till she has ferreted out the whole secret. I know her so well. All is lost now, lost for ever."

"You needn't begin to pity *him*," said Lady Dytechley in a sharp voice. "I can't think how you can be so unjust-minded as to sympathise with the wrong side like that. Indeed I *must* say that I am surprised and grieved and disappointed at your keeping such a thing from me. You had this letter in your pocket, and you would have let poor dear Ida go on believing in that wicked hypocrite. '*But they shall know how that this is Thy hand, and that Thou, Lord, hast done it.*' '*For the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all those that are oppressed with wrong,*' and '*therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.*'"

The Marquis, whose mind had been slightly relieved at hearing himself accused of nothing worse than ill-bestowed sympathy, shuddered at the three texts that followed each other without

any sound of full stops. Delivered and emphasised as they were, they left a general impression of people knowing too much about him, and of Lady Dytechley clambering over the roofs to proclaim it. The idea may be grotesque, but symbolical images of danger usually are so. He saw no fun in it himself, neither did Lady Dytechley, who, with due regard to appearances, supplemented the texts with a dignified apology for her inspection. of the letter.

"I can't be too thankful for having picked this up," she said, "though it puts me in a very disagreeable position. I picked it off the floor, of course not knowing what it was; and such words caught my eyes in *his* handwriting! I have only read those few words, but I *do* think that I ought to see the rest. Here it is. Do as you like about it. I have seen enough to satisfy myself that I was more than right in my opinion of him."

The Marquis took the two half sheets with a gesture of courteous hesitation, ran his eyes quickly over their contents, and, for the first time since he had re-entered that room, breathed freely. He saw that neither of them betrayed his own secret, and he let the devil enter into his councils.

"There is no remedy," he thought, or his monitor suggested. "She must read the rest of these two pages now. She has made the worst inference, and if I show any scruples about her reading it through, I shall enrage her and lose all."

"Never mind!" said Lady Dytechley. "I really don't care to read it. I only thought you might like for your *own* sake."

"Not for my own sake," said the Marquis, putting the letter into her hands, "but for yours. I cannot refuse it to you."

She took the compliment and the two half sheets, then holding the letter out as if it were a printed proclamation, read it with eagerness and unseemly haste.

"A very pretty revelation indeed," said she. "So he has been concealing a girl in the tower after carrying her off! I think you *might* have told me of it; but I suppose you were trying to bring him into a better state of mind. And how came the letter to be torn in two like that? Were you provoked with it? or did you want to light a candle? There now, that will do. I see by the shrug of your shoulders how it is. What do you think of it? Don't try to defend him. I will forbid you the house and never speak to you again, if you do."

The Marquis winced at the needless prohibition, hesitated to give a definite assent, and for a moment wished, with grim sarcasm, that his conscience were as clear of treachery as it was of any intention to defend Everard.

"I asked you what you thought of it," said Lady Dytchley, again directing the prickly sparkles from her eyes full upon him.

Still he hesitated. He was prepared to consent by silence and shrugs, but not in words, not by active co-operation. What should he do? Time pressed, and the prickly sparkles continued to come at him. Was he to tell her who the woman was, and renounce all his hopes, or choose the alternative in all its blackness? A way out

was suggested, we say not how nor by whom, and responded to thus :

"If it be treachery, it is not formal, for I do not consent to it as such."

That so transparent a sophism could deceive him, let any one believe who can ; but it answered the purpose of hustling away the scruple.

"It seems a very simple question," said Lady Dytchley, turning aside and shutting up a blotting-book, "and *might* have been answered by one who professes to be a friend. But never mind—it really doesn't signify."

"*Che volete ?*" thought the Marquis. "What do you wish—me to say ?" he replied, incautiously forgetting the difference of idiom.

"What do I *wish* you to say ?" she exclaimed. "What do *you* mean ? If *you* are ready to say whatever is wanted, tell it to some one else. I asked you what you thought, not what would be convenient to say."

"I understand your feelings," answered the Marquis, colouring in spite of all efforts to the contrary, and drawing a deep breath as quietly as he could, "but pray be calm. You surely cannot suppose me to have meant that you wanted me to say what I did not believe, and that I was ready to do so."

"Now don't be affronted and all that. You *must* see that it was very provoking to be met with a question when I asked for an answer."

"No doubt. It was my mistake. I meant, 'What *can* I say ? What can you expect me to say, feeling as I do ?'"

"To say the truth—nothing more. In the first

place, what was the '*affair in the lane*'? and why was it '*serio-comic*'? and what were the *two roughs* doing there? And who was the *leader*? and what was he the leader of? and who was the '*poor thing*' that was frightened and not the worse for it? I have more to say about her presently; but that will do to begin with. What is the meaning of all that? and how did you hear of it?"

"I heard of it as one often hears of things from this person or that in these days, when half the world does nothing but travel from place to place and write letters."

"Yes; but what had he to do with the woman and the roughs?"

"Well—really, I was not there. How can I be expected to know all his affairs?"

"His affairs! I understand. You needn't say any more. And I suppose he carried her off to Freville Chase—he says so in fact. Now then—what do you think of *that*?"

"I must beg you to excuse me from answering so painful a question," said the Marquis, in a low voice that betrayed strong emotion, as well it might.

"Yes, if you wish it," answered Lady Dyttchley; "I don't wonder, I am sure, at your feeling ashamed for him. I have heard enough, and more than enough."

At this moment the carriage was announced.

"It must wait," she said. "No! It had better come back in an hour."

"Then I will go, and return in time," said the Marquis, who felt a natural anxiety to escape from the danger of further cross-examination.

"No—don't go yet. I may be able to start sooner. I will be back presently. Here is this precious document."

She put the two half sheets into his hand, and, leaving him to his reflections, left the room.

He replaced them in his pocket, and repeated to himself many times :

"*I* have not done it. Everything has combined exactly to make it so. She said it all herself, and would *not* listen."

Lady Dytchley went into Ida's room, heaved a reproachful sigh, and began a series of sobs, in which the lachrymose element yielded to the explosive, till the sound burst into articulation.

"I knew how it would be!" she said. "I told you, and warned you, and begged, and prayed, and said all I could, in spite of everything, and you wouldn't listen to me. And now the whole thing comes out worse than I expected, very, very much worse. Thank God, it was found out in time! But, oh, oh, oh, my poor child! What a horrible thing. You really should have trusted me, and believed that I should never, never have put it off and come abroad, and left your father to be shot by that Jesuit with red whiskers, and Elfrida to be caught as soon as my back was turned, and made to write a pack of lies about it, without good reasons for what I did, and now even *you* must see how right I was, and that I couldn't have acted differently, and did the only wise and prudent thing that was to be done in such a position. But oh, it *is* too dreadful. I don't know how to say it, how to break it to you. Oh, my poor Ida! Oh"——

Here the oft-repeated interjection swelled and softened into one prolonged sob, that increased rapidly in volume of sound, but was somewhat too fat in quality to be alarming.

Ida struggled for a few moments between the influence of a mother's tears and the effect of the secret just escaped like the typical cat out of a bag. The implication which had escaped with it against Everard decided the struggle, and she said firmly—

"I thought that you came abroad by medical advice. You told me so then and since repeatedly?"

"So I did," answered Lady Dytechley, checking the sobs and reddening from pink to scarlet. "It *was* that : everybody knows it was, and I am sure *you* do, whatever you may say, who were there all the time and *must* have seen how ill I was, and two doctors telling me that I must, and he speaking to you about it—that is, I don't know, of course, but I suppose he did. They told me, as you know, that I must have change of air and scene, and I am sure I don't know how I should have got through it at all without, with everything that has happened since we came here : but do you suppose I should let that interfere with the wedding, unless it had been for your good and I had known it was, and had reason to feel he wasn't what he seemed? Oh, for shame! you ought to know me better!"

"But what have I done? I only said what you told me before we left home and ever since."

"Yes, but there was a way of saying it. Well,

never mind. I don't blame you, though it *was* very very hard to have it made out as if I had acted wrongly by you. And I know that's what he has said and insinuated, and twisted all my words to make his own case, and made you believe that he is an angel when, all the time, he was — Oh ! it really is too much. Oh, oh, my poor child ! That I should ever have lived to tell you such a thing !”

Here Lady Dytchley buried her face in her hands over the table, and the sobs began again ; but their tone was fat, and the implication against Everard vaguely intolerable. Ida rose to her feet and stood quite still. Her eyes seemed unnaturally large, and there was no colour in her face. Lady Dytchley looked up through her eyelashes.

“I am not afraid to hear,” said Ida. “Nothing can shake my confidence in Everard. What has any one dared to say against him ?”

Lady Dytchley felt that she must be equal to the occasion, though a tiresome misgiving did cross her, as a cockchafer bumps against one's face on a summer's evening. Had she been the Marquis Moncalvo, she might perhaps have told herself that it was not an occasion of sin, because she had made, not met it ; but never having heard of such a thing, she escaped that temptation to sophistry of the grosser sort, and simply brushing away the outer scruple, drew herself up to speak with full weight of authority.

“‘Dared to say against him’ ?” she echoed in a tone of mingled sympathy and sarcasm. But the sympathetic note was too fat and the sarcasm too

obtrusive and triumphant. Her temper was up, and her tact was down. As Napoleon said after the battle of Waterloo, it was a day of false manœuvres.

"Yes," said Ida, "I wish to know what the particular accusation is, and who has dared to make it. I have a right to know both the one and the other."

"I was going to tell you, only you wouldn't listen. I hadn't the heart to tell you all at once. It upset me so that I hardly knew what I was saying. That wicked hypocrite Everard Freville"——

"Please, don't say that again. I can't remain in the room to hear it. I ask you what has been said of him."

"Said? Unhappily I have proofs that all the time he was pretending to be so devoted to you, and so religious, he was concealing an Italian girl in the tower, and, as soon as we were out of the way, and your father laid up with his accident, took her openly into the house, in spite of the old servants. Oh! there never was"——

"The whole story is a vile fabrication," interrupted Ida. "I shall write and tell him of it at once."

"Do as you please; but you will only drag the thing on, and prolong the pain of your disenchantment. I should not have spoken of it to you if I had not been certain. I have the proofs."

"What are they?"

"I am not at liberty to say, at least not at present: but you really might believe me, and write to him to break it off finally."

"Of course I believe that you have been told so"——

"But I tell you I have the proofs."

"On whose word, and with what guarantee for their truth? People can make proofs easily enough when they have it all their own way. *Les absents ont toujours tort.* When he acknowledges the truth of the charge, I will believe it, but not until then—and that will never be. I will write and ask him now—this moment"——

"And mind you say (or else I shall have to write it myself) that if he doesn't explain it all, and completely clear himself by return of post, we shall know that he can't deny it, and he must consider that all is at an end. I am sure *that* is giving him every chance."

How he could disprove such a charge in a letter by return of post, is a question to which the answer is not apparent. A lawyer would say that she was giving him no chance at all. Ida's notions of evidence were not very precise; but she knew that something was wrong about it, and feeling that his presence had always been their best protection, she said:

"He must come. I am telling him so."

"Well, if you *will* have it," answered Lady Dytchley, startled at this announcement. "But he must be here by return of post—mind that!"

"How can he come by the post?" said Ida, continuing to write.

"He can come as quick as the post, if he chooses," answered Lady Dytchley, reddening. "The post comes by railway."

"Not if he is away from home, and the letter sent after him. You are not allowing him time enough to get here. Ten days at least"——

"Well, well, then—ten days. It will all be to no purpose; but you won't believe me—as if I could have any other object than your good! Shall you be ready soon to drive out into the country? It will do you good. I put off the carriage after it had come to the door."

"No one told me," said Ida; "but I shall be ready in a few minutes."

Lady Dytchley left the room to dress for the drive, and soon afterwards rejoined the Marquis.

"By the by, I had put the carriage off," she said, ringing the bell. "It is too provoking"——

"Can I do anything for you?" said he.

"No, thank you. It wasn't that: it was something else that is so *very* provoking. But we may as well go at once."

He opened the door to order the carriage and avoid further cross-examination, but being met by the courier, was obliged to return and listen to such things as it might please her to communicate.

"Yes—too provoking—he is coming here," she said, "Everard, I mean—coming here directly—do you understand? She *would* have it so. I never imagined that she would send for him! I can't help it. He is coming about this, and he will persuade her that black is white, and find out, of course, that I have seen his letter to you. He *must* be sure of that, for I had no other way of knowing it. Well! there it is. I can't prevent her letter going—I only wish I could."

So did the Marquis, with such desperate intensity that he turned away to recover himself, and walked up to the window, pretending to look for the carriage. Ida now came into the room, rang the bell, and gave her letter to be posted. He felt that the crisis of his fate had come. Irrevocable ruin was before him, and that letter would bring it.

"Awake, arise ! or be for ever fall'n !" said the tempter. "Will you give her up, disgrace your name and incur the loss of your soul, for the sake of one who would not stretch forth a finger to save you when he could?"

At the same moment an idea flashed through his mind, and he grasped it with his will. His emotion was now so intense, that his manner was calm and his voice quite steady.

"I will go and hurry the carriage," he said, "or you will be kept waiting, for you ordered it, little more than half an hour ago, to come in an hour."

"Thank you—how very kind," said Lady Dytchley. "So thoughtful of you! Really, I don't like to give you so"—

"Much trouble" was the end of the sentence; but owing to the speed of the Marquis it was left on the wrong side of the door. She then sat down to gather the general wisdom of the newspapers from Galignani, deeming it inexpedient to say more about Everard as yet. While she was settling herself and her dress for that purpose, the Marquis was following the courier, or rather what was in his hand. He caught him half-way down-stairs, put Ida's first letter, which he had delayed to post, into his hand, and took away the second, saying :—

"It was a mistake. This is the letter that Miss Dytchley wished to—go."

The courier bowed his assent to the exchange, and fell back to let him pass. The Marquis went on a few paces and stopped again.

"By the by," he said, "I wish you would tell them to bring the carriage as soon as they can. I was going myself, but I find that I have forgotten something at home. I shall be here before it comes."

He then hurried home, opened a dressing-case, the key of which was on his watch chain, and taking the four half-sheets of Everard's letter out of his pocket, allowed himself to think within limits.

"There it must remain," he thought. "The next time I might let the wrong halves fall on the ground, to be picked up by Lady Dytchley. I have not done this: it has been forced upon me. What right had she to look at another person's letter and insist on reading it all? All! yes, all that she would have let me speak of. When I tried to speak, she said, 'Don't defend him,' and refused to listen."

He placed the four half-sheets in the pocket of the dressing-case, and the exchanged letter behind.

"It shall be posted in a few days," he told himself, as he locked the dressing-case. "I am not depriving him of it. I am only defending myself, struggling to save my own soul."

The devil had triumphed, and understanding his business, left him alone to float down the stream on which he was now fairly launched.

A few minutes later the Marquis handed Lady Dytchley and Ida into the carriage. Ida, who had no suspicion of anything worse than a gross calumny that would collapse at the sight of Everard, talked as much and as agreeably as she could, to make up for what she had been compelled to say about the supposed proofs. Lady Dytchley interpreted this according to her own wishes, and wrote it down on the tablets of her memory for Lady Oxborough. The Marquis saw it in the colour of his own hopes, and indulged in day-dreams nervously at intervals. When they had returned home, Lady Dytchley said :

"I am quite worn out with it all," and shut herself up for the rest of the day in her bedroom, fuelling her intentions with interior philippics against Everard, who, all unconscious of the strange things extracted from his letter by means of a paper knife, was congratulating himself at Freville Chase on a deal by which he had obtained a satisfactory pair of carriage horses for Ida.

CHAPTER XX.

HT seemed that foreigners were busy with Everard's affairs about that time; for, less than a fortnight after, when he was again at Freville Chase, he was told that a Frenchwoman wanted to see him.

"In the justice room," he said, and walked in. "Alms for herself, or a warrant against somebody," he thought. "I hope there is no mystery. I am beginning to have as great a horror of them as Sir Roger Arden, and with good cause."

As soon as the woman entered the room he saw that she was not French, but Italian, probably Piedmontese. He had yet to learn who had come to start his quiet.

"I don't like your face," he thought: but "perhaps you are better than you seem."

It would not have been difficult to be so, for her face had a singularly unpleasant expression: but the opinion is doubtful. She was the woman of the middling countenance, who had come, not for alms, nor for a magistrate's warrant, but on business of a private and confidential nature, to be explained in her own way.

She cast a quick glance at the door, to see that it was shut, and advanced gradually. Her manner was at once cringing and obtrusive. Thought

Everard, "You are as unpleasant a specimen of humanity as I ever saw. I wish you would go about your business, whatever it may be, and let me ride back to Netherwood before dark."

"I am a poor leetle woman," said she, "who has come for to do to you one big service, very big."

"Thank you," said Everard reservedly. "Will you sit down? What is it?"

"That is my secret, what you may know when it shall please you."

"By what means?"

"By me; but you must pay me money."

"I knew that," thought Everard. "How much, and what for?" he said.

"What for? I shall show you how you shall have millions"——

"Nonsense! My good woman, do tell me plainly what your business is."

"I tell you no lies. It is the truth what I say. You shall be very rich and big, and be an alderman"——

"Thank you: I had rather not. But how am I to get all these wonderful things?"

"It is I what shall show it to you; but I am a poor leetle woman, oh! so poor."

"Will you have the goodness to tell me distinctly what it is that you propose to do, and what you want for doing it?"

"I want one hundred pounds now, and a writing, signed by you, to pay me five hundred pounds every year when you shall be what I say."

"Rather a high price to pay for being an alder-

man," thought Everard. "How am I to get rid of this fortune-teller, or lunatic, or confederate of house-breakers? You must have mistaken me for somebody else," he said. "Millions are out of the question, of course; but I have nothing to inherit from anyone."

"I not know what inherit means; but I know where the money is."

"Where is it then?"

"Give me one hundred pounds, and sign the writing, and I shall tell it to you."

"Do you mean to say that you expect me to pay you beforehand, without any guarantee for what you state?"

"I do not know nothing of guarantee. I know that the money is there, and that I can show you how it may be yours."

"This is mere waste of time. No one in his senses would listen to such terms."

"They shall be very good for you, if you believe me. If not——um!"

"They may be so; but you give me no proof."

"Ah! you do not know me"——

"How can I find out whether she is mad or a swindler?" thought Everard. "Is it a mere trick to get money? Or is there something behind?"

"You refuse my good offer?" said she, getting up and backing towards the door. "Then I go for my affairs. But you shall lose very much, oh! so much, and you shall never more have the means to know the secret. *Ve lo dico io*. Good morning, Sare Freville."

"I am not refusing your offer," said Everard :

"but you cannot expect me to take your unsupported word as a proof of what you state, and bind myself beforehand"——

"No, not before. It shall be after, after, when you shall have the money. I only ask one hundred pounds now. It is not much."

"Would you give as much to a person you had never seen or heard of, with only his unsupported word for the truth of what he promised?"

"That is not the same. I am a poor leetle woman"——

"Would you risk sixpence on the same terms?"

"Sixpence! I have paid many sixpences for to travel here, all for your good. But I shall go."

"Let us come to the point. We are strangers to each other, and therefore there cannot be much confidence between us. You want to secure your reward before you trust me with your secret, and I want to be sure that the secret is worth having before I trust you with the money. There is reason on both sides, but much more on mine than on yours. My character is open to your inspection, but yours is not open to mine, unless you open it yourself. Before I agree to anything I must know that you are in good faith. You are a Catholic, of course"——

"Yes, yes; what would you wish me to be?"

"Very well. If you will tell your secret in the confessional, and afterwards mention to the priest out of the confessional in my presence the offer you make to me, and authorise him then and there to advise me about it, we shall be able to get on."

"Io confessmari?" screamed the woman of the

middling countenance, her face becoming livid with rage, and her eyes flaming with malice. *Vattene al Diavolo con tutti i tuoi pretacci.* You big clerical hypocrite! You wish to get my secret from the confessional, eh?"

"I said that you might tell it in the confessional, and *afterwards* authorise your confessor in my presence to mention the subject then and there, and advise me as to your offer. You know perfectly well that you could do so if you wished. You know that there is no other way of proving yourself to be in good faith. You know that whichever way he might see fit to advise, your secret would be as inviolably in your own power as it is at this moment. You know all this as well as I do, and if you were in good faith, you would accept my proposal. I made it for the purpose of testing you, and it has tested you. Your answer has proved what I suspected before, that you have not only given up the practice of religion, but imbibed a deadly hatred of it. I know, and you know, where that hatred comes from. How then can I trust you?"

"You know nothing. You are one big fool. I go now to the other man, and you shall never, no, never never have the riches. You beastly Jesuit, you false aristocrat, sucking the blood of the peoples! But I shall have my revenge—I tell it you, *I*. The other man shall have it. And you will wish to see me again, but I shall not come. You shall wish and be so sorry, and grumble, and roar, but it shall never, never be yours. All those great riches and everything shall be for the other man."

"Take what you like to the other man, whoever he may be; but do think of your own soul, and be reconciled to the Church. You have no excuse, You are sinning against light."

"Have you finished your predica?" said she in a tone that was meant to be sarcastic, but only expressed rage and despair. "Can you show me my soul, and make me touch it with the hand, eh?"

"You know where it will be, sooner or later, if you go on in this way. You know that our Lord died on the cross to save it, and you know that it cannot be saved unless you correspond with the Grace you are rejecting. Listen to me before you go. It may be your last opportunity."

For an instant she appeared to hesitate, or at least to struggle with herself: then her countenance darkened into an expression of hideous malice.

"*Serva umilissima*," she said, opening the door and darting a last look of defiance towards rather than at him.

He fixed his eyes on hers, and she quailed beneath them.

"Have mercy on yourself," he said, "that God may have mercy on you."

She struggled to escape from that look of mingled pity and reproach.

"Take away those eyes from me," she said: "they burn. It is too late. I cannot, I will not. That is my last word."

And so it was in fact. She wriggled out of sight round the half-open door, pulled it after her without shutting it, and rushed out of the house,

trying to forget the expression of his eyes, and ignore that power in them which had compelled her to see herself as she was, obstinately sinning against light. Never more was she seen at Freville Chase.

Everard left the room and went to his private sitting-room in the tower, where Elfrida, who had ridden with him from Netherwood, was looking over some of his books.

"The horses are at the door," he said. "I am afraid I have kept you waiting; but a mysterious stranger detained me."

"I was not aware of being kept waiting," said she, gathering up her gloves and whip, "for your books interested me so. But who was the stranger? I don't like mysteries."

"Mysteries have persecuted me for the last two months and more. I often think of Sir Roger's favourite saying, that they are 'no good except in articles of faith and that sort of thing.'"

"But do tell me who it was, and what he said. Somehow I can't help wishing that I had been present."

"So do I, for I have a strong belief in your penetration; but she (for it was a woman) would not have spoken before you. She was an Italian, Piedmontese I think, with a villanous countenance, and redolent of the worst Italian Liberalism. She said that she could show me how to be very rich. I was to have millions (whether lire sterling or tenpences, I don't know), and be an alderman if I liked: but she wanted a hundred pounds down for the secret, and a bond for five hundred a year, to be paid when I had got the millions. It was

only a trick to get a hundred pounds. And when I objected to giving it, she was abusive, calling me a Jesuit, with an epithet or two, and an 'aristocrat sucking the blood of the peoples.'"

"Did she say that of you?"

"In so many words; and she looked as savage as the 'spotted hyena, what the hart of no man can't tame.'"

Elfrida's eyes flashed fire, and the beautiful curves of her mouth stiffened into strong lines.

"This of you!" she said. "You who think of every one except yourself? I wish I had been there."

"Only the jargon of the sect," said Everard. "There is nothing in that."

"I daresay; but there is something more in this than appears. An impostor would have been more civil. Couldn't you find out anything?"

"Not without agreeing to her terms, which no one but a madman would do. And besides, the story is ridiculous."

"I don't know about that. I feel sure there is something behind. Can't you get hold of the woman, and let me see her?"

"I don't know where she is gone; but I did all I could. I tested her thoroughly: I will tell you the rest on the way home."

"Yes," said Elfrida, as she hurried downstairs, "I want to be off at once, and try if we can catch her up."

"There is no chance of that," said Everard, putting her on her horse.

"Never mind!" she replied, trotting off: "we can but try."

As soon as they were out of the courtyard she broke into a canter, and continued to ride at that pace for some distance, looking about in every direction: but the woman of the middling countenance was nowhere to be seen.

"And you really think there is nothing in her story?" said Elfrida, after a while.

"Nothing. She only wanted to do me out of a hundred pounds and be off. In the first place, where is the money to come from? I think nothing of her calling it millions, for a foreigner of her class would be likely to exaggerate, without any definite limit, about English money. But if I were in the entail of anything, which I am not, or had anything left me by will, which I have no reason to expect, I should have legal notice of it."

"True; but isn't there such a thing as unclaimed dividends?"

"Yes; but there can't be any for me, or at any rate not much. It was only a trick to get a hundred pounds."

"More likely to get your signature and get you into her power. There is something in the background."

"I don't see what."

"There is though."

And she persisted in that opinion, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding.

As they rode into the stableyard they met Sir Richard.

"I had a letter from your mother by the second post," he said, lifting Elfrida from her horse. "She says they will be here positively by the end of this month—November, if not before—"

that she means to leave Florence directly, and that we must not be uneasy about not getting letters, because they would only be stopping for one night at various places on their way home. She also says that Ida is expecting to hear from Everard in answer to her last letter."

"But I wrote the day I received it," Everard said. "Where are they going?"

"She doesn't say."

"I will write again by to-night's post," he answered, hurrying into the house. "It may catch them before they leave Florence."

END OF VOL. I.

U



